PEORIA PUBLIC LIBRARY
Writing or marking in this book, the correction of typographical errors is forbidden. Any defacement or mutilation is charged to the last borrower responsible for discovery.

THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

VOL. XXXIII MARCH, 1911 No. 1

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

A Warning

We have received from Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, with a request that we print it as a protest from himself and as a warning to the American reading and writing public, the following letter. We gladly do so, for it calls attention to about as daring and despicable a case of fraud of the kind as we have heard of for years. The strange part of the matter is that any one could be deceived by so obvious a humbug.

WINDLESHAM, CROWBOROUGH, SUSSEX.
December 30, 1910.

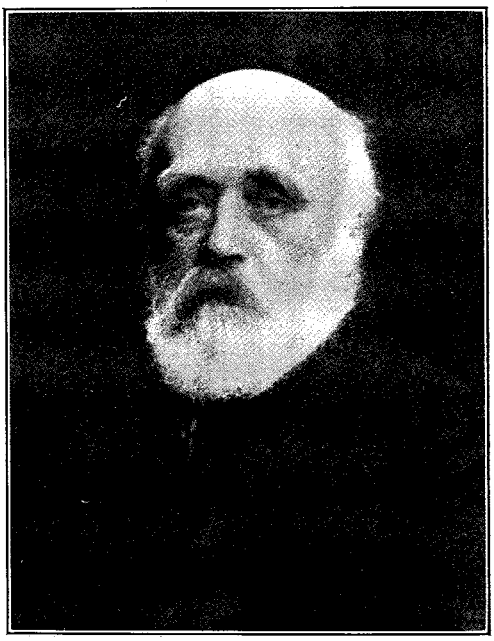
To the Editor of THE BOOKMAN.

I should be much indebted to you if you would warn your readers against some swindler who is touring the country and professing to be my representative. He has some story of a school of literature and extracts dollars by a promise of epistolatory lessons. I have heard from at least two people who have received visits from him, one of whom was so deceived that he wrote me a reproachful letter, which drew my attention to the matter.

With apologies for troubling you,
Yours faithfully,
ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

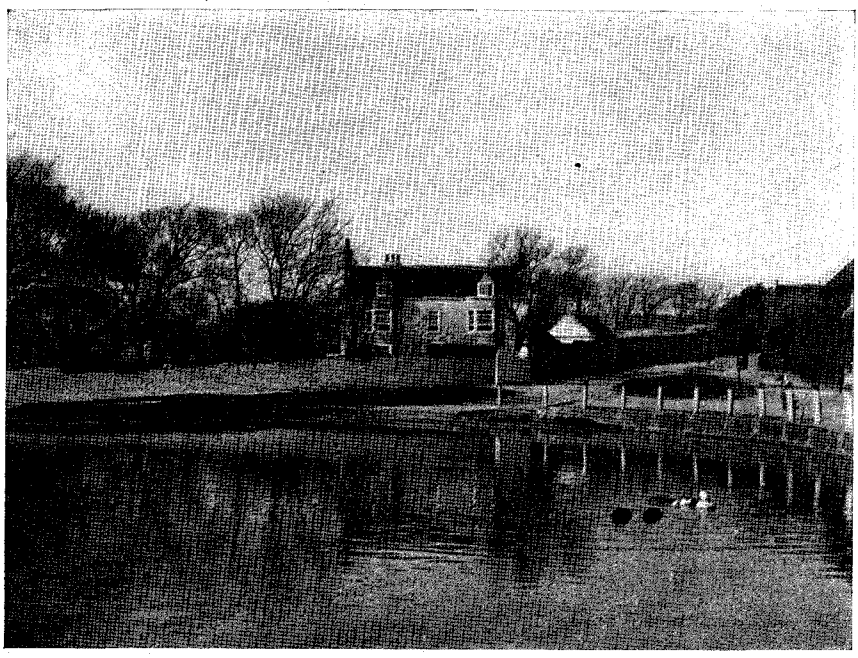
John Lockwood Kipling

"I am not Mr. Kipling," once said the Man from Nowhere, the author of *Plain Tales from the Hills,* or *The Story of the Gadsbys,* or *Kim,* or *The Drums of the Fore and Aft*—the reader may choose the appellation that best suits his fancy—"I am Mr. Rudyard Kipling. My father is Mr. Kipling." Now this may have been a well-deserved social rebuke, or the tribute of a dutiful son, but in a broad sense it was not exactly the truth. John Lockwood Kipling, the news of whose death reached us the other day, was a useful and dignified subject of His Britannic Majesty, but he was not a genius nor a man of commanding personality. He was a teacher in an art school, and an artist of little more than mediocre ability, but his claim to distinction began and remained in the fact that he happened to be the father of Rudyard Kipling. His own work was by no means extensive or impressive. He illustrated some of his son's books, and a series of Indian stories by Flora Annie Steel, and he was the author of one book, *Beast and Man in India,* which was published in 1891.



THE LATE JOHN LOCKWOOD KIPLING

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



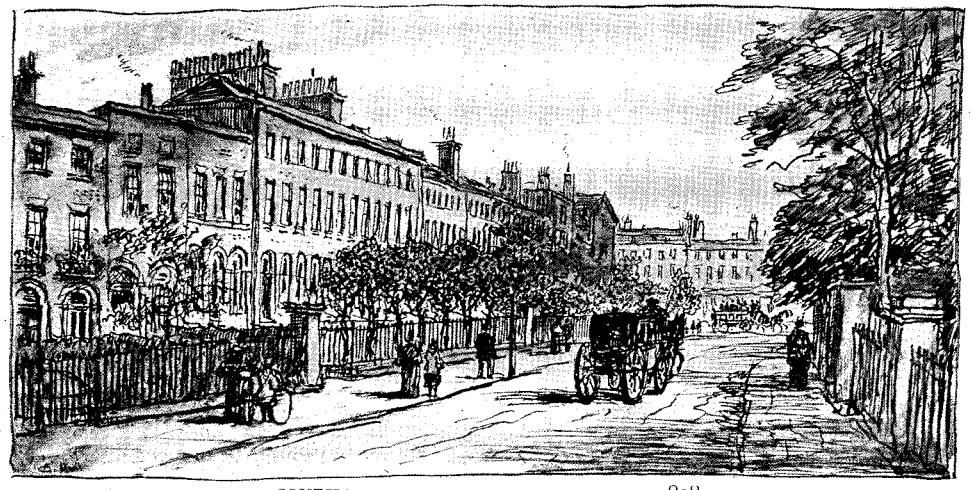
KIPLING'S ENGLISH HOME

Most of the stories told about John Lockwood Kipling were thought worth while simply because they brought in some allusion to his son. We recall one which concerns a sea voyage made by the elder Kipling and Rudyard when the latter was an active and somewhat mischievous youngster. One calm day when the vessel was in mid-ocean one of the ship's officers rushed into the men's smoking room with an agitated countenance. "Mr. Kipling," he said, "your son is hanging head downward from the end of the bowsprit." "Indeed," was the calm reply. "But," continued the officer, "if he lets go he will be drowned." "Don't alarm yourself," said Mr. Kipling, "he won't let go."

The Shepherd of Rottingdean

The little town of Rottingdean, which lies in a lap of the Sussex downs, eight miles along the chalk-cliff coast from Brighton, has become rather important as a residence of poets. Burne-Jones lived for many years within the shadow of the little church; and it was there also that Mr. Kipling dwelt when he first took up his residence in Sussex. At present the little hamlet is the home of Alfred Noyes, the most eminent of the younger generation of English poets. One of the picturesque figures around Rottingdean is a shepherd, with the good old English name of Barrow, who remembers by rote many mediæval ballads which he learned from older shepherds in his boyhood and which, doubtless, have been handed down by word of mouth from one generation to another ever since the days of the Nut Brown Maid. It was Mr. Kipling who first discovered that Barrow was a sort of living edition of Percy's *Reliques*, and he used often to ask the shepherd to recite for him. Latterly Barrow has become a friend of Alfred Noyes; and visitors who run down from London to see the author of *Drake* are sometimes treated to a ramble over the downs in search of the old shepherd ballad-monger. Barrow may be discerned from afar by a silver-headed crook he carries, that gleams in the sunlight more like a bishop's crozier than an ordinary shepherd's staff. When the visitor has caught up with him and been presented, Barrow leads the way to some quiet and secluded

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



SOUTHAMPTON STREET, CAMBERWELL, 1898
In this street Robert Browning was born, May 7, 1812. The house was long ago pulled down

nook, and then launches forth upon the recitation of some thirty or forty quatrains concerning a bold baron and a lady fair. He chants the verses in a solemn monotony of sing-song, resonant and reverberating. Poem after poem may be wooed out of him; many of them are not known at all in print, and some of these are not the least effective of the collection. Mr. Noyes confesses smilingly that all he has to do to recapture the atmosphere of the old English ballad is to go out upon the downs and stir up Barrow to a chant of reminiscence. Since both Mr. Kipling and Mr. Noyes have written many modern ballads in the old English manner, may it not be said that this simple old shepherd who remembers has had a finger in the destiny of English poetry?

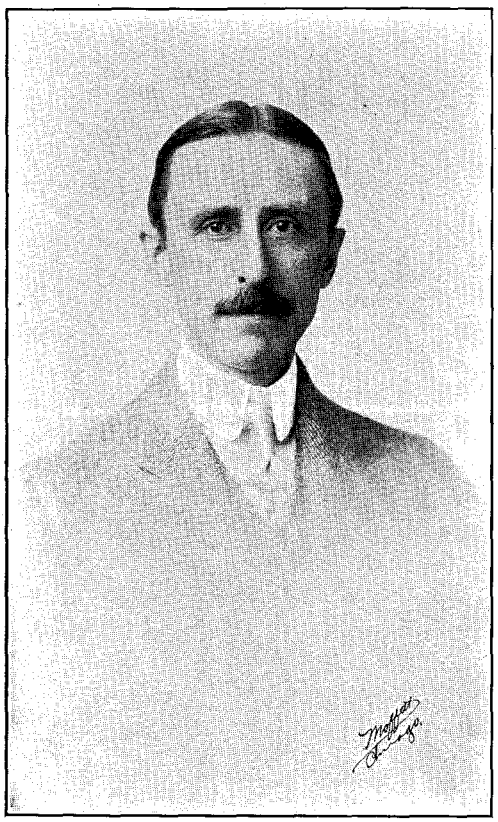
A New Browning

The excuse offered for a new biography of the poet by Mr. Harry Christopher Minchin in his preface to *The Life of Robert Browning*, which he has completed from the documentary material gathered by the late Professor W. Hall Griffin for this purpose, is that "something more complete and more exact than what his predecessors had achieved was evidently intended." The excuse is a valid one, and caused us to look with a certain degree of confidence and assurance to the first chapter on "Parentage and Early Home Influences," for a full statement of the facts concerning the poet's grandfather that have apparently been wilfully suppressed by some of the Browning biographers, presumably for the purpose of avoiding offending the sensibilities of Browning's family. It was with some surprise, therefore, that we found this grandfather described simply as "a handsome, vigorous, capable business man, first a clerk, and subsequently head of a department in the Bank of England." Not a word about his having originally been a butler or steward on a private estate. Insignificant in itself—for who cares what social position was occupied by a poet or by his family?—such an omission is symptomatic of a wrong spirit in biography, and tends to lessen our trust in the integrity of biographers. For the rest, the present work does actually contain a considerable amount of new material not to be found in any other life, especially that drawn from the diary of Alfred Domett, of which Professor Griffin was practically the discoverer. Domett, it will be remembered, was the friend of Browning's youth who suddenly, though not mysteriously, as is often supposed, dropped out of their circle, going to New Zealand, where he eventually became Premier, and of whom Browning wrote as "Waring" in the well-known poem. Domett returned to England in 1872 after nearly thirty years' absence. From this time he

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

kept careful account of his conversations and intercourse with Browning. He notes, for example, that "he did not much admire Rossetti's poetry, 'hated all affectation.' He laughed at the cant about 'the delicate harmony' of his rhymes about the Haymarket. He quoted Buchanan's parody of them, adding a line or two of his own, similarly rhymed:

But grog would be sweeter
And stronger and warmer, etc.



FRANK H. SPEARMAN

Domett goes on to say in this connection: "I was mentioning the absurdity of the praise some one had bestowed on the idea in Rossetti's 'Blessed Damozel' of the Damozel's arm resting on the bar of Heaven and making it warm, a fancy after all originally and infinitely better given in 'Sordello,' where Palma throws her scarf upon Sordello, 'her neck's warmth and all.' He said he was afraid I was going to quiz the notion with a similar case a lady had told him of the other day; how, she having a bad cough in church, an old gentleman sitting next her pulled a lozenge out of his waistcoat pocket and offered it to her, 'quite warm, and redolent of old churchwarden.' We were interrupted by a great screeching at the back of the house. 'Ah, there are my pets,' said Browning. They were two geese. 'They are such affectionate creatures, and I am sure it is not for what one gives them.'" That even Browning's friends found his poetry obscure and censured in him a certain wilful perversity in his use of words and in his phraseology, is shown by the following comment from Domett's diary on "Jocoseria": "It is questionable whether the poet would not have gained more admiration as well as given more pleasure had he condescended to attract the vast numbers his obscurity repels, by 'completing his incompletion' and letting his meaning 'pant through' the beauty of his poem a little more decidedly and distinctly." Once when Browning was boasting of having written a certain poem in a very short time and printed it direct from the first draught, his friend reminded him of the saying that easy writing makes hard reading.

F. H. Spearman

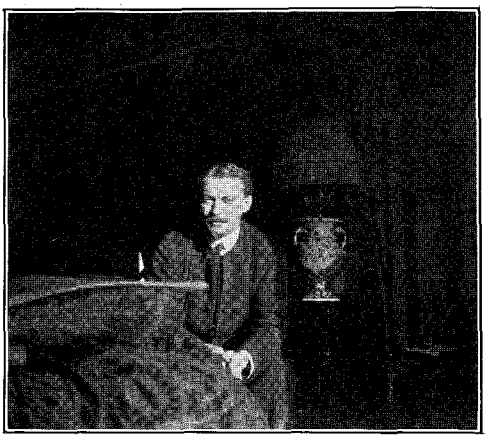
To those who recall the extraordinary popularity of *Whispering Smith* a few years ago, the publication of *Robert Kimberley*, a new book by Mr. Frank Hamilton Spearman, will probably have more than a passing interest. While *Whispering Smith* was not exactly in the first rank of "big sellers," it was one of those unusual books for which the demand continues from year to year. To the present time more than one hundred thousand copies have been sold. Mr. Spearman was born in New York, brought up in Wisconsin and now resides in Illinois. Among his writings, besides *Whispering Smith* and *Robert Kimberley*, are *Doctor Bryson*, *The Daughter of a Magnate*, *The Close of the Day*, and *The Strategy of Great Railroads*.

While we mildly deplore the tendency of certain authors to cater to their readers at the expense of good work, the case

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the writer who lacks entirely sympathy for his reader is far more hopeless. Mr. George Cram Cook, author of *The Chasm,* confesses that there was a time when he assumed the latter attitude, but that he has reformed. It was a cook who brought him to see the light. It was a matter of complete indifference to her whether anybody liked what she cooked. Her employer suffered and condemned her—until it happened to dawn upon him that in writing novels in the spirit of a remark ascribed to the late Commodore Vanderbilt, he was exceedingly like the cook.

A Change of Heart



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS
HENRY C. ROWLAND, AUTHOR OF "THE MAGNET"

The English writer, Mr. A. C. Fox-Davies, came to write fiction in a rather curious fashion. He was an authority on heraldry, the editor of Fairbirn's *Book of Crests,* of Dod's *Peerage,* and of a number of books relating to genealogies and armorial bearings. One day he stumbled on Conan Doyle's "Sherlock Holmes" stories and became greatly interested. As a barrister, however, he did not always agree with Doyle's conclusions, and he wrote a sequel to one of the stories putting the criminal in it on trial and getting him acquitted on Sherlock Holmes's own facts. He sent this to Conan Doyle, who complimented him on it and suggested that he should write a series of his own. He wrote instead *The Mauleverer Murders* and then *The Dangerfield Inheritance.*

The Conclusions of Sherlock

GEORGE CRAM COOK

The extraordinary case of Dr. Panchenko, the St. Petersburg physician, who has recently confessed to a series of murders by means of inoculating his victims with the germs of fatal diseases, was anticipated eighteen years ago in the late F. Marion Crawford's *Pietro Ghisleri.* When writing that story Mr. Crawford was for a time in doubt as to the manner in which the death of Lord Herbert Arden should be brought about. Finally he hit upon the idea of the table napkins infected with the germs of scarlet fever. To him the device seemed somewhat extravagant and far fetched, and it was eventually subjected to some rather supercilious comment on the part of the professional reviewers. Some years after the writing of the novel, however, Europe

A Precursor of Panchenko

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was startled by the case of a French physician living near Paris. This man was a bacteriologist of considerable importance, possessed of an exceedingly attractive personality, and enjoying a prominent social standing. A time came, however, when curious stories began to be noised about. The physician had been in the habit of entertaining his friends with great hospitality, but it was noticed that after eating his dinners some one guest would die of a virulent malady. In one case it was cholera, in another scarlet fever, in another small-pox. At length matters came to a head. The physician was arrested, but he shot himself before he could be brought to trial. At a subsequent investigation, however, his servant, who was implicated to a certain degree, confessed that his master, who had become a dangerous maniac, had been in the habit before each of his dinners of infecting with the bacilli of these diseases the food or the wine of some particular guest.

Phillips's Methods

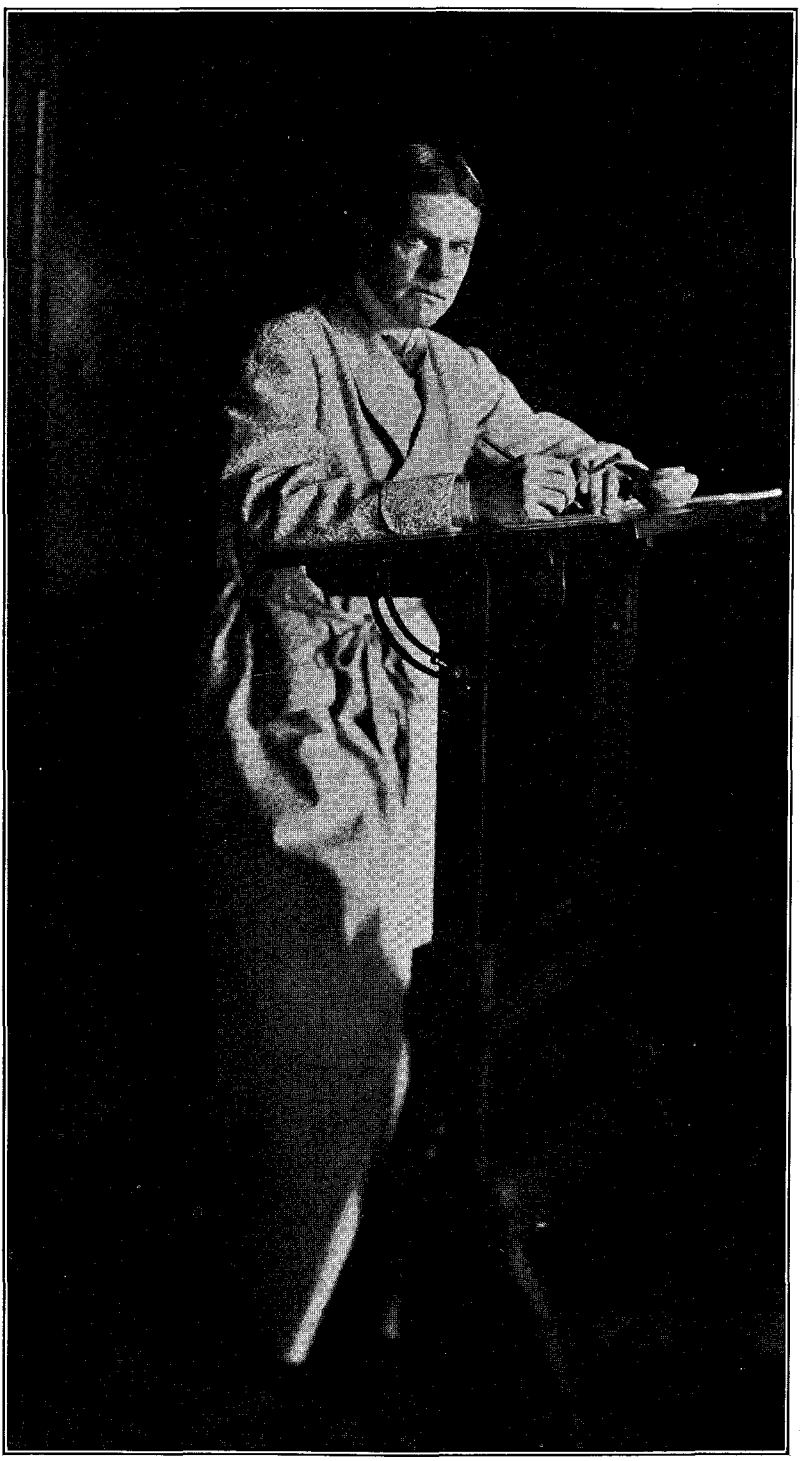
A good deal has been told about the late David Graham Phillips's habits and methods of work, but chiefly on the physical side. It has, for instance, been stated repeatedly that he seldom went to his desk until after ten o'clock in the evening—a practice dating from his years of service as night editor on a city daily—and that when the mood was on him, he was indefatigable, writing from eight to ten hours at a stretch. Details of this sort satisfy an idle curiosity, but they are not valuable as helping to explain the quality of an author's literary product. On the other hand, any details that we may learn about a writer's mental processes are not only interesting but important; and from this side very little has been written about Mr. Phillips. One erroneous idea, that has been held by a good many of his readers, is that he had a rapid, fluent, and at times an over-hasty pen. Nothing could be further from the truth. Mr. Phillips himself admitted freely that from first to last he always found literary composition a labour—a labour of love, that he could not have shirked if he would—but none the less a labour. A story, which he sometimes told at his own expense, illustrates this. In point of fact, he told the story in support of his contention that college courses in English are of negative value as a training in the craft of writing—so the story serves two purposes at once. It was shortly after his graduation from Princeton that he sought work as a reporter, and finally by offering his services for nothing, obtained a chance to show what he could do, on the leading daily in a Western city. The weather was cold and the temperature of the office somewhere below sixty; yet hour after hour Mr. Phillips would sit at his desk with the moisture rolling from his brow, in the anguish of trying to make literature from such material as: "Yesterday afternoon John Jones fell off a step-ladder and dislocated his shoulder." One day—it was the tenth of Mr. Phillips's services—the presiding genius of the paper happened to pass through the City Room, and stood for some minutes watching him. "Who is that young man?" he presently asked the City Editor. The latter explained. "Get rid of him!" came the curt edict. "But," expostulated the City Editor, "we are getting him for nothing!" "I don't care!" rejoined the Higher Power, "I don't care if he is paying for the privilege! Get rid of him at once: I can't bear to see any human being work so hard!"

Mr. Phillips outgrew his training in college English; but he never outgrew the habit of making the act of writing a slow and conscientious toil. Few writers of his degree of success have accepted adverse criticism in a more tolerant spirit; but there was one thing that he resented, and that was the accusation of careless haste. "People sometimes say that I write too fast," he protested not long before his death. "They said so about my *Light-Fingered Gentry*. They don't know anything about it! I don't believe any one ever wrote more slowly and laboriously. Every one of my books was written at least three times——" he paused a moment, then added in correction, "and when I say *three times*, it really means nine times, on account of my system of copying and revision."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LATE ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS AT WORK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When once under full head-way in a book, he worked immoderately, producing an actual bulk of material far in excess of what was needed for the limits of the story. "I have writer's cramp every spring," he said with a laugh. As he became better acquainted with the characters and situations in a book, his great difficulty lay in confining himself to such details as were strictly relevant to his central purpose. He was hampered by knowing too much about his people, their habits of life and methods of thought. They were all the time taking matters into their own hands, and insisting upon his setting down upon paper all sorts of happenings quite extraneous to the story. According to his own estimate, he usually ended by discarding, not only in paragraphs and episodes, but also in whole chapters, from two to three times as much as he retained in the published volume.

One curious anomaly in the working of Mr. Phillips's mind was the manner in which he usually acquired his germ idea of a story. His instinct was to write purpose novels; his interest in social and economic problems was in some respects keener than his interest in people. And yet, according to his own statement, no story ever began to shape itself in his mind in the form of an abstract principle, an ethical doctrine. He always started from an episode or a character, sometimes merely from a face glimpsed for a moment in a crowd. A striking case in point is the origin that he assigns to one of the novels left unpublished at the time of his death. The theme of this story is the outgrowth of Mr. Phillips's deep interest of the economic independence of the modern woman, and of the peculiar dangers and temptations which beset her, as contrasted with the more sheltered lives of her mother and grandmother. He was especially stirred by recent statistics regarding the influx of refined young Southern women into the life of New York, so many of them fated to be swept under by the surge of city life. He wanted to know whether such a girl could, by her own efforts, struggle up, out of the depths, to a position of independence and social standing. Such in substance is the longest book that Mr. Phillips ever wrote, a book that in its finished form runs to considerably more than three hundred thousand words. The title of the book has not been made public, but it is probably safe to conjecture that it is the volume that he intended to call *Susan*. At all events it is utterly unlike any of his previous efforts, and the author himself found that it baffled his powers of self-criticism. But like all his other books, it got its first impetus, not from economics, but from a trivial incident—a passing glimpse of a young woman seated in a wagon.

The incident in question occurred when the author was a lad of fourteen. It was in a Western town, where he chanced to be staying at the time; and the face of the young woman in the farm-wagon haunted him long afterward. It was a beautiful face, a face indicating breeding and culture, but it bore the stamp of dumb, hopeless tragedy. As he gazed at her, a gaunt, elderly man, rugged and toil-stained, with the hall-mark of the well-to-do farmer plainly legible upon him, climbed to the seat beside her, gathered up the reins, and drove off. Mr. Phillips noticed how the girl shrank and whitened as her companion's shoulder touched her. He heard the girl's story afterward. She belonged to a family of local importance; but there had been a scandal, sordid, notorious, unforgettable. The girl herself was probably the one person in the community who did not know the facts. She could not understand why her people were shunned socially, nor why they welcomed the chance of providing for her by marrying her to an illiterate but prosperous old farmer, who lived at a desirable distance from town. The girl's story has nothing to do with Mr. Phillips's book, but the suffering on her face was his inspiration after a quarter of a century.

It was characteristic of Mr. Phillips's methods not only to start from some person or incident having no real bearing on his story, but even after he had his story well plotted and his characters outlined,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to be by no means sure what they were likely to do when the crisis came, or how the book was going to end. In *The Hungry Heart,* which came near to being the author's favourite among all his books, it was recently pointed out in friendly criticism, that a woman such as the heroine was portrayed to be, throughout the first half of the story, would neither have remained with her lover nor gone back to her husband, but would have lived alone, unless some third man eventually came into her life. The comment impressed Mr. Phillips to an extent that seemed disproportionate, until he owned that the solution of a third man was precisely what he had planned from the start, as definitely as it lay in him to plan in advance. But, he explained, when he had reached the midway point, the characters took the matter quite out of his hands. He suddenly awoke to a realisation that his heroine was quite a different woman from what he had all along supposed her to be; she made it clear to him that she was not the kind either to keep the old lover or to take a new one; she was the type of woman who would have the courage to go back. "If I have not made her convincing," he concluded, "in that respect *The Hungry Heart* is a failure—but," he added undauntedly, "I know the type of woman I was after, and I know she would have done just what I made her do."

The Treason of the Senate

One of the most important chapters in the life of Mr. Phillips was that which relates to the "Treason of the Senate" articles written by him in the first half of 1906 for the *Cosmopolitan Magazine.* Indeed, it has been pointed out by the daily press in his obituaries that the Senate series marked a great turning-point in his career, as they brought him into wider publicity than anything he ever wrote; for though always a radical, these articles were his most daring, most trenchant and, as many critics hold, his most successful attacks upon such constituted authority as is supposed to uphold and maintain the money power in this country. About six months before the publication of the first of Mr. Phillips's Senate articles Bailey Millard assumed the editorship of the *Cosmopolitan.* Mr. Millard conceived the idea of making an onslaught upon the Senate as the "citadel of the interests." The plan was to accuse the Senate of a great breach of public trust and to back up the accusations by such testimony as might be adduced. Mr. Millard wanted a striking title that should give to the series what magazine editors call a "punch," and after long deliberation he hit upon "The Treason of the Senate." He went to Mr. Phillips and invited him to write the series. "But I am up to my neck in fiction," objected Phillips. "I don't intend to write any more articles. I don't want to be known as an article writer anyway—what I want the public to know me for is a novelist. Why don't you get William Allen White or some of those fellows to do it for you?" Accordingly Mr. White was asked to write the articles. He declined on the ground of lack of time. Other well-known writers were then considered, but some of these were not acceptable to the proprietor of the magazine.

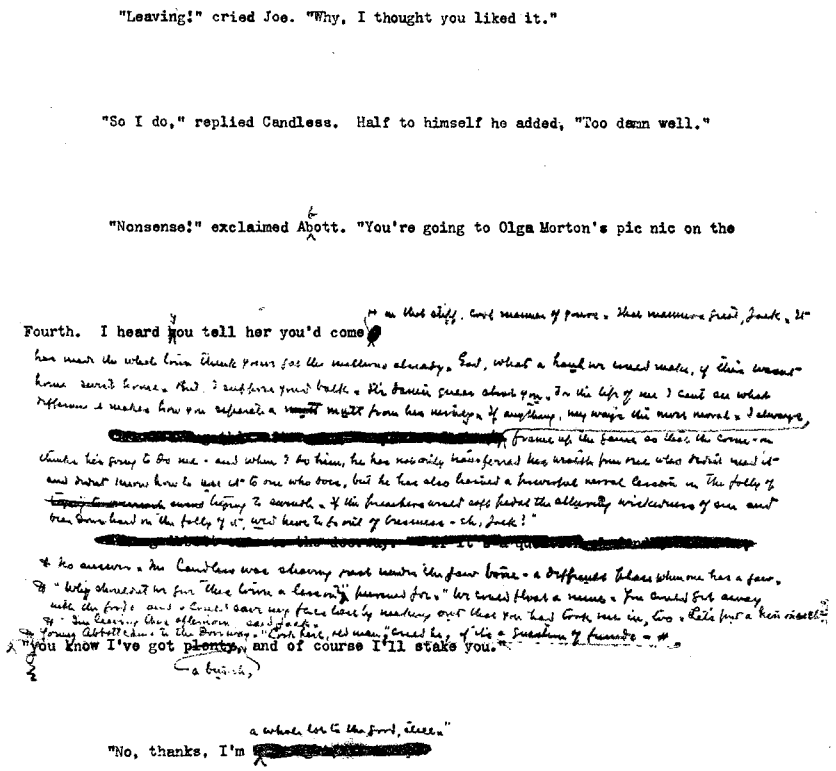
Again Mr. Phillips was approached by the editor, whose persuasion resulted in a promise from the author that he would consider the idea. On December 3, 1905, he wrote to Mr. Millard:

> As to the Senate series I don't know what to say. I'm so tied up for the next few months that I don't see how I can do it. The subject is a good one and would attract attention. But the work would be exclusive of all my other work and would require a great deal of toiling terribly.

A week later Phillips was again urged by the persistent editor. "You'll simply have to do the Senate series for us," he said. "You are the logical man for the work, and you know it." "Well, look here," said Phillips finally, "I'll do it if you'll pay me my price." He named a very high figure. "It's prohibitory, I know," said the novelist, "but it's the only terms on which I'll break into my fiction work." To Phillips's surprise his figure was accepted; also it was rather to his own dismay, as he afterward said, though he could not honourably withdraw. He was provided with able assistants, among

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

them being Gustavus Meyers and William Harrison Phillips. These men travelled all over the country, collecting material about the senators who were to be impaled by the *Cosmopolitan*. Mr. Phillips busied himself at Washington, where he had an extensive acquaintance, and some of whom, notably Senator Albert J. Beveridge, were friends of the author. Many of his best-telling facts were secured from senators themselves, men who were burning to throw off the yoke of "the interests." When the first paper, on Depew, was sent to the editor it was found to be one of the most curious manuscripts ever turned into a magazine office. It had been typewritten and then practically rewritten in pencil. There was more closely scribed matter between the wide-spaced typed lines than there was in the type-script, much of which had been deleted or altered in Mr. Phillips's painstaking fashion. The contributor urged the editor not to attempt to read the article until it had been set up, and he didn't. It was then seen that the attack upon Depew was something that could not be published in a magazine of general circulation. Phillips pleaded that it might stand. "It's all true," he declared in his positive way. "Nobody can deny it. To cut it as you propose would be to spoil it." "But it simply has to be cut," said the obdurate editor. "Cut it yourself then," said Phillips gloomily. "I'll be no party to that butchery. And I think I shall withdraw from the whole arrangement. You editors make me tired." But when the article was published he admitted that the omission of the objectionable language was probably for the best after all. "Maybe I am intemperate," he said, "but it's enough to make anybody intemperate when he con-


"Leaving!" cried Joe. "Why, I thought you liked it."

"So I do," replied Candless. Half to himself he added, "Too damn well."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Abott. "You're going to Olga Morton's pic nic on the

Fourth. I heard you tell her you'd come

"No, thanks, I'm

"you know I've got plenty and of course I'll stake you."

FACSIMILE OF A PAGE OF MANUSCRIPT OF THE LATE DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS. ALTHOUGH THIS IS THE NINTH AND FINAL DRAFT, THE ADDITIONS BETWEEN THE LINES INDICATE THE EXTREME CARE WITH WHICH MR. PHILLIPS WORKED. THE PAGE IS FROM A FORTHCOMING NOVEL. WE ARE NOT AT LIBERTY TO ANNOUNCE THE TITLE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

siders what is being done by those fellows in the Senate."

The next article was on Aldrich, and this manuscript was even more fearfully and wonderfully constructed than the first. "Please don't read it or try to read it," the author wrote to the editor, "until you get it set up." He had greatly overrun the alotted space, but he explained this in his letter: "I had to choose between a weak article and a long one. Aldrich is the boss of the Senate, and to show him and his system took space. I am worried because the article is longer than you wanted, but I don't see how so important a thing as the central mechanism of the treason can be dealt with piecemeal or slightingly. I think, too, that most of my points are new or new statements of familiar but little understood matters." The Senate series made a great stir. Many journals criticised it severely, but it brought commendatory letters to Phillips from all over the country. These he read with great satisfaction. "I knew the people would be with me," he said, "but I hardly expected such an epistolary inundation. I'm glad I went into this thing. Something will come of it." The first notable thing that came of it was President Roosevelt's "muckrake" speech, in which Phillips was plainly indicated as an offender. This incensed Phillips, and when afterward Mr. Roosevelt wanted to see him and set him right on certain points of his attack on the senators the disgruntled writer would not go to the White House, though the President sent three friends at different times to bring in the erring one. But finally at a dinner at the Gridiron Club in Washington, where the President was a guest of honour, he learned that Phillips was present, and he sent Samuel G. Blythe, the club's chief officer, to him with word that he would like to see him. Phillips consented, though he afterward said it was against his conscience. He had a long talk with the President, and found that, after all, in many things they stood on common ground.

Of the political results which followed the Senate articles and on which they must have had some bearing Phillips was very proud. The widespread talk about the articles was of material aid to him as a writer. For one thing they resulted in his securing a larger audience for his fiction and more than doubled his market value as a tale-teller. Before the series had run itself out he had received offers from a prominent periodical of one thousand dollars apiece for a number of short stories, and his serial rate was also greatly advanced. As the result of his relations with his editor a strong friendship grew up between the two men which lasted until the day of Phillips's tragic death. On one occasion Phillips was invited by Millard to meet Jack London at luncheon. "I was disappointed," says Mr. Millard, "to note that these two men whose views on social affairs touched at so many points had so little to say to each other. David Graham was in full regalia—he rarely dressed in citizens' clothes—while London wore his customary flannel shirt, with attached collar and no waistcoat, although it was winter. While walking down town with Phillips after the luncheon I remarked to him that I was sorry the meeting had been such a constrained affair. "The trouble was," explained the quick-seeing novelist, "that London didn't like me. My clothes bothered him. He mistook me for a dude, and wouldn't open out to me." "I saw Jack London not long after that," says Millard, "and he said: 'I'm afraid Phillips didn't like me. He didn't like the way I was dressed. Well, let it go at that.'

Phillips and London

"But that the author of *Joshua Craig* did like the *Call of the Wild* man is certain, for the next day he wrote to me: 'What an interesting man London is, and what a fine, honest, healthy and healthful look out of his eyes!'"

"David Graham frequently talked to me about his work," says Mr. Millard. "Of the harsh criticisms of *Joshua Craig* he said: 'Sometimes I despair of ever being understood. Josh, it seems clear to me, is a worthy fellow, and yet they call him a boor, a bounder, a disgusting creature. Now

Only One Life

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Josh is no boor. I know him thoroughly. The ungentle way he acted with Margaret was simply to impress her with his personality, his masculinity, and from the very first he did impress her. He saw it and he kept it up. I tried to make his position plain to the reader, but perhaps I failed. It has been my lot to be misunderstood both as a writer and as a man. I have even been accused of being aristocratic—me the soul of democracy. Why, I have even avoided riding in a carriage or an auto, for I know that the man or woman who does it gets out of sympathy with the masses. When you lose such sympathy you yourself are lost.'" Once he wrote to Mr. Millard about one of his novels: "I'm glad you like *White Magic*. I'm toiling at the proofs of it getting ready for the book. Then I'm going to shut myself in and write a novel—a longish one. They tell me a chicken sings before it lays an egg. But not this chicken. I make groaning sounds, no more like song than the barking of a tonsilitic seal." That novel writing was tremendously exacting work for him is evidenced by one of the last letters Mr. Milard received from him. "I'm still sweating away," he said. "I feel like the devil. But the crazy thing inside of me won't let me stop. And only one life, too!"

Rhodes and Clive

In his work, *The Life and Times of the Right Honourable Cecil John Rhodes, 1853-1902*, Sir Lewis Michell, at one time the secretary of the great Colonial, institutes the following striking comparison between Cecil Rhodes and Robert Clive:

> Both were essentially Imperialist; both were men of action, of stormy temper and impatient of control; both were connected with the administration of great chartered companies; both achieved high renown abroad and rendered conspicuous service to their country; and both, in their declining days, were the subject of gross and persistent calumny, due, as Rhodes declared, to unctuous rectitude. Clive, before he was eighteen, was shipped off to Madras as a writer in the service of the East India Company. Rhodes at the same age was despatched to Natal mainly for reasons connected with his health. At twenty-five, Clive was a commissary-captain, the victor of Arcot, and planning the overthrow of French supremacy in India. At the same age, Rhodes was at the Diamond Fields, dreaming of northern expansion and how to limit and restrain Republican aspirations in South Africa. At thirty-one, Clive won the battle of Plassey, and Rhodes was ruling Bechuanaland as Deputy Commissioner for the Crown. Already, at the age of twenty-nine, Clive, in a brief interval of leisure, had entered the English Parliament and been unseated on petition; Rhodes, at exactly the same age, entered the Cape Parliament and remained a member of it till his death. Clive, before he was forty, was Governor and Commander-in-chief in Bengal. Rhodes, at the same age, had already been for three years Prime Minister of the Cape Colony, and for more than a year the virtual governor of those vast territories now known as Rhodesia. At the age of forty-one, Clive left India forever, his career practically ended. At about the same age, Rhodes resigned all his offices and retired into private life, as the result of the Jameson Raid. Thenceforth, for nearly seven years, both these eminent men had full proof of the fickleness inherent in all large communities, and were exposed to rancorous criticism. Officially, their achievements were not unrecognised. Clive had already been created an Irish peer, and Rhodes sworn of the Privy Council. But both ceased, to a great extent, to be the lions of society; both were acute sufferers through failing health, and both were required to defend their conduct before a Committee of Parliament. . . .

Sir Lewis Michell gives many anecdotes to illustrate the simplicity, the lovableness, and generosity of Cecil Rhodes. Though he had many fine houses and properties, he preferred to live in unpretentious dwellings in the country, and at small hotels in town. He was careless in money matters: "To a banker brought up in the strictest tenets of his sect, he was an undoubted trial. He once lost a diamond worth £70, but he took no steps to recover it. . . . He never had any money in his pocket, and his banking account was frequently overdrawn." There are anecdotes that bring out still other sides of his character. For example: "Rhodes was very fond of discussing the various points of English politicians, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

there was one member of the Gladstone Government of 1892 whom he cordially detested. He told me once how he had found himself seated next him at a dinner party in London, and was so bored with him that in the middle of one of his arguments on some political problem he turned away from him and began talking to his other neighbour. 'It was very rude of me, I know,' he said, 'very rude. People who live in London can't do these things—I *can*. I can do it on the basis of a barbarian!'" On being accused once of changing his views rather hurriedly, he replied: "Yes, as hurriedly as I could, for I found I was wrong." "Every day," he said, later in life, "I try to become humbler, but it is hard." Always a reader, he turned naturally to books of a serious moral and philosophical interest, and "he literally pored over the map of Africa." Putting his finger on it once, he exclaimed, "I want to see it all red." The only novel his secretary ever heard him praise was *The Choir Invisible*.

The Fate of the Henris

If ever again France becomes a monarchy, the new king should carefully avoid taking the name of Henri. In his work, *The Fate of Henry of Navarre,* Mr. John Bloundelle-Burton points out in a footnote that all the Henris of France died by violence. "Henri I. was almost certainly poisoned, Henri II. was killed by the lance of Montgomery in the Place Royale (there were some who said intentionally), Henri III. was stabbed by the monk, Jacques Clément, and Henri IV., by Ravaillac." The author writes to prove that the latter was merely an individual fanatic, not a hired assassin, and that in performing the act for which he paid the horrible penalty in the Place de Grève, he defeated the plan of a conspiracy involving some of the highest personages of the French court, to despatch Henry on the very same day, and in the very same place. One of the most important points on which the case is made to rest is the appearance, immediately after the murder at the farther end of the street in which it was committed, of "ten rough, well-armed and ferocious-looking men who cried, 'Death to the murderer! Slay him at once! He must die now—on the spot!' A moment later Courtomeyer rushed at these men while dragging his sword from his sheath, and they instantly disappeared down a side street—never to appear again." The theory is that these were the real assassins who were paid by Epernon and whose services were now no longer required—least of all to despatch Ravaillac, whose testimony was invaluable to the Duke's party to prove their innocence of any complicity in his crime. The interest of the book lies principally, perhaps, in the indication it offers of the undiminished prestige, among English-speaking people, of that monarch, celebrated by Macaulay, as the first Protestant king of France, though, seen close to, his Protestantism, which he twice repudiated for political purposes, appears of a somewhat flimsy texture.

Great American Universities

Mr. Slosson tells us in his *Great American Universities* that when he visited Yale he found that the professors considered it everywhere a mark of bad form to show any interest in the work outside their own departments and that they adhered scrupulously to the rule of minding their own business. At the University of California, on the other hand, when he was introduced to the professor of cryptogamic botany, the latter immediately invited him to go and see one of the Greek or Sanskrit plays, and at the University of Minneapolis the professor of political economy took him at once to the Agricultural College to show him ears of the latest pedigreed corn. This, he thinks, is typical of Yale and should be set down less to specialisation than to a lack of co-operation. He criticises Yale also for its extraordinary devotion to tradition and presents a list of questions which he asked as to the reason why certain things were done. The answers never went beyond the mere statement that they were customary. If he asked why college students had to attend chapel he received the answer that they always had attended, and if he asked why the front gates to the campus were closed at night he received the reply that they always closed

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

them at night. In this respect he points emphatically to the contrast between Yale and Harvard. As typical of Harvard he cites Professor James's *Pragmatism;* as typical of Yale, Professor Sumner's *Folkways.* He describes the former as approaching a defiant individualism and the latter as showing how righteousness and conformity come to the same thing in the end. The book abounds in many striking comparisons and contrasts, which are presented in a telling and often amusing way. Even when exaggerated they certainly reveal something of the differing spirit of the institutions.

While treating the subject seriously and presenting a large amount of carefully gathered and well-arranged information statistics, diagrams and other somewhat formidable features, he has, nevertheless, diversified his text with many things that are really entertaining and has produced, on the whole, an exceedingly readable book. He has taken note of the distinctions in the popular mind and of the more or less superficial aspects summed up in intercollegiate gibes or catch phrases. He does not quote the familiar saying of Yale men about Harvard that you can always tell a Harvard man but cannot tell him much, but he does quote the Harvard gibe at Yale that "Yale was founded fifty years after Harvard and has kept the same distance behind ever since."

He is not afraid to generalise, but his general statements rest on a basis of wide observation and temperate commonsense. He has evidently been pelted by many conflicting views and is trying to keep his balance between the extremes of inter-collegiate criticism.

We should not speak sneeringly, he says, of "mere numbers," for the size of a university is really a measure of one dimension of its influence. The age of a university is also a factor not to be despised, as it sometimes is by the younger institutions. Age confers upon its graduates something of the honour, dignity, and responsibility derived from the long line of its illustrious predecessors. It gives to the institution prestige, stability, and momentum, so it is able to accomplish things easily and quietly, things which in a newer university can only be done with much fuss and nervous strain.

Coincidence

Among the most incredible true stories of the world is that of the Abbé Kakatoes and the Marquis de Croquemitaine. It was at a supper in the days long before the French Revolution. The Abbé, in the course of the conversation, happened to tell the company that the first confession he ever received was that of a murderer. A minute later the Marquis entered. "Ah! Monsieur l'Abbé, I am delighted to see you. Ladies and gentlemen, I was the Abbé's first penitent, and I assure you that I made a confession that astonished him." The time comes in life when such coincidences no longer seem incredible to us. They hardly surprise. Personally, we seem lately to have been living among curious coincidences. We take it for granted that very few of our readers failed to notice that the tragic and totally unexpected death of the late David Graham Phillips took place on the exact publication day of the February issue of this magazine, which contained the very comprehensive paper on Mr. Phillips's work in the Representative American Story Tellers Series. Of course that paper had been planned months before and written weeks before. As a matter of fact as early as last October it was jotted down as part of the contents for February. Last spring, a certain day in September was decided upon as the publication date for the *Life of Tolstoy.* At the time it seemed that the Russian novelist was likely to live for several years. It chanced that the publication date was the date of his death. A few weeks ago we were discussing with Mr. Brian Hooker à propos of his papers on the University and American Humour, the story of how the Harvard *Lampoon* once published a "fake" issue of the Harvard *Crimson.* Within a few hours we received a communication from a comparatively new author about whom we had been making inquiries. The author was the originator of the whole scheme and his communication gave all its details.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Richard Washburn Child

The author in question was Mr. Richard Washburn Child, whose novel *Jim Hands* was reviewed in the last issue of THE BOOKMAN. While an undergraduate at Harvard Mr. Child happened to be, among other things, one of the Board of Editors of the *Lampoon*. The *Crimson*, the Harvard undergraduate daily, had announced that it would print no edition on Memorial Day, 1901. At Mr. Child's suggestion the *Lampoon* issued a "fake" number of the *Crimson*, delicately enough caricatured to deceive all but the most observant readers. The appearance of the college paper was accurately reproduced, even to certain typographical errors for which the *Crimson* had been notorious, but the contents were such that the whole Cambridge community was for a time in turmoil. Information that the janitor of one of the college laboratories had upset a jar of microbes and that all those who had been near the laboratory should report at once to the college doctor, that so and so of the crew squad had rowed himself out of his shell, but had reached shore without ill effects, and that "the President and Fellows of Harvard College" had decided not to offer President McKinley an honorary degree, was given with the utmost gravity. A Boston newspaper was deceived by the last named announcement, and the page reprinting it is said to have been stereotyped and on the press when the managing editor, glancing at the wet sheet, suddenly decided that the announcement was bogus. A statement in the "fake" that the *Crimson* was making more money than was warranted, and that a dollar and a half would be returned on all three dollar subscriptions that afternoon brought many freshmen to the *Crimson* office at the appointed time. A sign hung in the night over the *Crimson* office reiterating this announcement was another part of the hoax. Its complete success was for long the talk of Cambridge, and the forbidden subject of conversation in the *Crimson* sanctum. The *Crimson* editors disclaimed responsibility in their next issue and talked darkly and ominously of prosecution.

At Harvard Mr. Child was also the president of the *Advocate*, the Ivy Orator of his class, the author of the libretto for the Hasty Pudding play, and a football player of some ability. He was graduated from the university in 1903 and then entered the Law School. He had had some practical experience in journalism through working on the Boston papers, and after finishing his law course went to Washington as correspondent for *Ridgway's Weekly*. After that publication had been discontinued he did special work for *Collier's*, including an investigation on the ground of the political murders in Kentucky. His subsequent literary work has included contributions to the *Atlantic*, *Harper's*, *Collier's*, *Everybody's*, the *Saturday Evening Post*, *McClure's* and the *American*. Mr. Child is more interested in the best French fiction and in Thackeray than he is in most of the English novelists. "Balzac and Thackeray make me forget that I am reading a book," he says; "Dickens and most of the Englishmen make me positively remember it."

Undergraduate Humour

Reverting to the subject of the University and American Humour in general, and the Harvard *Lampoon*, Yale *Record*, and Princeton *Tiger* in particular, we are quoting fragments from a recent letter from Mr. Booth Tarkington, who in his undergraduate days was a leading spirit in the activities of the last named paper. Mr. Tarkington begins by paying what we consider a well-deserved tribute to the work of Mr. McCready Sykes—"those things of his are so really burlesques of the finest, in style, and so thorough, and yet so light, in their humour. They're delicate and uproarious simultaneously." Contrasting the undergraduate humour of the present with that of other years, Mr. Tarkington finds the humorous college papers of to-day more knowing, but thinks that they have lost something by becoming more sophisticated. "These modern boys draw better and write better, but they are hampered by knowing too well how the thing ought to be done. Their product lacks a reckless sponta-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

neity that our boys used to have. . . . I wonder if the author of your article has included any mention of what, in retrospect, I chuckle over more than anything else in that particular gallery: the policy of the *Lampoon, Record,* and *Tiger* in quoting from one another? I think we began it—though that is cloudy. At all

RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

events —— —— and I spent a great deal of time over the 'Exchanges' department, sorting out and finally getting together on the poorest and stupidest jokes from the *Lampoon* and *Record.* These we printed under the head of 'Exchanges'—thereby scoring on these two estimable periodicals and making our own jokes seem a little better by comparison. For instance, you probably remember that Harvard for ——— (Princeton slang) was ——— (Harvard slang), and the *Lampoon* printed many allusions to ——, which were unintelligible outside of Cambridge. We quoted all these, which was an unfair advantage, also took care to have no ——— jokes through which they might retaliate. However, the *Lampoon* and the *Record* found plenty of material for their own 'Exchange' columns. I remember one gloomy day when ——— and I sat in the office examining a *Record* which devoted its entire 'Exchange' department to quotations from the *Tiger,* of course *sans* comment, needing none. ——— ———, '93, came in flushed and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

triumphant with a copy of the *Record*—he seldom came to the office and was not *en rapport* with the work. He said: 'Well, I don't like to brag, boys, but you've hinted now and then that I might do a little more—and look at this: twenty jokes quoted—all from the *Tiger*, and sixteen of them are mine!' Any one who maintains that college boys are not tender-hearted, considerate gentle folks is wrong; neither ——— nor I ever told him."

Astonishing!

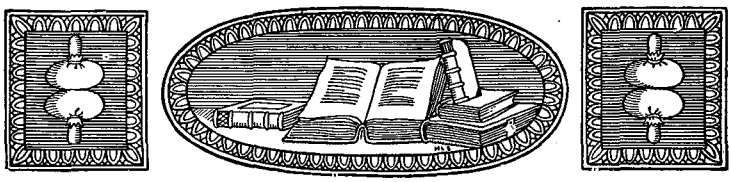
Mr. James Raymond Perry has made the astonishing discovery that English prose is more or less rhythmical. In an essay in the February number of the *North American Review*, he applies this discovery to the prose of Abraham Lincoln, and proceeds to demonstrate thereby, and by the occurrence in Lincoln's prose of what may be regarded as occasional lines of blank verse, that Lincoln "in addition to all other greatness of heart and soul and mind, was one of the world's great poets." The logic of this is a trifle hard to follow, even if we accept Mr. Perry's apparent unconsciousness of any distinction between rhythm and metre. But there is other testimony upon the subject. Stevenson, for example, says in a letter to Edmund Gosse: "I speak bitterly at the moment, having just detected in myself the last fatal symptom, three blank verses in succession—and I believe, God help me, a hemistich at the tail of them." The same author, in his essay on Technical Elements of Style, emphasises the familiar rule that prose must never "disappoint the ear by the trot of an accepted metre" and shows how easily careless prose may degenerate into bad blank verse. Of course, in such admirable prose as Lincoln's, lapses of this kind are few and far between; and their rarity spurs Mr. Perry to renewed ingenuities. He discovers that by printing it in irregular lines beginning with capitals, prose may be made to look (at a distance) quite like poetry. "When the words are not cast into (*sic*) the pentameter form," he remarks, "they often fall into other metrical divisions." And this, accordingly, is what he makes of the Gettysburg Address:

Fourscore and seven years ago
Our forefathers brought forth upon this continent
A new nation conceived in liberty
And dedicated to the proposition
That all men are created equal.
Now we are engaged in a great civil war
Testing whether that nation, or any nation
So conceived and so dedicated,
Can long endure. We are met
On a great battlefield of that war.
We have come to dedicate a portion of
That field as a final resting-place
For those who gave their lives
That the nation might live . . .

It is difficult to say what metrical form this resembles, unless perhaps some of the wilder vagaries of Walt Whitman. But Mr. Perry's own prose is by the same standards decidedly more metrical. It exhibits in the space of a few pages frequent blank verse lines, such as

"Yet ever and again in the addresses
The casual observer will discover"
"And their recurrence ever and again"
"Of freedom and equality of men"
"That noble utterance on the field of Gettysburg,
What is it but a great poem? It is here
Given in its entirety."

and so on. It is needless to multiply examples; for by this time, as Mr. Perry himself says, "The richly poetical quality of the foregoing lines must be apparent to every one."



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"CHANTECLER"—ACT II

Chantecler, showing off before the Pheasant-Hen, makes the sun rise with his song

PLAYS, SUPERNATURAL AND NATURAL

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

THERE is a tide in the affairs of the theatre; and it happens every now and then that several plays of the same general type are drifted simultaneously to the footlights. Recently in New York a number of plays have been produced in which recourse has been made to the supernatural in the development of the characters and in the conduct of the plots; our stage has, for a time, been populated with fauns and scarecrows that think and feel, birds and animals that talk, and human beings piping magical allurements; and this unusual occurrence calls for some general critical estimate of the value of the supernatural as material for dramatic art.

There is a predisposition on the part of the populace (and also of most of the reviewers) to regard any play which employs the supernatural as especially imaginative. Such a work is considered particularly difficult to accomplish; and the result is commonly labelled "literary," in the laudatory connotation of the term. It is considered difficult to invent a devil with horns and a tail, and comparatively easy to create an Iago devoid of those unusual appendages. It is considered especially "literary" to set forth a five o'clock tea given by a guinea-hen whereas (presumably) it would not be "literary" to exhibit an afternoon tea given by a society woman. To the popular mind, it seems highly imaginative to invent a faun through whose body you may shoot a bullet without hurting him;

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

but it would not (apparently) be imaginative to create a man whose viscera would be disturbed by such a transit. It is considered poetic to invent a piper whom children follow because of some magic in his music; presumably it would not be poetic to create a man whom children would follow because they liked to play with him.

Any *a priori* judgment is uncritical; because it denies the possibility that a new work may prove an exception to the rule on which the judgment has been based. But if the popular mind *must* presume an *a priori* judgment of these exhibitions of the supernatural, it might more safely presume them to be less difficult, less imaginative, less (in the real sense) literary, than plays which reproduce the natural. In the infancy of the human race, as in the infancy of every individual (for the mental history of each of us repeats the mental history of mankind), all stories were supernatural—the reason being that the supernatural is immeasurably easier, both to fabricate and to appreciate, than is the natural. And the supernatural is easier to invent and to understand because it requires less maturity of imagination. Imagination is the faculty for *realisation*. Contrary to the common belief, children are, as a rule, incapable of imagination. They tell themselves stories of ghosts and goblins and fairies because they are unable to realise men and women and children; they invent exceptions to the laws of life because they cannot understand the laws; they wonder at a dog that talks because they have not learned to wonder at a dog that merely barks. So, in its infancy, the human race told itself stories of miracles and considered the exceptional divine; it has required a more matured imagination to perceive that divinity is evidenced not in "some scission in the continuity of man's experience, some wilful illegality of nature," but in law itself, majestic and immutable. The function of imagination is to discover truth; the function of art is to tell it. Myths and fables are of service only as an easy and a shorthand means of indicating simple truths. The unusual is of value in art only in so far as it calls attention to the usual in life; exceptions are important only as they indicate the rule. To prefer miracles to laws, to dally with the exceptional rather than to delve for the rule, is to exercise not the imagination but the fancy. As the wisest of American critics, Mr. W. C. Brownell, has remarked, "Imagination and fancy differ in that, both transcending experience, one observes and the other transgresses law." Now, of course, a supernatural fable may be faithful to the laws of life, may (in other words) embody an imaginative vision; but in practice, in this present age of ours, a reversion to the infancy of art more often indicates an irresponsibility of fancy, an unwillingness on the part of the artist to undertake and carry through the lofty task of transmuting the actual to the real. The fancy is a dangerous faculty, because its exercise is easy and is invariably attended by great good fun, whereas to exercise imagination is laborious and cannot be accomplished (to speak figuratively) without fasting and prayer. All that M. Rostand had to say in *Chantecler* might have been said more profoundly if he had realised his characters as men and women. The piece becomes imaginative only in those passages in which it becomes human; at all other moments it is merely fanciful—the *jeu d'esprit* of a mind that dallies instead of the great task of a mind that toils. Since beauty is synonymous with truth, as Keats has taught us, it is only by imagination that beauty can be created; all that fancy can contrive is prettiness. It is usually an artist with a dainty fancy who chooses to tell us tales of skipping fauns and magic pipes; but it requires an august imagination to reveal to us the beauty inherent in the common life of every day. Mr. Barrie displayed a pretty fancy in *Peter Pan;* but in *What Every Woman Knows* he revealed a beautiful imagination. Of these two plays by the same author, the natural is immeasurably more imaginative than the supernatural.

But if it is a fallacy to prejudge that a supernatural play must be more imaginative, it is no less a fallacy to accord it *a priori* a higher literary rank than a play of ordinary life. A play deserves to be laurelled as dramatic literature only when it expresses, in terms of the technic of the theatre of its age, some truth of human

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

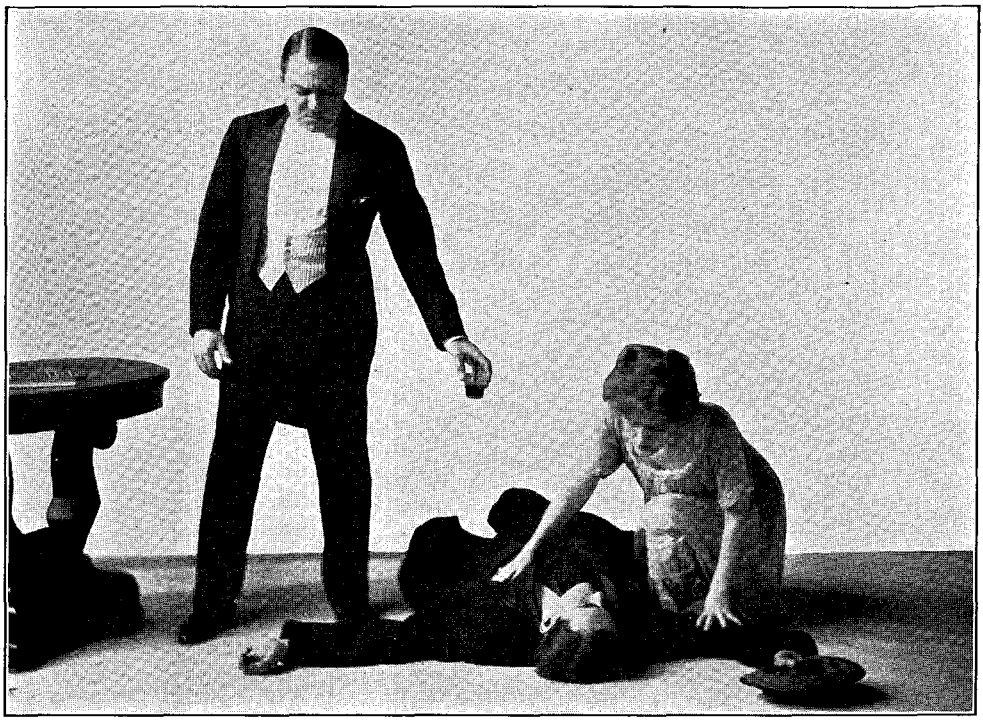
"THE FAUN"—ACT I

"He proves his immortality by daring Stonebury to shoot him, whereupon the bullet passes through his body *without hurting him*"

"THE SCARECROW"—ACT I

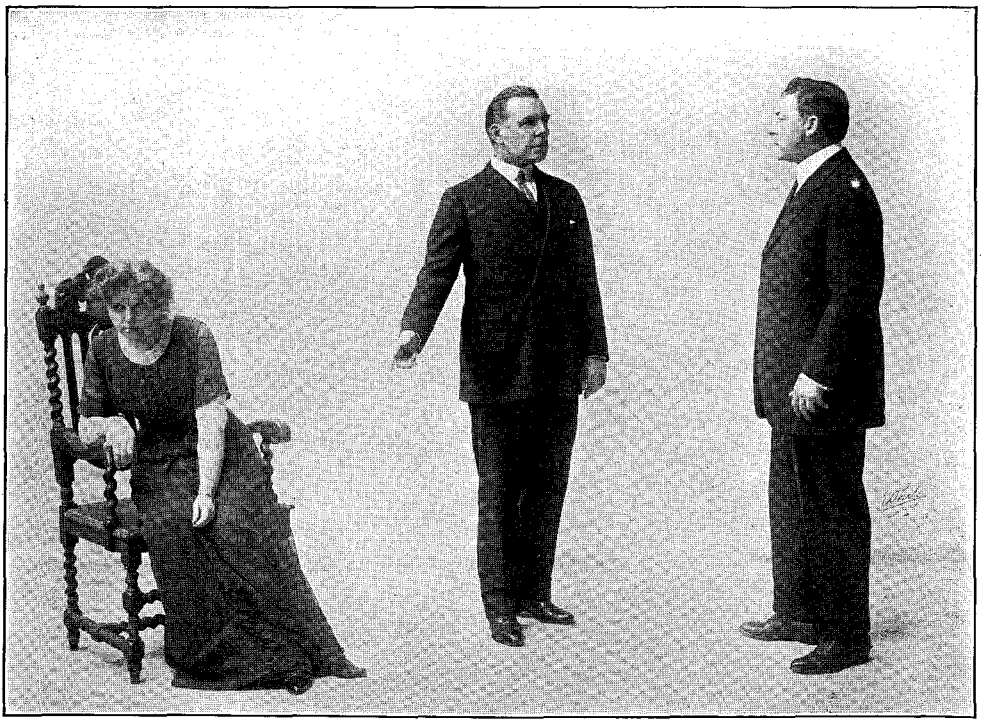
"Goody Rickby, with the aid of her familiar demon Dickon, fashions a scarecrow which she endows supernaturally with life, and sends it forth into the world"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"THE BOSS"—ACT II

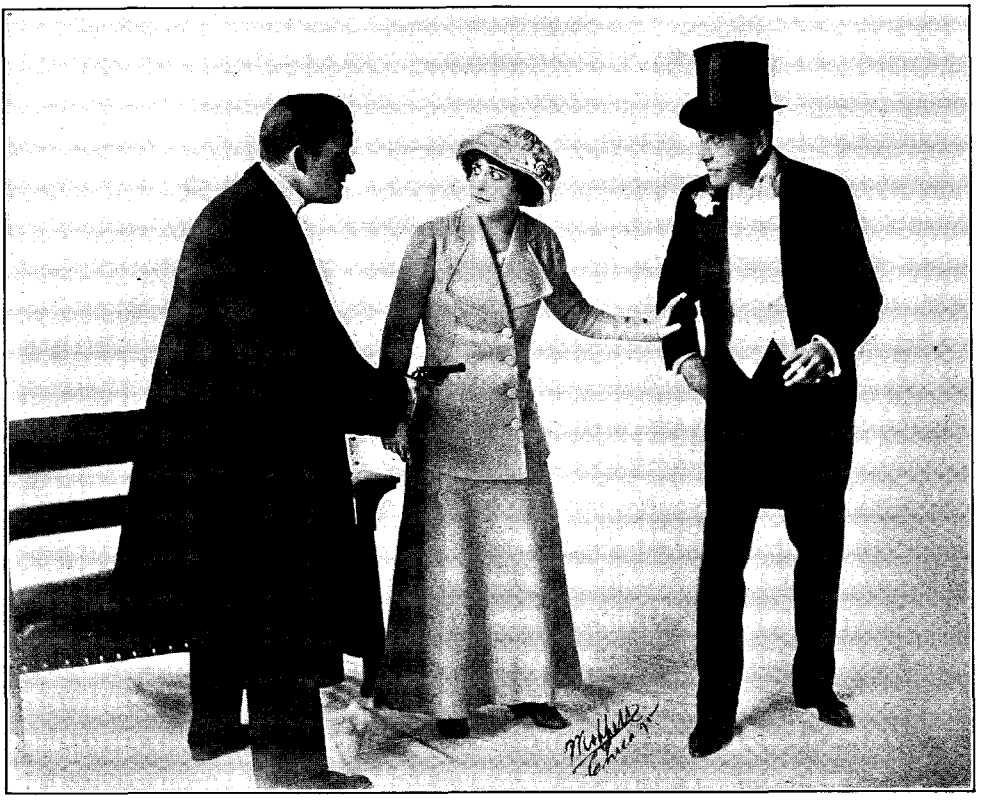
"The Boss strikes down a representative of the strikers who has come to treat with him for terms"



"THE HAVOC"

"Craig agrees to grant his wife a divorce without any scandal, on the sole condition that after she has married Hessert, he himself may come and live as a boarder with the newly constituted couple"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"THE DEEP PURPLE"—ACT II, SCENE 2

"Several pistols are drawn during the course of the tensely constructed plot"

"SIRE"—ACT III

"Discovering in a fantastic actor named Denis Roulette a physical likeness to the missing king, they hire him to dress himself up in royal regalia and come to visit the countess as her sovereign"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"OVER NIGHT"—ACT I

"Mr. Darling and Mrs. Kettle are accidentally left ashore as the boat leaves a certain landing; and Mrs. Darling and Mr. Kettle are thereby obliged to travel on together"

"THE PIPER"—ACT IV

"In the end, the Piper lures the children back again"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

life that is important to humanity. Fine writing does not make dramatic literature. Verbal felicity in dialogue is a beauty that is only skin-deep; the real literary value of a play depends upon the symmetry and strength of its skeleton and the vitality of its flesh and blood. *The Thunderbolt* is a greater work of dramatic literature than *Chantecler,* because it is more profoundly and consistently imagined—in other words, more real; yet in *The Thunderbolt* there is not a single line that is quotable for verbal beauty, while in *Chantecler* there are pages and pages that are marvels of the wizardry of words. The best written speech in *The Piper*—the address to the wayside image—is, dramatically, an error; it is written charmingly, but a master of dramatic literature would not have written it at all. Supernatural plays afford their authors opportunities for verbal flights of fancy which are denied to authors who aim to paraphrase the speech of ordinary men and women; but the task of the latter is no less a feat of literary art. A greater literary imagination is displayed in these bare, undecorative lines of the first act of *The Thunderbolt*—"Ah, Heath, the dining-room—!" "Yes, Mr. Elkin, that's over, sir"—lines through which, as they come to us in their context, the full pathos of death looks out upon us with dim, unweeping eyes, than in such a line as M. Rostand's, *"Que des Coqs rococos pour ce Coq plus cocasse,"* of which the only ground is an astounding rebound of sound.

In one particular respect, supernatural material is especially hazardous for the dramatic artist. The corner-stone of the dramatic art is the freedom of the will. No conflict of wills can afford a true dramatic interest unless the wills of the participants are absolutely free. Now, if, in a story, certain characters are endowed with supernatural powers, while the others are not, no truly dramatic conflict can be possible between the one side and the other. We are asked to watch a game in which we know the dice are loaded. In the last act of *The Faun* the other characters are merely puppets whose wires are pulled by the supernatural hero; and in *The Piper* the people of Hamelin are at all times powerless against the magic of the mountebank. These conceptions abnegate the very possibility of drama. If, then, a playwright is to use the supernatural at all, it is surely wiser for him not to adulterate it with the natural, but to conceive *all* his characters in accordance with a common convention. This is what M. Rostand has done in *Chantecler.* His characters all have a fair chance, because all are equally super-actual. He has displayed consummate tact in entirely excluding human beings from his story—a tact which expresses itself very cleverly in the concluding line, *"Chut! Baissez le rideau, vite! Voilà les hommes!"*

With these critical warnings before us—not to mistake fancy for imagination, not to value the exceptional except in so far as it reminds us of the perennial, not to confuse the pretty and the beautiful, not to mistake lines for literature, and not in judging any work of art to abrogate our demand that in its own way it shall tell the truth and nothing but the truth—we may proceed to examine the recent crop of supernatural plays and to compare them with other recent plays which seek to reproduce the natural.

SUPERNATURAL PLAYS

"Chantecler"

Before we turn our attention to *Chantecler,* it must be stated, in justice to M. Edmond Rostand, that his piece has not in any real sense been presented in America, and that it is utterly impossible to derive any adequate idea of its merits, or even its defects, from the meaningless, emasculate, and futile substitute which is now being offered to the easily swindled public of New York. Only a little more than half of the text is here presented, in a far-away paraphrase by Mr. Louis N. Parker. Mr. Parker, presumably, is not to be blamed for the cuts; and in charity toward his paraphrase of the fragment that is presented, it should be confessed that *Chantecler* is the most untranslatable of all the works of this least translatable of poets. A better versifier than Mr. Parker would have failed in the task; but it is conceivable that Mr. Austin Dobson, for example, might have made at least an

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

interesting rendering. But the crowning fault of the production is the insult that has been flung in the face of the American public in the casting of the rôle that was designed for the dead and deathless Coquelin. Regarding this sacrilege against the sanctity of art it is difficult to maintain a silent dignity of indignation. All theatre-goers who are truly interested in the work of M. Rostand should stay away from the Knickerbocker Theatre and spend an evening at home instead in reading the text of *Chantecler*. The remarks which follow have no reference to the American production, but are based upon a study of the piece that M. Rostand conceived and wrote and published.*

It is probable that *Chantecler* would have succeeded in Paris if Coquelin had lived to play it; but it is not surprising that in the hands of M. Lucien Guitry—an admirable actor of modern rôles but not an eloquent elocutionist—it actually failed; for of the six theatric poems of M. Rostand it is assuredly the least dramatic. It is not so much a play as a lyrico-satirical extravaganza. We may best bring ourselves to understand its special quality if we view it as a result of the logical and natural development of those tendencies which M. Rostand exhibited in his earlier works. M. Rostand is the most successful playwright of the present age; but it has been evident from the outset of his career that he is by instinct less a dramatist than a theatricist. He conceives a play not as a serene and orderly development of a single inherent dramatic idea, but as an agglomeration of a myriad of isolate theatrical effects. His eagerness for effective moments—or momentary effects—stamps him of the race and lineage of Victor Hugo; like Hugo, he makes a play by stringing together a multitude of startling theatrical devices. The defect of this method is that, as it is developed, it leads to greater intricacy—whereas the tendency of the highest dramaturgic art is always toward a greater simplicity. The simplest—the most classic—of his works is *La Samaritaine*. Already in *Cyrano* it was evident that he would become progressively more intricate from work to work. *L'Aiglon* indicated still more emphatically his developing avidity for multifarious detail. And now at last in *Chantecler* we can no longer see the forest for the trees—or rather, for the wildwood undergrowth which riots in profuse entanglement. The dramatic theme in *Chantecler* is the tale of the eternal struggle of the artist, possessed with a sense of the sacred necessity of his mission, to adjust himself to a society that fails to understand him and to accept him at his own self-valuation; but this theme is overgrown with a myriad minor satirical intentions—the satire of Boulevard cynicism in the Blackbird, of social pretension in the Guinea-Hen, of academic criticism of poetry in the Chickens, of pedantry in the Woodpecker, of literary criticism of music in the chorus of Toads, of æstheticism in the Peacock, of what may be called George-Sand-ism in the Pheasant-Hen, and so on *ad infinitum*. Unless we had clearly understood his progressive trend toward unnecessary intricacy, we might easily have wondered why M. Rostand should have bothered to invent the whole elaborate machinery of his magnified barnyard to serve as a vehicle for satirising such every-day foibles as all these. Surely it would have been not only simpler but much funnier to exhibit a society woman behaving like a guinea-hen—as heaven knows how many do!—than to set forth a guinea-hen behaving like a society woman.

The same increasing intricacy that M. Rostand has exhibited as a playwright he has displayed also as a poet. His earliest pieces, like *Les Romanesques*, revealed him as a new Théodore de Banville, a writer of pretty and witty verses, dainty and dallying, delicate and deft. His gifts were those of a minor, rather than a major, poet; and if he has since developed the magnitude of the major poet, he has done so by the unprecedented process of raising his gifts of the minor poet to the *n*th power. He is a big poet only by virtue of being the largest of the little poets of the world. His supreme merit—and his supreme defect—is cleverness. He is hardly an imaginative

*Edmond Rostand. Chantecler. Pièce en Quatre Actes, en Vers. Paris: Librairie Charpentier et Fasquelle.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

writer; but he has the most fertile and the most luxuriant fancy apparent in contemporary literature. He has achieved serenity of mood only in *La Samaritaine,* wherein an ecstasy of simplicity was imposed upon him by the sanctity of his material. In his other works he has shown himself always a chaser after butterflies. Even Cyrano, in his love scene, must define a kiss as "a rosy dot upon the eye of *loving*"—a quip unimaginable if the poet-hero were really and deeply moved. And in the bewildering verbiage of *Chantecler* the extravagance of the poet's fancy is developed to the uttermost excess. In his earliest works M. Rostand loved to intoxicate himself with words; and the habit of verbal inebriety has grown upon him, until in *Chantecler* nearly every line seems to reel with a bedazzlement of fantasy. Surely this is dangerously near the art that defeats itself by being too artistic.

In the published text of *Chantecler* the stage-direction which describes the scenic setting of each act is written as a sonnet; and this needless audacity of cleverness gives us the clue to M. Rostand's quality as a poet. These stage-directions are fully as poetic as the text. Consider this concluding tercet of the description of the setting for the second act:

Le ciel est de chez nous. Et lorsque illuminée
Fumera dans un coin quelque humble cheminée,
On croira voir fumer la pipe de Corot.

No other writer could have fancied that "smoking of the pipe of Corot"—and no other poet would have considered it worth while to do so in a stage-direction. M. Rostand's best effects are purely effects of words. His wit is verbal, his mirth a jugglery of sounds. Even his poetry is verbal; it is not the image that delights us, but the verse. Hence, as plays, his works demand elocution more than they demand acting; he needed Coquelin to read his lines with that bravura of incomparable voice. He is a consummate writer, surely; but he has the air of a spoiled child sporting in an illimitable play-room where all the toys are words.

Who was the wise dramatic critic who first remarked that hell is paved with good first acts? If an unskilful dramatist stumbles upon a good idea for a play, the simple setting forth of this idea will carry him safely through his initial act of exposition; his failure will come when he attempts to develop the idea in the succeeding acts. In *The Faun,* Mr. Edward Knoblauch employs an idea which has frequently been put to pleasant uses in the theatre—the idea, namely, of satirising the foibles of some section of present-day society from the point of view of a supernatural visitant miraculously introduced from otherwhere. No remarkable ability is necessary to contrive an interesting first act by expounding this familiar theme. In *The Faun,* Lord Stonebury, having lost his entire fortune at the races, is about to put a bullet through his head, when out of an ancient urn in his garden there emerges a laughing faun, clad only in a leopard skin. Though this creature is a Roman faun, he has been taught to speak English by the poet Shelley, with whom he used to sport about his native woods. He proves his immortality by daring Stonebury to shoot him, whereupon the bullet passes through his body without hurting him and shatters a lamp that stands behind his back. The faun offers to help Stonebury out of his financial difficulties if the latter, in return, will introduce him into English society. Stonebury accepts this proposition, arrays the faun in evening dress—a costume which the latter finds exceedingly discomforting—and introduces him as an Italian count to the inner circle of his friends. Thus far the comedy is interesting; but in the later acts Mr. Knoblauch fails to display either the fancy or the wit that would be necessary for an effectual fulfilment of the satirical intention. The faun helps Stonebury to win back his fortune at the races because he knows the horses personally and can ask them in advance to tell him which of them is sure to win. The trouble with this particular fancy is that it isn't true; for how should the horses themselves know the winner of their races in advance, any more than human runners who are matched for a Marathon? The circle of English society into which the

"The Faun"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

faun has been introduced is made up of super-civilised people who pride themselves upon a pretense that they have lived down all of their emotions. In contrast to their artificial intellectualisation, the faun presents a plea for the natural instincts and emotions as the only real basis for any joy of living. The heroine is a suffragette who aspires to crush out of her own nature the element of instinctive femininity; and the author indulges, by the way, in a great deal of silly and tedious satire of the fallacious popular idea of the new woman. At the culmination of the comedy, the faun lures the suffragette out of doors on a wild night and so contrives to reawaken her submerged natural instincts that she is filled with a desire to love some one, and as a consequence, confers her affections upon Stonebury. But this, the crowning fancy of the play, is assuredly untrue; since love can hardly be induced in the abstract, nor be awakened in a woman by one man for the benefit of another. If the heroine were to love anybody, she would of course love the faun who had roused her sensibilities. Basically, the play is deficient in imagination; in detail, it lacks the deftness of fancy, the brightness of wit, the playfulness of poetry, that are needed for a satire of this sort. *The Faun* should, unfortunately, have been written by M. Rostand. As written by Mr. Knoblauch, it leaves a troublesome impression that it isn't so good as it ought to be.

*The Scarecrow** is by far the best of all the plays that have been written by Mr. Percy MacKaye. This fantastical romance is an after-development of the idea initially imagined by Hawthorne in his *Feathertop*. In Mr. MacKaye's play, which is set in a Massachusetts town in 1690, a witch named Goody Rickby, with the aid of her familiar demon Dickon, "a Yankee improvisation of the Prince of Darkness," fashions a scarecrow which she endows supernaturally with life, and sends it forth into the world, not only, as in Hawthorne's fable, to serve as a living parody of the empty foppishness of fashionable society, but also to wreak an ironical vengeance on Justice Gilead Merton, a conventionally self-righteous citizen, by whom, one and twenty years before, she had had an illegitimate son who died, but whom she now announces to the Justice to be living and to be no other than the scarecrow, whom Dickon forces him to introduce into society as Lord Ravensbane. Ravensbane begins his career as an empty-headed Feathertop, monotonously droning the commonplaces of conventional conversation; but the niece of the Justice, Rachel Merton, looks upon him with an interest that soon warms into affection; and, in accordance with Dante's idea of "love, that exempts no one beloved from loving," Ravensbane is inspired to respond with an affection which makes him increasingly more human as it grows. His love breathes into him a soul, so that (to quote his own words) he is born of Rachel. But Rachel has secured from Goody Rickby a magic mirror which has the property to reflect the essential truth of any object that is imaged in it. Into this mirror, at the climax of the play, look Rachel and Ravensbane; and the latter is appalled to see himself reflected in reality as a ludicrous scarecrow. Thereafter, overwhelmed by the bathos of his lot, and seeing himself no longer worthy of the lofty love he has conceived, he passes through an agony of loathing the thing of shreds and patches he now knows to be his essential self, and ultimately, in the presence of Rachel, shatters the tobacco pipe on whose enchanted inspirations he is dependent for the sustenance of his life. But this voluntary abnegation of the continuance to be marks him finally as fully human; and as he dwindles to his death, the image in the magic glass of truth looks back at him—a man.

"The Scarecrow"

The central conception of this play is loftily imaginative and profoundly real; for it embodies that ludicrous and tragic incongruity between what we are and what we will to be which overwhelms us all in those deep hours when introspection holds before our eyes the glass of truth. This concept is universal in its human implications; and in Mr. MacKaye's

*The Scarecrow. A Tragedy of the Ludicrous. By Percy MacKaye. New York: The Macmillan Company.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

play it is unfolded in a manner that is deeply impressive. Moreover, as a vehicle for acting, the piece is admirably adapted to the exigencies of the stage. Ravensbane is a very striking part and afforded a gifted performer an opportunity for the most imaginative and poetic piece of acting that has graced our stage this season. The scene of the magic manufacture of the scarecrow is highly picturesque, and the transformations of the devil are cleverly conducted. Much of the dialogue is beautifully written; and in Ravensbane's long soliloquy before the mirror, the text rises to a lofty and memorable eloquence.

Of course, from the popular point of view, the "love interest" of this fable is weakened by the fact that since Ravensbane is, after all, a scarecrow, his love must lack that physical alloy without which the very spirituality of human love reduces itself to an unsubstantial fantasy. Furthermore, the piece is not entirely free from those defects which have marred the previous plays of Mr. MacKaye. He seems unable to cure himself of a solemn and trivial pedantry. To indicate that his devil is of cosmopolitan experience, he has found it necessary to sprinkle Dickon's lines with phrases of Latin, French, German, and Italian—phrases, of course, which most of the audience cannot understand; it seems not to have occurred to him that a really experienced cosmopolitan will speak, without any barbarous affectations, the language of the country in which he finds himself. Occasionally also he suffers shipwreck from a desperate endeavour to achieve the humorous, as when Dickon selects a big red beet to serve as the heart of the scarecrow, and then says, "Hush! Dost thou hear it *beat?*" But if Mr. MacKaye sometimes jokes with difficulty, and if his characters occasionally parade the portentous academical solemnity of the recent graduate as yet uncured of Cambridge, we should remember with undiminished emphasis that in *The Scarecrow* he has achieved a really noble work and added a stone to the hopefully projected edifice of our American dramatic literature.

"The Piper"

The Piper,* by Josephine Preston Peabody, retells the immemorial legend of Hamelin with the addition of many new and delicate details. The narrative is unfolded in a mood of rare poetic loveliness; and the lines are written in a blank verse that at all times is lucid and fluent, and at many moments rises to a poignant eloquence. The lyric loveliness of the work as a literary composition is enhanced in the theatre by the picturesqueness of its presentation. The presence on the stage of half a hundred children, the delicate effects of colour in the costumes and the scenery, the subtle accompaniment of music, the opportunities for vocal eloquence in the reading of the lines, combine to make *The Piper* an æsthetic entertainment of ingratiating charm. But despite these many merits of detail, the piece fails to make upon the mind an impression that is completely satisfying; and the reason for this failure is that it is weak in the essential attributes of drama. No artist has ever yet succeeded in overruling Aristotle's dictum that a play should have a beginning, a middle, and an end; and the basic defect of *The Piper* as a dramatic composition is that, although it has a beginning and an end, it has no middle. In the beginning the Piper lures the children away from Hamelin, and in the end he lures them back again; but the intermediate narrative is not a continuous suspension bridge of logic leading from one of these anchorages to the other. Nothing whatsoever happens to advance the plot during the first scene of the second act, which shows the children hidden in the "hollow hill"; and a lyric episode, however lovely, is doomed to appear tedious on the stage unless it contributes to the evolution of the action. At the very end of this static scene a messenger from without tells us, indeed, that a dramatic incident has been happening elsewhere: namely, that the citizens of Hamelin, incensed against their Burgomaster, because of whose parsimony they have lost their children, have compelled him, as a penance, to

*The Piper. By Josephine Preston Peabody. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

send his daughter to a convent. In the next scene, the Piper waylays the solemn procession and breaks it up by piping a magic melody that sets everybody in an antic dance. Thus he frees the Burgomaster's daughter, who is loved by one of his own followers and hitherto has loved him in return. Immediately after this an entire scene is given up to a *Midsummer-Night's Dream* episode, which diverts the main current of the story into a minor eddy. The heroine, still spellbound, makes love to the Piper instead of to her lover, and has to be cured of this infatuation by a draught of magic well-water. No imaginative relation is apparent between the music that enchanted and the draught that disenchants her; and since the episode is a surprise even to the Piper, it contributes nothing to the evolution of his will. In the next scene, which has no logical relation to the preceding episode, the piece for a time becomes almost dramatic. The mother of that one of all the children that the Piper most emphatically loves, pleads with him to return the children to their homes; but before this struggle of wills is fought out to a conclusion, the mother leaves the stage—thus meekly giving up a battle she has nearly won. The Piper completes the scene with a lengthy soliloquy addressed to a wayside image of the Christ, during the course of which he talks himself over to the mother's way of thinking. It would have been so easy to produce this revulsion by dramatic means that the author's preference for a non-dramatic solution of the situation appears perverse.

It should be apparent from this summary that, at the most important moments of her story, the author has revealed a lack of true dramatic instinct, and that she has not succeeded in building a closely logical and steadily progressive plot. The play as a whole is deficient in solidity; the individual scenes of it are deficient in strength. For all its loveliness of fancy, the piece is lacking in imagination; its merits are decorative, not constructive. It is a good poem, but a bad play: and since the prime essential of dramatic literature is that it shall be dramatic, this charming and ingratiating narrative does not deserve to be considered as a genuine contribution to dramatic literature.

NATURAL PLAYS

"The Havoc"

The Havoc, which is the first play by Mr. H. S. Sheldon that has been produced, is a novel and in many ways a notable piece of work. The usual triangular complication between the husband, the wife, and the other man is afforded an original development by the simple expedient of turning the triangle upside down in the middle of the story. Paul Hessert, who is living as a boarder in the apartment of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Craig, is a believer in those primitive theories advocating irresponsibility in human relationship, which are popularly labelled as "advanced." He makes love to Mrs. Craig, and she succumbs to his allurements. Craig, discovering her infidelity, resolves instead of acting as most husbands would, to avenge himself on Hessert by forcing the latter to test in actual practice the validity of his own theories. Craig agrees to grant his wife a divorce without any scandal, on the sole condition that after she has married Hessert, he himself may come and live as a boarder with the newly constituted couple. The woman's second marriage turns out to be less happy than her first, because Hessert lacks the moral fibre to sustain the test of his assumed position; and Craig, looking on at Hessert's failure, is the ultimate conqueror in the conflict.

This is inherently and necessarily a two-act play. In the first act, Craig is the husband and Hessert the other man; and in the second act, their positions are reversed. Unfortunately, owing to the popular demand that a play shall occupy not less than the proverbial two hours, the author has appended a third act, which has no logical relation to the other two. In this third act Hessert is exhibited as having stolen money from his employers; but since nothing that has happened in the first two acts necessitates that he should ultimately turn his attention to larceny, this epilogue is—in Mr. Kipling's phrase—another story. Those auditors, therefore, who have a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sense of art and who wish to remember *The Havoc* at its best, should leave the theatre at the close of the second act, when the story has been brought to its logical termination.

The woman in this play is a shadowy and insubstantial figure, and the husband is not consistently characterised. The three *dramatis personæ* impress us less as people than as chess-men that by their movements outline the pattern preconceived in the author's mind. But this pattern, in itself, is interesting. The author shows a genuine instinct for dramatic situation; and much of his dialogue is clever. The main defect of the piece is an indecision in the author's mood toward his material. At one moment he seems to be writing a serious example, and at the next moment he seems to be writing a satire, of the usual drama of the triangle. If the piece were more decisively cast in the satiric mood throughout, it would be more homogeneous and more effective in its appeal; and the lack of firmness in the characterisation would then be pardonable on the ground that, after all, the characters were conceived only as types to be satirised. But, even as it is, *The Havoc* is a lively-minded work, and gives promise of better things to come.

"The Deep Purple"

The desire for ten, twenty, and thirty-cent melodrama is deep-seated in the human heart; and it is interesting to observe how thoroughly a play of this type is enjoyed when it is offered to the two dollar public by authors and actors who are well trained in the mechanics of the theatre. *The Deep Purple,* by Messrs. Paul Armstrong and Wilson Mizner, is a good play of its kind. It tells a thrilling story of injured innocence and circumvented crime; it presents a rogue's gallery of delectable murderers and thieves; and it is written in that elaborate slang which is supposed to be the natural language of the criminal classes. Several pistols are drawn, and some are discharged, during the course of the tensely constructed plot. The wickedest of the assorted villains is killed by a kind-hearted murderer; the lily-minded heroine is married by the strong and clean young hero who has circumvented the crooks who have cruelly persecuted her; and everybody is happy ever after. There are many effective acting parts in this exciting melodrama, and nearly all of them are exceptionally well performed.

"Sire"

M. Henri Lavedan's play entitled *Sire** is an unsatisfactory commingling of buffoonery and sentiment; for it leaves the spectator in doubt as to the mood in which the author expects him to regard it. The action is laid in Paris in 1848. An aged countess is obsessed with the idea that the Dauphin, Louis XVII, is not actually dead, but is still alive in exile and is being unjustly withheld from his throne. She broods over this idea till it becomes a monomania; and her physician and her confessor deem it necessary, in order to preserve the integrity of her mind, to offer some apparent satisfaction to her longing for the return of the lost monarch. Discovering in a fantastic actor named Denis Roulette a physical likeness to the missing king, they hire him to dress himself up in royal regalia and come to visit the countess as her sovereign. Later she discovers the imposition; but the pathetic dignity of her hero-worship has so wrought upon the mercurial sensibilities of Roulette that he resolves to do something worthy of the esteem with which, before her disillusionment, the countess has regarded him. The revolution of 1848 is then raging in the streets; and Roulette rushes out to fight for the republic. In the original play, Roulette is shot down at a barricade; in Mr. Louis N. Parker's adaptation, his life is spared: but either *dénouement* seems somehow immaterial. The entire intrigue is pathetic if we look at it from the point of view of the countess, and comic if we look at it from the point of view of Roulette; and the piece is ineffective because it falters between these two diverse appeals.

Over Night, a farce by Mr. Philip H. Bartholomae, is a characteristic example of what that able critic, Mr. Walter

*Sire. Par Henri Lavedan, de l'Académie Française. Paris: L'Illustration Théatrale: 25 Décembre, 1909.

PEORIA PUBLIC LIBRARY
MAR 22 1913
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Prichard Eaton, has felicitously called "our comedy of had manners." Throughout the course of its three acts everybody behaves with extraordinary rudeness toward everybody else; and this general exhibition of preposterous behaviour awakens sympathetic laughter in an audience that apparently considers vulgarity synonymous with humour. There is no wit at all in the concoction; but the succession of incongruous situations is amusing in a silly sort of way. The Kettles and the Darlings are two bridal couples travelling on a Hudson River boat; Mr. Darling and Mrs. Kettle are accidentally left ashore as the boat leaves a certain landing; Mrs. Darling and Mr. Kettle are thereby obliged to travel on together, and are not overtaken by their respective spouses until the next day; and the attendant complications afford occasion for many misunderstandings. There is no reason why a farce of this type should not be pleasantly entertaining, if the author and the actors could be persuaded to conduct their labours in a well-bred manner; but in the present piece, though they endeavour to be witty, they succeed only in being rude.

"Over Night"

The Boss, by Mr. Edward Sheldon, reveals the same merits and the same defects that appeared in the author's two preceding pieces. His main merit is an astonishing fidelity to fact in multitudinous details of incident and dialogue; and his main defect is a no less astonishing untruthfulness in the development of his most important characters. He seems, as yet, unable to draw his leading characters consistently from act to act; their behaviour in one scene contradicts their behaviour in another. Yet each scene is, in its turn, effective because of a certain brute theatricism with which the author projects his situations. By his emphatic actuality, Mr. Sheldon captures the emotions even at those moments when the intellect rebels against his unreality. His slang dialogue is picturesque and fluent; it is written with an idealised vulgarity that is notable as a literary achievement.

"The Boss"

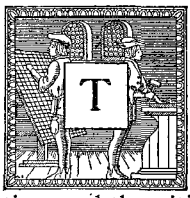
The heroine of this play is a girl of good family and of delicate and refined sensibilities. Her father's business is wrecked by the political boss, Michael R. Regan, a man of the lowest criminal instincts. Regan loves her in his brute way and wants to marry her in order to improve his social position. In order to prevent the poor depositors in her father's banks from losing their money —this the author particularly emphasises as her motive—she consents to marry Regan—making, however, the stipulation that their relation shall be a marriage only in name. It is utterly impossible for us to believe in this bargain; and it is likewise impossible for us to believe in the subsequent steps by which the heroine brings herself to accept an ultimate consummation of the marriage. The heroine didn't marry Regan, in the first place; and even if she had done so, she would never have grown to love him:—this feeling haunts our mind as we watch the unfolding of Mr. Sheldon's plot, and discounts the interest of his story. At the end of the second act the hero and the heroine are not on speaking terms: the next morning—nothing having happened in the interim to change their feelings—they meet most amicably, as if they had had no disagreement. A beautifully truthful scene between Regan and his old friend, Archbishop Sullivan —wherein the latter pleads with the Boss to make concessions to the strikers against whom, as a capitalist, he is struggling—is terminated untruthfully by a stagey speech in which the Archbishop imitates Bulwer-Lytton's Richelieu in invoking the power of the Church against the iniquity of Regan. A theatrical moment in the second act, in which the Boss strikes down a representative of the strikers who has come to treat with him for terms, results only in subsequent untruthfulness in the conduct of the heroine. The whole play is a bewildering admixture of the actual and the impossible—effective as a theatrical concoction but unreasonable as a representation of life.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THOSE WHO ARE REJECTED

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

EDITOR'S NOTE.—*Subsequent to the publication in the January* BOOKMAN *of his article on "The Short Story Famine," the writer of the present article received letters from every section of the country, letters whose signatures went to make up a solid troop in the great army of the "rejected." With a view toward indicating the fundamental inutility of the weapons of the greater portion of this regiment whose literary wares are unmarketable, this transcript of evidence has been prepared.*



HE pity of it is that there can be no definite, comprehensive and sweeping constructive quality to a magazine "shop-talk" of this specific sort. Geography, time and the pitiful limitations of a single human brain are obvious barriers to such a mighty desideratum. To make the purpose crystal-clear at the beginning, it must be insisted that the mission is merely to indicate, in passing, the erroneous conception of the contents of the editor's drawer that lingers in the mind of a vast portion of those who suffer constant rejection; to indicate a few of surface reasons for such wholesale rejection; and to suggest further—at least, such is the hope—the why and the wherefore of the birth of the "regret" slip that is hurried back to Mr. John Jones, of Waco, Texas, who in thorough confidence has sent his first literary brain-child to the editor of the magazine for which he subscribes. The story shall be told through the letters that we have received; through some of the letters that have been received recently by several of the magazine editors in New York; and through a chronicling of these editors' comments. There is no intent to ridicule. If sober transcripts prove humorous, that is, indeed, no fault of the writer. His concern is only with what may be termed the army of the Never-Printed, the great body of hopeful magazine writers who have yet to see their first story, poem or article in type.

A week after the publication of the writer's citation of facts bearing on the winter "shortage" in good, interesting brief fiction—mistaken in certain quarters for an attempt to indicate an undersupply in *all* short fiction—there began to arrive in the mails an unbroken chain of letters from the regiment of the Rejected, each telling its own sad story and each, in turn, demanding to know the reasons for the insistence of the tearful adjective. So entirely apparent are the major portion of these reasons that it requires no widely investigating, subtly deductive pen to divulge them. Each letter may be taken as a criterion of a hundred unwritten letters of the same trend of thought. To answer the one will be to answer the many. This letter, by way of initial comment, came from an ambitious young woman in Kentucky:

> I have two short stories which I am anxious to "place" with some magazine. These stories are not first class, but I am sure that they are printable. One of the stories deals with Greece and it is illustrated with photographs of Delphi, Athens, the Meteora Monasteries, and so forth, taken by an experienced photographer.

Seven other letters of a precisely similar nature were received within a week's time. The writers in question are labouring under a delusion common to many would-be magazine contributors, to wit, that the word "story" as employed in the shop jargon of newspapermen is the same word "story" that is used by the magazine editors. In the newspaper office, everything from a one-hundred-word paragraph stating the fact of a runaway on Houston Street to a two-column article on a murder trial is known as "a story." The moment a cub reporter draws his first fifteen-dollar pay envelope, he casts the word "article" out of his working vocabulary forevermore

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and takes unto himself in its stead the word "story." The writers of our letters, mistaking descriptive articles for fiction or semi-fiction stories—a self-evident fact, it would seem, in view of the photographs mentioned—are wont to send their products to the fiction magazines, and are duly surprised to receive them back with the non-constructive "regret" slips. To be specific, the writer of the letter quoted has either a newspaper "Sunday story" on her hands—and the gulf between the Sunday supplement and the monthly magazine is wide and deep—or, as is possible, a hybrid product that has resulted from the crossing of a fiction idea with actual photographs of the setting in which her tale rests.

From Erie, Pennsylvania, comes this letter:

I have sent my story to nine magazines without success. I cannot understand it. I have often read lots of worse stories in the magazines. One editor wrote me that the story I sent him had a good idea, but that it was badly written. I can hardly believe this, when I had the story corrected and edited by a friend of mine who is an English instructor at a prominent women's college.

Here, too, have we a not uncommon case—the case of the hopeful young author who mistakes a correct usage of grammar, correct sentence construction and punctuation for effective writing. Any magazine editor will tell you that some of the most poorly written stories he ever received were those that were copy-book rule perfect. And this, in the magazine circle view at least, is by no means a paradox. The editor of the *Smart Set* magazine recently received this letter:

How much do you pay for poetry and what kind do you want? I will write it to order for you and I can handle any topic.

The name of the magazine is mentioned to assure the reader of good faith and honesty in quoting the letter. It might otherwise be declared the purest fiction. The letter indicates to what extent members of the regiment of the Rejected go. One of the letters bearing on short stories that was received by the present writer reads as follows:

I have been endeavouring to secure a magazine hearing for my work for two years, but without success. Will you glance over the story I am sending you by this mail, under separate cover, and let me know to what you attribute my failure?

The story arrived in due time. It was not entirely devoid of merit and carried with it a suggestion of definite literary grace and yet it seems fair to presume that not one editor to whom it was sent ever read it. To go further still, it may be guessed with no small degree of accuracy that no "reader" in any of the magazine offices ever took the trouble to consider the manuscript carefully. Why? Because the story was written in a scribbly hand, on sheets of paper of different sizes and on both sides of every one of these sheets. Although the statement may bring forth denials from some magazines, it may be stated as well-nigh always positive that if Kipling or Arthur Conan Doyle were to use impenetrable pen names and were to send their products to any magazine office in America in the form of the story mentioned, the next mail would carry their stories back to them. A clear typewriter is a *sine qua non* in the magazine acceptance field—unless you happen to be a regular staff writer or one possessed of a reputation.

The editor of a well-known magazine dealing entirely with outdoor subjects told the present writer during the preparation of this article that many volunteer contributors to his publication failed to exercise the slightest discrimination in the matter they sent him for possible publication. "If persons who wished to contribute to the magazines would only read the magazines and determine the kind of material used by the various publications, they would be able to save thousands of dollars worth of stamps every year." In this connection, here is a letter received by the editor of one of the New York fiction magazines:

I am sending you an article dealing with the fur trade in Alaska, which, while not fiction, is nevertheless much stronger than fiction.

Of course, the editor sent the article back to its writer without reading it, because he would have been unable to use

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it even had it been the best fact article he had ever read. An outdoor magazine cannot consider the finest "society" story on the market; a fiction magazine can have no space for fact articles however interesting; a scientific publication cannot concern itself with the best serial story from the pen of a great writer. The army of the rejected never stops to consider these things. It cannot believe that a product that is well written and interesting may not find a printed place anywhere and everywhere. Witness this letter, addressed to the present writer:

I recently sent a love story called *Augusta's Home-Coming* to the editor of——(naming a well-known specialised magazine)—and he sent it back to me the very next day, obviously not having taken sufficient time even to read it through. Why will the editors persist in their refusal to read the work of young, unknown writers?

This letter is typical of a dozen others that have come to the writer and simply bear out what the editor of the outdoor magazine has said on the subject.

There is no space here to go into detailed criticism of the stories and articles that are persistently submitted by those who are being regularly—and fairly—rejected. To a predominant extent, the purpose is one of criticism of method rather than of matter. In other words, the Rejected "go at it" wrong. Playwrighting and magazine writing are, among all the professional sanctuaries in the world, the most frequently violated. There are few persons who do not believe that they can do both—and do both equally well. This letter, received by the managing editor of one of the prominent magazines, tells its own story:

Will you tell me why it is that I have never been able to sell you one of my articles? The article you rejected most recently—dealing with the grain trade in Omaha—was rejected, in turn, by each of five magazines to which I had submitted it. I know the subject well, for I have lived in Nebraska all my life and have read and saved every newspaper article ever printed on the subject in the Omaha newspapers.

Here was a man who believed that all that was necessary in the preparation of a valuable magazine article was a quantity of unsubstantiated, uninvestigated newspaper clippings. Furthermore, this disappointed man laboured under the belief—a general one—that what was interesting *locally* must always be interesting *nationally*. This, to be sure, is sometimes the case—as in such instances as the Lincoln Steffens species of municipal government articles and in such instances as the various articles on the San Francisco graft exposures—but by no means is the rule a constant one. And yet, articles describing the wonders of the town's new court-house or detailing the work of the village's new fire department pour into the editors' offices in an unending stream.

Take two letters typical of another failing. These letters were addressed to the editor of a New York magazine. Read one:

I cannot understand why my fiction stories are never accepted. . . . They are strong and virile and ought to be interesting.

Read the second:

Inasmuch as I have always handled the red-blood subjects in a strong manner, I cannot quite understand why my manuscripts never find a purchaser among the magazines.

The editor, in commenting on these letters and the stories to which they referred, said: "Seven out of ten persons who are writing their first stories for possible magazine sale imagine that the adjectives 'strong,' 'virile' and 'red-blooded' refer alone to killings, gun scraps, murders, suicides and the like. They can perceive no strong story in episodes of the fireplace and rocking chair; they can sense no 'red-blood' in life away from Alaska. Frank Munsey, if you will remember, once said that when a young writer wished to write a 'strong' story, he always made it a gloomy one and ended it with a suicide." The editor then went on to say that the army of the Rejected, or at least a considerable portion of the army, worked in the rut of the alleged "strong" stories, most of which proved on reading to be "so blamed strong they were weak," as he expressed it. It requires greater genius to write a praiseworthy gruesome

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

story than it does to write a pleasant one. Ambrose Bierces are to be found in each generation in much less profusion than Gouverneur Morrises.

To return to some of the letters that have come to the present writer. One, from a woman in Chicago, contained the following:

About six months ago I decided to take up magazine writing. I studied several of the stories in the leading magazines, by the best authors, and modelled my own stories paragraph for paragraph after the ones I had read. For my plots, I took episodes in the lives of some of my close friends. I have been working as a stenographer in a big law office, and I knew I could save money by being in this position and typewriting my manuscripts myself. Can you tell me why my first three stories have never been accepted?

One might answer that the desired explanation is to be found in the lady's first sentence. Magazine writing cannot be "taken up" in an off-hand manner, like a sample of milk chocolate at the corner druggist's. Rather must it take one up. The phrase "magazine writing" is so often looked on by the Rejected as a sort of side-show sport for the accumulation of pin-money. The word "magazine" is employed as an adjectival lever to take the stern aspect off the grim word "writing." The title (or epithet) "writer" is as formidable to the Rejected as Gibraltar; the title "magazine writer," as easy of access as the City Hall. One cannot become a magazine writer by the mere modelling of one's work upon some such standard as that set by Jack London or one of his magazine brother headlights any more than one can pretend to literary fame by transposing certain parts of *Vanity Fair* into blank verse. And, futhermore, in the way of being specific, just how, may we ask, could the lady of the letter "adapt" her varying neighbourhood plots to the arbitrary style of that writer whose printed product chanced first to greet her eye in the magazines? Again, let us glance through the following letter, from a man in Nashville:

Will you kindly advise me to which magazine I can sell a fiction story entitled "The Day of Reckoning," modelled in manner of treatment after the stories written by George Randolph Chester? This is my first attempt at fiction writing, as I am by trade a hardware salesman, but I believe I have the writing talent and would like to make some money out of the magazines during my spare time.

Is any further comment needed?

Among the letters received not long ago by the editor of the *Outing* magazine was the following:

What do you charge to print stories, and what will you charge me to print mine?

Would you have believed that a letter such as this could be received by a magazine editor in this comparatively enlightened age? Although, to be perfectly sure, this letter is among the oddest on the records, there are scores of others that, while not entirely so curious, are still invested with weird thoughts and meanings. The army of the Rejected and the regiments of the Never-Accepted take divers means their fortunes to pursue. This letter, for example, came to the editor of one of the New York all-fiction periodicals last month:

Although I have had every story I ever sent to the magazines returned to me, I beg to submit one that has been rejected most frequently to you. If you do not accept it, won't you please explain the reasons for your refusal? None of the other editors have done so.

The editor read the story and wrote the Rejected One this note: "My dear Madam: What you have submitted is not a story, but an amplified epigram." This was true. The woman's "story" was nothing more than a one hundred and fifty word elaboration of a certain terse and widely quoted remark credited to Abraham Lincoln. A week later, after the woman had received the editor's letter, there came to him a small, sweetly scented note of thanks and an accompanying bulky envelope. He opened the latter and found that the woman had elaborated the Lincoln saying to fifteen hundred words. With the manuscript was this second note:

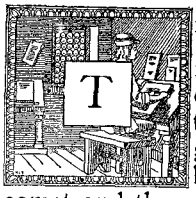
I trust you will now find my story in proper shape to print.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STORIES OF OUR GOVERNMENT BUREAUS

BY CATHERINE FRANCES CAVANAGH

III—Strange Stories of the Thirteenth Census



THE spring of 1910 in the United States of America was a most exciting one; for, besides being the season when witchery gets in our blood, it brought the circus, the comet and the census man almost simultaneously. Quite enough to rouse the most effete citizen.

Down in Dixie many poor coloured people got just enough of information about the coming of the comet and the census man to make them confound the two, and to invest them with hundreds of unknown horrors. Many joined the church to prepare themselves for the day when the census man would come to write down their names and deeds in the Book of Judgment, and for the night when the awful thing up in the sky would probably fall on the earth and crunch its inhabitants, even as they were wont carelessly to blot out ant villages with their shambling feet. Of this they were certain; the taking of that unlucky thirteenth census and the appearance of the comet meant that the Government was working with God in preparing for Judgment Day; and several cases of fright-demented creatures taking their own lives rather than face the terrors of comet and census were reported to the press.

The ignorant negroes were not the only citizens who objected to the census men; for legions of whites feared, or distrusted them, too, and it was only when they were assured that the census was not taken for the purpose of prying on their private affairs, levying taxes, drafting for army, navy or jury service, etc., that they loosened their tongues.

It was in Washington, D. C., that one disappointed hunter for a government job refused to answer on the ground that President Taft had declined to give him office, and he was not going to oblige the President, if the President did not oblige him! He was informed that it was not a matter of personal obligation to the President who issued the proclamation dealing with the taking of the thirteenth census, and, if he did not want to be punished by law, he had best put aside his imaginary grudge and reply, as every law-abiding citizen was obliged to do. He complied.

THE FIRST RECORDED CITIZEN

William Howard Taft was the first citizen of the United States to be recorded in the thirteenth census; and the serious work of enrolling the entire population of the United States, Alaska, Hawaii, and Puerto Rico, started in Washington, D. C., where the Census Bureau is located. President Taft answered all questions seriously and respectfully, and the young enumerator went out of the White House door as if treading on air—so impressed was he with the honour accorded him of taking the President's census. Jessie, the White House cow, must have had forebodings because of the comet and the census man, for she died a few days before enumeration began, and thus deprived the White House enumerator of the ten cents that would be his if he could record "barnyard, with one cow," on his schedule.

From the first day of the census enumeration—April 15th—stories and anecdotes were brought in by the enumerators so fast that had they all been allowed to relate all their experiences, but little work would be done in the Census Bureau and its branches. One young man working the District of Columbia route related how he had succeeded in calming agitated dogs by waving his enumeration book playfully at them and saying, "Hello, old fellow! How are you to-day?"—and like greetings. But one bull-dog was not to be bribed thus; and springing up tore the book from the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

enumerator's hand and bore it off to the vicinity of his kennel, where he viciously chewed it to rags before the poor young man, who saw almost a day's work go for nothing—unless it was a dog's holiday.

A girlish enumerator told of how she was made to feel like the Saxon king who was bidden watch the cooking of cakes in the hut of the peasant woman, when she on her round was asked by a motherly woman who was making flapjacks to "Mind them, and don't let them burn, whilst I go upstairs for the list!" That she turned them at the right time may be surmised from the fact that this housewife did not long to box her ears when she came back.

THE BOGIE MAN

The rôle of Bogie Man was conferred upon many inoffensive enumerators by the parents or guardians of obstreperous children, who evidently considered that this decennial chance to levy a threat more novel and effective than the annual ones—in which Santa Claus or the circus figure—too good to pass by. It proved a fine boog-a-boo in many instances; while in others it acted as a boomerang to the prevaricating parents—much to the delight of the enumerators who secured the details; for, they argued—"It is bad enough to have dogs sicked on you when you are performing your duty without having innocent children made to run when you come in sight; especially when children are more apt to tell the truth than are some of their elders!"

In the neighbourhood of Washington, Pennsylvania, little Lemoyne Moore was so lively, when the spring breezes cleared his little head of winter colds, that his elders thought to subdue his spirits by telling him that the census man was coming, and would take all bad boys away with him—and he was about as mischievous a six-year-old boy as ever lived. Impressed with this statement, and fully conscious of the fact that he was, indeed, a very lively little boy, the child ran away and hid in the brush about a hundred yards from his dwelling, just as the enumerator came to the front door. When mealtime came, and no little boy turned up, after calling him in vain, the parents alarmed the neighbours, and the neighbours alarmed nearly every one in the county. Thirty men dragged the river, and others hunted and hallooed through the forests. After five hours of intense suspense had dragged by, the mother going to the back door for some air, heard a stifled, tremulous voice calling from the brush:

"Has the bad census man gone yet? I'se hungry!"

The little prodigal was eagerly welcomed and fed; and when his tired fishers and hunters returned to report not finding even his dead body, they were astonished to see him beaming under the influence of a good meal and plenty of motherly petting. They could not blame the child for running away when they heard his story, but they were in favour of abolishing the census man as a bogie, at least in that part of the country.

The country inhabitants made the month when the enumerators were visiting them, gathering data not only for the population census but for the agricultural, as miserable, on the whole, as they usually succeed in making the lives of public officials who come among them. It was hard to convince the majority of the farmers that Uncle Sam wanted all the questions answered, from the number of hired hands to the pigs in the pen and the progress of the crops, in order that he might take stock, as it were, of his sons of toil, and let the world know how we lead in many products. They objected to telling strange enumerators, thinking they were spies; and they objected to telling acquaintances appointed for the post, for only such reasons as envious country neighbours can conjure against one of their community who comes to them armed with authority to ask questions or enforce laws. They can, and do, in a score of ways almost equal the vindictiveness of the poor whites of the mountains, who with shotguns defend their "sacred rights" to distil and sell whiskey without interference from the Government.

A MARYLAND EPISODE

In such a narrow-minded community, in Maryland, lived a young physician

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

who gained the envious ill-will of his neighbours by going from that place, where he was born and secured his primary education, to Baltimore, where his education ended in Johns Hopkins University. He then returned to practise in his old home, amongst the several hamlets scattered through the district. He secured appointment as school physician, in which capacity it was his unpleasant duty to vaccinate the children, or else forbid them attending the little blue schoolhouses that dot the red clay pikes down there, until they had been through this minor operation. (It is one to which most country people strenuously object.)

In a short time he had made more enemies than dollars; and nothing he possessed, from his medical diploma to his "best girl" and his really thoroughbred horse, was spared their malicious remarks. They succeeded in making his days so miserable that, concluding life was too precious to waste among such, he moved into a town of larger minds and more inhabitants. When census time came, he used influence to be appointed as enumerator in the very district where he was boycotted and haggled by childhood neighbours.

His breast adorned with the badge of office—"United States Census, 1910," mounted on his buckskin mare, with trappings to match, his head held high, and his jaw set as squarely as a boyish chin would permit, the young doctor set forth one lovely April morning to make a canvass of the homes of his erstwhile tormentors. Some of them were dumbfounded when they saw him riding like a victorious tourney knight—they still exist in Maryland—up to the big gates and the dooryards; while others threatened him with dogs or guns. He had one reply for all: "I am appointed to ask you these thirty-two questions by the Government of the United States. Here," touching his breast, "is my badge of authority. If you refuse to answer me, or give me false replies, you are liable to arrest and a fine of one hundred dollars."

They were silent with wrath for awhile, and then when asked some questions by this young man whom they knew was well aware of the information for which he asked, they exclaimed:

"You dumb fool! You know how many children we have; you know that we are white people; you know our sex; you know our occupation; why don't you put it down without asking?"

With dignity that would put to blush a foreign diplomat, he invariably responded: "I know nothing about you. Your affairs do not personally interest me, in the least. Answer me, in the name of the United States Government, or bear the consequences."

And they answered, truthfully—even to the ages of the women—for they knew he would be aware if they were swearing falsely, and could have them punished by law. For they saw no merciful light of recognition in the deep grey eyes of the former boy neighbour whom they had scorned when he began to practise among them; and it penetrated their narrow minds that, through the medium of the United States Census, the young doctor was reaping his revenge.

THE INEVITABLE BUSYBODY

It was in a Washington boarding-house that the busybody landlady undertook to inform the enumerator regarding every one in her house, even though one young woman told her that when the agent called, it would be best to summon each one, not of her family, to answer for himself, or herself. This the presumptuous woman failed to do, for she liked the limelight of importance; and as she had no knowledge of certain phases of her patrons' lives, it necessarily followed that she gave all sorts of wild answers. She was approached by the second-floor-back tenant—an established magazine writer—who wanted to know *why* she had not been called when the census enumerator came.

"It wasn't necessary," loftily responded the woman. "All he wanted to know was your name and what you did for a living; and I told him your name, and that you wrote poetry for a living."

The author was naturally indignant that the census should be made up of just such erroneous statements, and the humour of it also struck her. But she demanded severely:

"You told him that I earned my living by writing poetry?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Yes, but he didn't say anything—just smiled."

"I should think he would smile! So far as I know, no one has ever *lived* by poetry alone! He'll probably report you to his supervisor, and you'll be fined one hundred dollars for deliberate lying! Moreover, I think I have a sure case against you for slander!" Then the author walked quickly from the room—as if to conceal her wrath, though it was for fear her inward mirth would give outward sign to the landlady that it was not a serious matter.

VENTING PERSONAL SPITE

No doubt, thousands who answered questions pertaining to others thought it a fine opportunity to work in some personal spite; hoping that such information would be printed in books for all the world to read. But personal identity was eliminated by the time the information contained on the schedules was punched on cards from which the statistical data was compiled for the printed reports. The schedules which the enumerators turned in, after having served their purpose, were locked in iron safes in the Census Bureau, where it is impossible for any unauthorised person even to get a glimpse of them.

A revengeful man was he who, in answer to the query as to whether he was single, married, widowed or divorced, said:

"Put me down as married but shaken. Let that go on record with my wife's name to show her to the world for what she is. About ten years ago, when I was sick and out of work, she left me, and I hear has lived in fine style. Show her up, won't you?"

The enumerator told him that that was impossible; and also tried to instill forgiving essence in his soul; but the man would have none of it, and told the young missionary that he'd report him to the office for preaching! As if it was not the most natural thing that many of the enumerators, who on their rounds were called upon to play the rôle of Father Confessor, shouldn't try to be spiritual adviser, heart consoler, and other uplifting agents.

THE MISSING ONES

Thousands of persons wrote to the Census Bureau making inquiry for lost, strayed, and stolen relatives, or other dear ones. Leading the inquirers were the deserted wives—such a pitiful army of them! Hearing that the Census Bureau presumably secured a record of every person in the United States, they had not a doubt but that it could tell them where to look, at least, for the missing. Deserted husbands, too, appealed to the Bureau. Some sent pictures of their wives, gave minute descriptions of them, even down to personal traits. Some wanted them back to forgive and love, and—so it read, others for punishment. Sweethearts who lost the "other half of the apple" in Life's shuffle, wrote letters that for sentimental softness put to blush those written to the experienced ladies who run the Heart-to-Heart columns of the penny papers. These letters were evidently written in the belief that the Census Bureau has a clearing house for Cupid. Prodigal daughters—keeping pace with the sons, clearly indicating that since woman obtained her license to work out in the world she has also taken the liberty to wander without notice to her relatives—are the subjects of hundreds of letters; in which the writers either indicate that they would be willing to welcome the wanderer home and provide more than "the fatted calf," or in which they air their grievances at the ingratitude of children, and tell what they would like to say to the wanderers if they ever returned.

These letters were enough to give the readers the heartache, as they read on and between the lines the stories of many broken ties. But others floated in which were breezy and as matter-of-fact as if the writers regarded an absence of less than a quarter of a century in the sense of a slight interruption to conversation. Here is one such, which came into the hands of the clerks:

Hello, dear friends!

I thought I would ask you if my brother and sister are still living anywhere on this big earth. Maybe you can tell me if they are living in any of the places where you have recorded the census. Sister's name was Stella

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and brother's name was Raymond. It has been more than fifteen years since we have seen each other. They went to see a circus once in our town and they never came back!

Hoping you will find them soon, I remain

CLARENCE LAMBERTSON.

EATON, OHIO.

A Chicago business man wrote to the Bureau to send him a list of all persons by the name of Pitrachans living in the United States. His name is Klunk, but his mother's name was Louisa Pitrachan, who was married to his father in Baltimore shortly before the Civil War. She died in the infancy of the son who was making inquiry in order to get in touch with her relatives. As the name is uncommon, the Bureau promised to send the complete list when returns were all in. Though it does not advertise itself as a "tracer of lost persons," it recognises those letters which are worthy of being answered.

THE DERELICTS

Closely interwoven with the stories of the missing are the life stories of thousands of derelicts which form a part of the floating population of every large town and city in the country. Hundreds of these were rounded up on wharves, park benches, and one-night lodging houses, by enthusiastic young enumerators who ferreted out those who dozed in the sunshine, or hid in dark alleys, with the persistent energy of hungry cats trying to catch sparrows in the open or pounce on mice in dark closets. Many of these young men have the newspaper instinct for a good story, and while forbidden by the Census Bureau to give intimate information regarding parties interviewed, they will not be pen-tied when it comes to relating many of the real life stories which they saw and heard.

It was in a miserable lodging house on the East Side of New York that one enumerator ran against a former United States minister to a world-old power. He was aged, ill, poverty-stricken and miserable, of course—for disappointed poets may live in attics and be impervious to the world's rebuffs, but *passé* politicians cannot. This man was a prominent politician in his day—an era in which diplomatic posts were considered political plums—irrespective of the fact that the man might not have the diplomatic qualifications necessary for a cross-roads postmaster. And so, with changes of administrations, trend of official appointments, etc., he gradually slipped down to this—an East Side lodging. He had fed on hope so long that it had acted on him like opium; dulled him to the fact that he must work while he waited (for he was not a rich man), and so, with funds and friends gone he was a wreck.

THE MISTRESS OF THE CABIN

It was in a log cabin, one of several still standing on an old plantation in Virginia—not far from the National capital—that an enumerator came across the former mistress of the "great house," which stood at the top of the hill—a fine, rambling red brick mansion of the colonial type. At the great house, where he had just visited, the young man was told that the cabin along the stream at the foot of the hill was occupied "by an old woman," and he went down to interview her. He was more than surprised to be greeted with quiet dignity by a fine old lady; her hair wavy and snow white; her blue eyes dim but gentle; her thin white hands and the small feet, which she tried to hide because of her worn shoes, indicating that she was "an old aristocrat," if ever one lived in Virginia.

At first, she was reluctant to talk to the man, declaring that she was not a citizen of the United States; but a member of the Confederacy, and so not bound to reply to questions put by the United States Government. Very gently, the young man explained her obligations to answer the questions; pledged secrecy, and pointed out to her that, as all her kin in the Southland were to be counted, she should be glad to be among them. She would help add at least one to Virginia's population record—surely she did not want Virginia to be down with the lesser States! She was won over, and once won, let the floodgates of her memories loose; especially when she replied to the question as to whether she owned any property.

"This!" she said with a disparaging glance over the two-room cabin. "This, the abode of one of my father's servants

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—whom you Northerners called *slaves*. Once all this plantation, with the great house on the hill, was ours—I was born in that old mansion, and I'll die in this log hut! And through no fault of mine, young man. It was the war—the horrible war, that stripped us of even more precious things than property. The old house has changed hands many times since it was sold over our heads in '65, and now, I believe, it is occupied by an actress who comes down from New York several times a year. I have never met her. I never saw a play in my life. I don't want to. I lived through the greatest drama that the world ever knew—I'm very tired now. Good-morning."

THE BLUE AND THE GREY

To hundreds of similar stories of loss of property, the grandeur and prestige enjoyed in other days, the enumerators were asked to listen. The more tender-hearted listened, and some of them (young women who had ventured out into the business world for the first time when they accepted the position of enumerator) wept as bitterly over the stories they heard as if they were witnessing a tragical play. But others, who had no patience with recitals of ancient lineage and past glory, cut the narrators short—explaining that they were not newspaper "specials" after Sunday sensationals, but agents after dry facts for government reports.

A new question on the thirteenth census list was, as to whether the person—if an elderly man—was in the service of the Union or Confederate army or navy. Uncle Sam is desirous of finding out just how many of the boys in blue and those in grey are left. They, too, were ready with stories of glory, as well as valour and defeat—for even defeat is glorified when almost half a century has passed since it was experienced. Some old Confederates were much incensed at being questioned; some feared that this was a trick of the Government to rake up old scores; while others, who are as loyal to the flag as was old General Wheeler when he asked for a commission to fight in the Spanish-American War—hoped that when Uncle Sam saw how few of the old boys were left he would be good to them and grant them pensions, as he granted them to the boys in blue. Said one old "Johnny Reb," as he drew reflectively on his corn-cob pipe:

"I reckon that Uncle Sam knows we're just as good sons as he has in the family—and, dang if he oughtn't to be proud of us, *tough enough to live, without any petting, for nearly fifty years after Bull Run!*"

THE QUESTION OF LONGEVITY

Cognisant of the fact that man, as well as woman, is liable to err, or prevaricate, when it comes to telling how many years they have lived on this planet, the Census Bureau takes small stock in the claim of some near-Methuselahs, and Dr. Cressy L. Wilbur, chief statistician of the division of vital statistics, says:

"It is undoubtedly true that the age of one hundred years is occasionally attained, but it is doubtful whether the age of one hundred and ten has ever been reached or exceeded."

There was the case of Noah Raby, who a few years ago was known as "the oldest man in the country," and at the time of his death was credited with having lived one hundred and thirty-one years and eleven months. The Census Bureau made careful investigations, which proved that Raby was probably ninety-two years and eleven months. Working on his statement that he entered the United States Navy as soon as it was organised, served a number of years, and was discharged in 1809, the Navy Department searched its records and reported that Raby was on the rolls of the *Constitution* in 1839, and so he evidently imagined he was as old as he claimed.

In January of this year died, in Washington, Mrs. Helen McLean Kimball, who for nearly half a century, and up to a few weeks before her demise, was employed in the United States Treasury Department. She was ninety years old at the time when she reluctantly left her post to go home "to rest for awhile." She was one of the grand old women in the Government service, entering it soon after her husband, Colonel Kimball, a noted Federal officer, was killed in battle in the year of 1864. She not only earned her own living, took a deep in-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

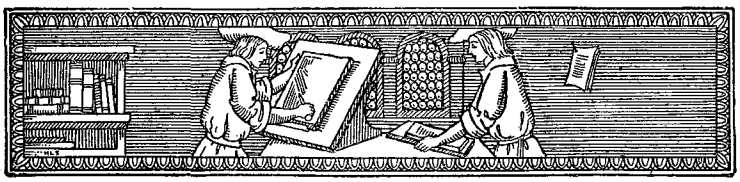
terest in national affairs, and travelled abroad during her vacations, but, through her financial aid and influence, more than one young man owes his start in life. She was an old age lady whom not only the Census enumerator but all her acquaintances thought a wonder; and when she was recorded in the annals of the thirteenth census, she received many wishes that she would live to be recorded in the fourteenth, and still in the service of Uncle Sam!

Another old lady who departed since she was recorded in the thirteenth census was Mrs. Susan Brown, of Monongalia County, West Virginia, whose age was given as one hundred and five years. They say that when she was ninety-five years old she carried a rocking chair six miles, because no other way was at hand to move it just when she wanted it done. Her neighbours intimated that she would not have died when she did had she known she was about to die—for she was only sick a few hours! Evidently, Susan Brown was a woman of strong will.

"The Grandest Mother in the World," is the title conferred by the Census officers on Mrs. Jane Morris, who lives in the mountains of Jackson County, Kentucky—one of the counties devoid of railroads. So far as recorded, she has more descendants than any other living woman. At the time of the thirteenth census she was in splendid health, though some of her great-great-grandchildren have almost reached maturity. She had fifteen children, one of whom died. Their children number one hundred and twenty-eight, their grandchildren number three hundred and twenty-six, their great-grandchildren total forty-nine, giving the old woman a grand total of five hundred and eighteen descendants.

"I glory in the fact," said this Grandest Mother, "that despite my large family, none of my people was ever in an asylum, reform school, or prison. They are all law-abiding and honest. They have no quarrel with any one."

Seventy-five years ago she helped her husband clear a home in the Kentucky wilderness. What a splendid type she is of the vanishing pioneer woman, the real American mother who believed in large families, and whose sole aim in life was to bring them up with reverence for God and the country!

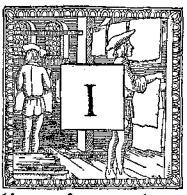


PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SOUTH IN FICTION

II—Virginia

BY LOUISE COLLIER WILLCOX



N one of her witty and amusing essays, Agnes Repplier says that when preparing for her first trip to France, she found her equipment consisted in a descriptive line from her elementary geography: "The French are a polite people, fond of dancing and light wine." The delightfully succinct characterisation might be applied in like manner and no more adequately to the Virginians. "Virginians are a social people, fond of high living and fine manners," might be the equivalent. More than any other set of people in the United States, the Virginians and the South Carolinians are of a definite type. Twenty years ago to visit any of the smaller towns in Virginia was an experience more foreign to a Northerner than anything to be found in France, Germany or England. Very little of the modern democratic and commercial spirit had entered the State then, and one found a temper of mind as far from that of the New Englander of uneasy conscience as the pole from the equator. "Never," says Thackeray, in *The Virginians,* "were people less republican than those of the great province which was soon to be foremost in the memorable revolt against the British crown."

The higher planter class and the landowners of Virginia came from the aristocracy and the gentry of England. Many of the early gentlemen settlers crossed the ocean accompanied by their valets, and the fact that a perfumer was a passenger on one of these ships full of gentlemen adventurers, proves that they had no notion of laying aside the fopperies of the England of the Stuarts. In his valuable book on the *Social Life of Virginia in the Seventeenth Century,* the historian, Philip A. Bruce, tells us that these emigrants to Virginia, who had taken an active part in the civil wars, or had openly sympathised with the royal cause in the great conflict between King and Parliament, enjoyed the highest social influence in the life of the colony. They were persons of rank in England, untitled officers in the royal armies, or sprang from the families of the landed gentry of England. They brought with them to Virginia the tastes and the habits of the society in which they had moved—the society of the English country gentleman. "There was the same disposition to enjoy with heartiness all the sources of happiness and pleasure which life afforded, the same love of overflowing good cheer; the same taste for dancing, card-playing and other indoor amusements; the same interest in horse, dog and gun; in racing, coursing and shooting; the same loyalty to King and Church which had prevailed among the Cavaliers in England."

Unlike that of any of the other colonies, the social life of Virginia and South Carolina was thoroughly organised from the beginning. In the seventeenth century there were the landowners who arrived from England with grants of land and capital and the labourers. In the two centuries preceding the Civil War, there grew up the two intermediary classes, the plain people—largely city folk, merchants, shop keepers, and so forth, and the "po' white trash"—a term applied in scorn by the darkies to those whites who had no slaves. It is amusing to find that even in the present day, the old darkies feel a certain contempt for any family known to have had few or no slaves in slave-times. Virginia, then, was a community promising to a man with capital; good for the man of the labouring class willing to earn his subsistence by the bare work of his hands; but it was no place for the man who wanted to make his way by his wits.

THE OLD VIRGINIA

There are many varying theories afloat as to why Virginia produced before the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Civil War so many distinguished statesmen, but so few philosophers, poets, artists, men-of-letters. The usual answer in Virginia, when one asks this question, is that New Englanders always made a great hue and cry over the most mediocre abilities from their own locality, and never paid any attention to Southern talent. But of course, the instantaneous retort is: Why did the South not do its own applauding and trumpeting? Mr. Philip Bruce, who is the ultimate authority on all things Virginian, thinks this lack was the result of having no literary centre such as New York or Boston; no *rendezvous* where there might be conflict of mind with mind. This may have been a contributive cause, but undoubtedly the chief reason is that wherever there is an acknowledged aristocracy, any form of living by the intellect is looked down upon, and even in the present time there are traces of this feeling in Virginia. "Is she very poor indeed?" asked a sweet and gracious Southern woman about a friend who had suddenly been left penniless. "Well, then, why doesn't she *write?*" It seemed to her a quiet and respectable occupation and the equipment of a pen, a pot of ink and paper was inexpensive and possible. Only a day or so ago a lady speaking of a young man who wanted to enter upon a literary career, said: "His parents are conventional people; they never read and they are dreadfully shocked."

When one realises that Virginians were landed gentry and that even an entrance into the professions was for younger sons and by way of a step downward, while the New England people were from the class of dissenters, of merchants and shop people, so that entrance into the professions was a step upward, one understands the different attitude toward the things of the intellect. Undoubtedly, too, the distinctive organisation of the South cut off the average man from educational advantages. This is by no means to imply that the South was devoid of culture. There are still to be found some very remarkable old libraries of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries—libraries of biography, history, essays, statecraft and fiction. Philosophy and poetry, metaphysics and ethics, as belonging of their inherent nature more to those who were insecure and unhappy upon the earth, were less represented in the culture of the South. When one says poetry was lacking, a notable exception should be made of Shakespeare, Byron and the Latin poets. "My mother," said a neighbour the other day, "could and did quote Dr. Johnson on every conceivable topic." There were men who read Horace and Virgil for pleasure in their leisure hours; Addison and Steele, Swift and Fielding were in all the private libraries. Byron as an aristocrat and an adventurer, a robust lover of wine, woman and song, sang to these Virginians in a language they understood and loved, and Shakespeare with his motley pageants of blithe Elizabethans and his rolling rhetoric must have awakened in their hearts strange associational echoes, dim hauntings of ancestral life. For Shelley, with his profound sense of human ills and his demand for a perfect man, "free, tribeless and nationless," they had no sympathetic ear and it was enough for them to know that Keats had been a stable-boy and an apothecary's assistant to reject his sensitive yearning for beauty, his wonderful endowment of planetary nostalgia of which they, being happy, had, and indeed have still no inkling.

THE MEN BEFORE THE WAR

If the Southerners then were too full of the joy of living to produce many writers, they at least lived the pictures for the artists to come; they lived the material for the novelists to seize. Time and the suffering after the war brought forth a rich harvest of fiction; writers who fed, in dearth, upon a happy past. There were, of course, writers of fiction before the war, but apart from Poe, that world-genius, subject to no rules and no classifications, they were of third or fourth rank. The value of these writers is that they wrote of the home of blitheness and much laughter. Johnson Hooper, of North Carolina, wrote fun-making tales; George Tucker, of Virginia, one of the representatives of the famous Tucker family of Bermuda and Virginia, a family known for culture, able brains and unimpeachable charac-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ter through three centuries, wrote a satirical romance called *A Voyage to the Moon,* and a novel called the *Valley of the Shenandoah.* A more important novel from the same family was Nathaniel Beverley Tucker's *The Partisan Leader,* a novel of historic value and some literary worth. It is interesting in this connection to mention that the *Poems* of the Right-Reverend Beverley D. Tucker have been published within this last month, and that the name of Nathaniel Beverley Tucker's father, namely, St. George Tucker, who wrote *Hansford,* is held to-day by a descendant who is a prominent public man and a writer upon legal subjects.

The period immediately following the Civil War in Virginia produced such writers as Joseph Baldwin, George William Bagby, Marion Harland, and John Esten Cooke. Cooke's *Virginia* is a book romantic, beautifully written, and of value to all who love the State. Bagby's ejaculatory, ill-written but vivacious picture of the *Old Virginia Gentlemen,* his home and his customs, is true to the life and full of material for the historian.

But it is a later and a better class of writers of fiction that we have to deal with here. The period from 1840 to 1900 produced such novelists as Armistead Gordon, F. Hopkinson Smith, Thomas Nelson Page, Mary Johnston, Amélie Rives, Annie Cogswell Wood, Molly Elliot Seawell and Ellen Glasgow; while Owen Wister has ably drawn the essential characteristics of a Virginian transplanted, and has given us a remarkably faithful portrait of a city in *Lady Baltimore,* Winston Churchill merely touches in *The Crossing* upon South Carolina.

WILLIAMSBURG

It is often said that if, in going to Europe, one wanted to see the three cities which have retained most beauty and most of the charm of mediævalism one should see Oxford, Bruges and Siena. If in coming to America any one should want to see the town retaining most traces of colonial days, and the most historic associations, one should see Williamsburg. The tide of life has turned from the little city, and left much of its beauty untarnished by modern improvements. Originally called the Middle Plantation, the town was laid out by the eccentric and hated Governor Nicholson, late in the seventeenth century. It was originally planned that the streets should run in the shapes of W and M in honour of William and Mary, and though this was never fully accomplished, the roads running in a big W, in front of the College, are still to be seen. In John Esten Cooke's *Virginia Comedians,* which tells the story of the first dramatic representation ever given in America, the Raleigh Tavern plays a great part, for here the Virginia Company of Comedians lodged. Here in the "Apollo" room, too, Young Jefferson danced with Belinda, and his Excellency the Royal Governor stopped on his way to open the Burgesses. The Old Theatre stood on Duke of Gloucester Street. It is a broad street running about a mile under beautiful shade trees to the site of the old colonial capital. Even to-day it wears an aspect of quiet dignity and great memories. The Court House, the original building designed by Sir Christopher Wren, stands on the north side of the street and near it, fronting on Palace Green, was once the colonial palace of Lord Dunmore. At the other end of the street is still the College, the second oldest in America, founded in 1700.

It will be remembered, of course, that when Madame Esmond dismissed the first English tutor of the Warrington boys, she took them for the winter to Williamsburg, "for such education as the schools and college there afforded." And there it was, too, in the famous Bruton Church that they listened to the stirring preaching of Mr. Whitefield (the Oxford friend of John Wesley, and afterward one of the founders of Methodism), sent from England to arouse the neighbouring clergy. Old Bruton Church has been longer in continuous use than any Episcopal Church in America. It owns a set of communion silver given by Queen Anne, a Bible which is a gift from King Edward VII of England and a lectern given by Theodore Roosevelt. Under its roof five Presidents of the United States have worshipped, as well as generations of statesmen, warriors, counsellors, senators, governors. Among the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

early descriptions of this church in fiction is that contained in Cooke's *Virginia Comedians;* but for the fullest and best descriptions of Williamsburg, one turns to Mary Johnston's *Audrey* and Ellen Glasgow's *The Voice of the People.* Mary Johnston's story deals with the town as it was two hundred years ago; Ellen Glasgow's, as it was just after the Civil War.

Far up the town at the street's sudden end, where it was lost in diverging roads, there was visible as through a film of bluish smoke the vivid green foliage of King's College (William and Mary). Nearer at hand the solemn cruciform of the old church was steeped in shade, the high bell-tower dropping a veil of English ivy as it rose against the sky. Through the rusty iron gate of the graveyard the marble slabs glimmered beneath the submerging grasses, long, pale, tremulous, like weeds.

Westover, the splendid old place on the James River, which has an important part as the home of Evelyn Byrd in Mary Johnston's *Audrey,* is still one of the most beautiful and interesting places on the James. Owned first by Theodorick Bland and sold to William Byrd, it has since passed through many hands, the Selden's, the Drewry's, finally that of a Westerner, unrelated to its traditions, and is now again for sale. A lovely description is contained in *Audrey* of Westover Parish Church:

. . . of brick, with a fair white spire and a decorous mantle of ivy. In the churchyard there were oaks for shade and wild roses for fragrance, and the grass between the long gravestones, prone upon mortal dust, grew very thick and green. Outside the gates—between the churchyard and the dusty highroad—ran a long strip of trampled turf, shaded by locust trees and by one gigantic gum that became in the autumn a pillar of fire.

Marion Harland's *His Great Self,* while an old-fashioned novel, contains very excellent descriptions of "Westover;" and the Carters' place, "Shirley," farther up the river, which is still in the hands of the Carter family. *His Great Self* is William Byrd, and the romantic story of Evelyn Byrd's love and death is told therein, and many of the witticisms of the great William are woven into the story. "His two beautiful daughters, Lucy and Evelyn, were the toast of Virginia cavaliers . . . driving some unsuccessful wooers out of the colony, and, according to their witty parent, forcing so many to take holy orders as a solace for earthly disappointment that he congratulated the obdurate belles upon their success in the propagation of the Gospel."

RICHMOND AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD

Richmond, with its beautiful old Capitol building, its wealth of fine statues, the splendid vistas of Franklin Street, the old historic St. John's Church, and the James River sweeping past, plays some part in nearly all these Virginian novels, but it is especially to be found ably described in Mary Johnston's *Lewis Rand* and Ellen Glasgow's *Romance of a Plain Man.* Once more these two popular novelists have dealt with the same place without intruding upon each other's preserves, for Mary Johnston deals with the eighteenth century and Ellen Glasgow with the period of reconstruction following the Civil War; a period, it may be said, which she has made particularly her own. So ably has she dealt with the manners and customs, the social structure and its slow up-breaking, during that period, that no history of the times could afford to miss reference to her able treatment of it.

Just north of Richmond, in Hanover County, lies Old St. Martin's parish, between the forks of the Pamunkey, where many of Thomas Nelson Page's charming stories of Old Virginia life are placed. The description of the mansion in the opening of that beautiful essay "Social Life in Old Virginia Before the War," deals with "Oakland," the home and birthplace of Thomas Nelson Page. Here are the scenes of the *Two Little Confederates* and the opening scene of that immortal story *Marse Chan.* The description of "Oakland" is of "a plain weatherboard house, one story and a half above the basement ground floor, set on a hill in a grove of primeval oaks and hickories, filled in with ash, maples and feathery-leaved locusts without number."

These plantation houses, built of tim-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ber cut by the servants on the place, were the homes of a just and loyal people, high-handed, blithe-hearted and of unconquerable pride and courage. These homes bore a relation to Southern life and literature which far more stately mansions might have lacked. It was the soul and not the body which was the inspiration of Southern literature. A sunny glade; a vista down a path through the woods; a glimpse of chimneys amid the oaks; the hickories and locusts crowning a distant hill; a tangled garden; an old-time cabin, sinking beneath the weight of crimson Virginia creeper; a mill-pond with cow-collards sleeping on its placid bosom; a sandy ford with the boughs of the trees sweeping down to the water—these were quite enough at any time to start the memories and associations, the deep lying love of home, of the soil, of the familiar face of the earth, which go to the making of a literature. Out of just this close living and deep loving of a given locality indeed is much of the world's best writing done. As Sappho loved Mitylene; as Sophocles loved his city, Athens, "with lofty turrets crowned," with "olive and vine thick planted and the songs of nightingales, sweet warbling through the grove;" as Virgil loved the Mantuan landscape, and Horace, his Sabine farm; as White loved Selborne and Sir Isaak Walton loved the Thames, and all the willow-trees and water-ways and the pleasant meadowlands of England; as George Eliot loved the mill at Arbury Farm and the landscape of Staffordshire and Warwick; as Hardy loves his Wessex and Phillpotts his Devon, as Bennett now is making immortal the Five Towns of Staffordshire, so these writers have loved and set down for future generations the face of the landscape in Virginia.

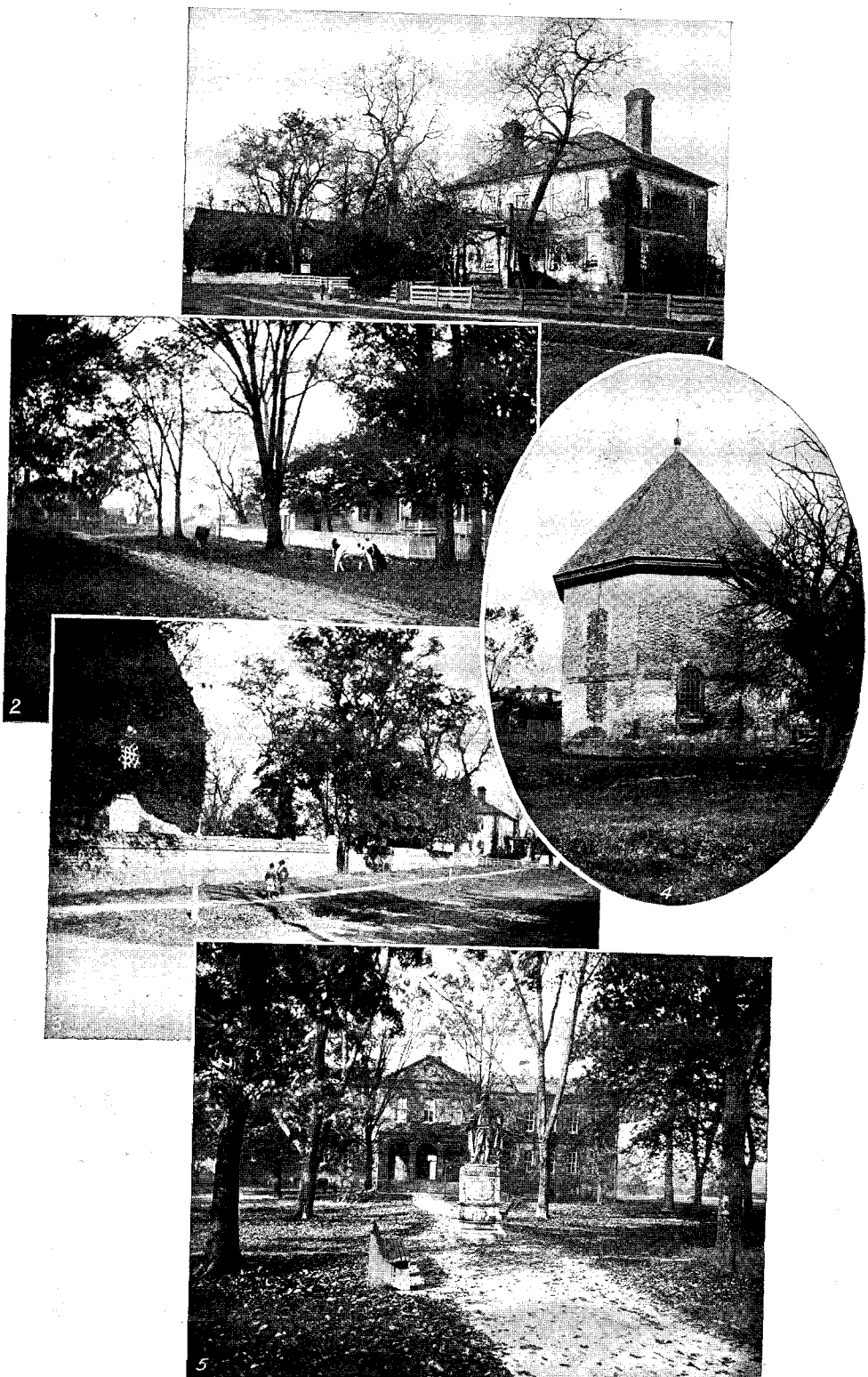
Not only Hanover County but Powhatan and Charlotte are both immortalised in Mr. Nelson Page's books. The mansion described in *Red Rock* belonged to the late Dr. John Harvie and was on Fighting Creek, Powhatan, while the mansion described in *On Newfound River* and in *Unc' Edinburg's Drowndin'* is no other than Staunton Hill, overlooking the Staunton River in Charlotte County. This beautiful mansion, built in 1848, was the home of the Bruces, and is still held in that family. The house is not only famous as that in which Thomas Nelson Page was married, but as the birthplace of Philip Alexander Bruce, one of the ablest and most scholarly historians of our generation. It was of the Bruce family doubtless that Unc' Edinburg was speaking when he said: "De Stauntons de wuz de popularitiest folks in Virginia; an' de wuz high-larnt besides." There is a tale afloat that when Mr. Nelson Page was reading this same story in its first draft to his *fiancée* in the garden at Staunton Hill, it was overheard by the old gardener, who reported in the kitchen: "I done heerd Marse Tom's story what he readin' an' he sutainly *do* unnerstan' us Bruce niggers." Yes; Mr. Page is a master hand at portraying the darkey and an adept at reproducing his speech, and certainly it is pardonable that looking back at him through a generation of years, he sees a little halo of idealisation shining about the woolly head.

The opening scenes in Ellen Glasgow's *The Descendant* are doubtless laid in Louisa County, just beyond Richmond, where many of her childhood's summers were spent, and in the county just beyond, in Albemarle we come to the beautiful rolling country, fertile and luxuriant, which is described in so many of Amélie Rives's (Princess Troubetzkoy's) best works. Castle Hill, the beautiful colonial home of Amélie Rives, is described over and over again in the *Quick or the Dead*, *Virginia of Virginia*, *Trix* and *Over-the-Moon* and *The Golden Rose*. Some of the poetic loveliness of the place itself has spilled over into the stories and a great deal of Virginian feeling has gone into the writings of them.

GLOUCESTER

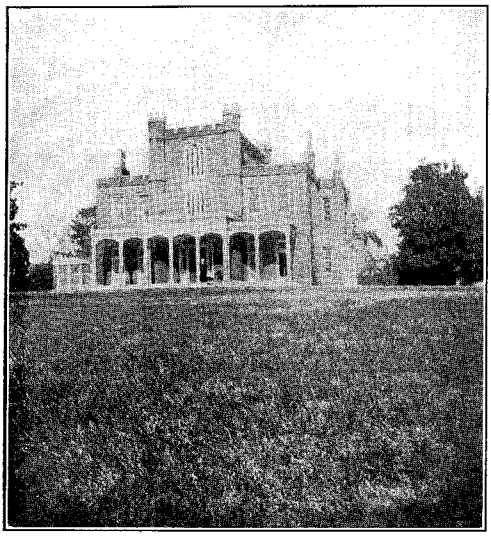
Williamsburg lies midway between two lordly rivers, the James on the south and the York on the north. North of the York River, on the little peninsula between the river and Mobjack Bay, is the county seat, Gloucester. Scattered about, from two to ten miles apart, along the river and the bay, are such beautiful old homes as "Poplar-Grove," which belonged to Colonel John Patterson, one of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



SCENES FROM ELLEN GLASGOW'S "THE BATTLE GROUND"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



STAUNTON HILL, WHERE THOMAS NELSON PAGE PLACED "UNC' EDINBURG'S DROWNDIN'"

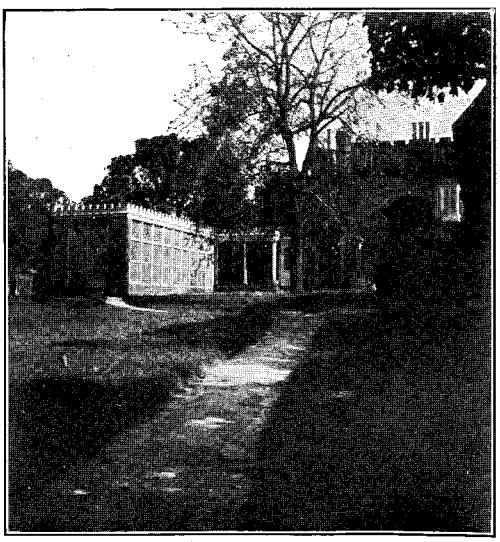
the picturesque figures of his day; the place is famed for its Lombardy poplars, set out when in the last century, during Italy's struggle for freedom, the poplar was the emblem of liberty. "Toddsbury" is another famous and beautiful place, with tombstones dating back to the seventeenth century; "Elmington," the home of the Whitneys, and now of Thomas Dixon, the novelist, and "White-Marsh," Dr. Tabb's home; "Belleville," the Taliaferro place, and "The Shelter," the birthplace and home of Molly Elliott Seawell, are all on these tiny points of land jutting into the water. The most beautiful of all these old homes and the richest in tradition is "Rosewell," the home of the Pages and later of the Deans. "Rosewell" is well described in John Esten Cooke's *Stories of the Old Dominion.*

"It was built on a hill not far from the river, and people say was the largest hall in Virginia at that time (1702). The rooms had lofty ceilings and the mantel-pieces were of fine marble. The stair-cases and pillars were carved into leaves and bunches of grapes, and on top of the roof there was a flat space, covered with lead, from which you could look up and down the York River for miles and miles. On this high platform Governor Page and Thomas Jefferson used to sit of an evening and talk of religious matters while looking out upon the river, where white-sailed ships were passing, either up the broad current or down to the sea." As a matter of fact, the first rough draft of the Declaration of Independence was read aloud on this high platform by Jefferson, and discussed with his friend, Governor John Page.

There is a beautiful walk at "Rose-well," leading once from the fountain with its old marble basin, through a row of fine old cedar trees, now through oaks and myrtles; it is flanked by beds of roses, such luxuriant roses as are rarely seen; this walk was called "Lover's Walk" and was a favourite strolling place of little Rose Page; here too, Selim, the Algerine (see J. E. Cooke's *Stories of the Old Dominion*), found shelter for some years of his wandering life.

The country about Gloucester is well described in Molly Elliott Seawell's novels. North River, one of the places on the points that project from the Gloucester peninsula down into the river, comes out in the *Children of Destiny,* the best of Miss Seawell's stories; here the descriptions are absolutely exact even to the three pine trees that stand alone on Lone Point, far down the river.

"The river, broad and shallow and salt," she writes, "that made in from the



STAUNTON HILL (THE WESTERN WING), THE HOME OF THE BRUCES. THOMAS NELSON PAGE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

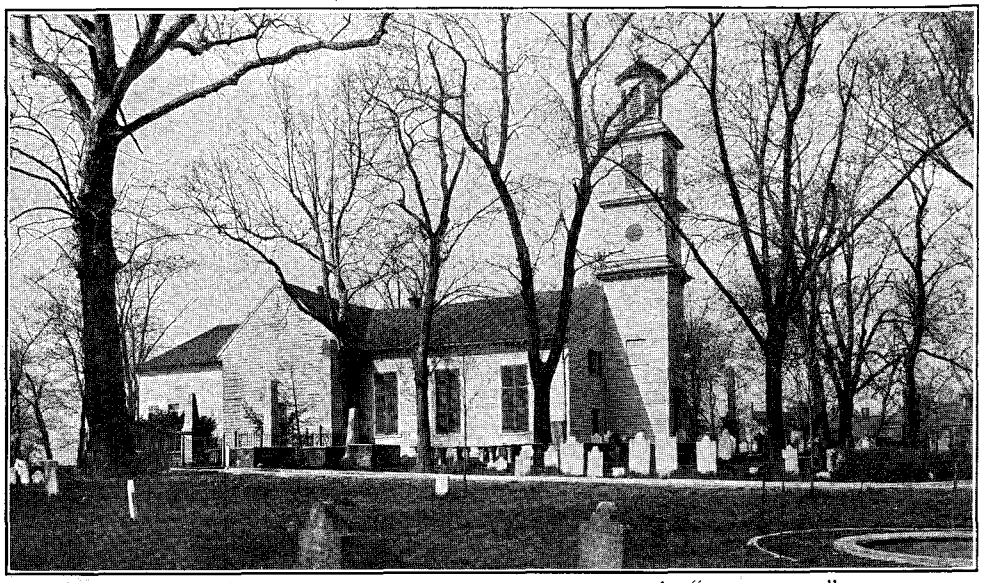
ocean bays, were the spots wisely chosen for the homesteads. The plantations extended back into a slightly rolling country, but every 'p'int,' as the negroes called it, was the site for a house. At Deer Chase (Waverley), from the long stone porch covered with climbing tea-roses, which faced the shining river, half a dozen rambling, brick houses on their respective p'ints could be seen. The farthest off was only a mile up the river as the crow flies, but the indentations of the stream made it more, and when one undertook to go by land, the multitude of gates to be opened between different properties, and the various windings and turnings to get there at all made it seem a dozen miles at least."

BRUTON PARISH CHURCH, WILLIAMSBURG, AS IT APPEARED TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO. MARY JOHNSTON'S "AUDREY"

Many of the characters in Molly Elliott Seawell's *Throckmortons* and *The Victory* are composite pictures of quaint personalities, who dwelt in the neighbourhood some fifty years ago. In Gloucester the old régime lasted certainly for twenty-five years after the Civil War. "The Shelter," the home of Miss Seawell, was used as a hospital for the French troops under the Duc de Lauzun. Many old customs still prevailed, and once a year at Christmas, eggnog was made in a splendid old China bowl, engraved with hunting scenes and the name, John Seawell, Esquire, of Gloucester County, Virginia. Miss Seawell's father was the fifth John Seawell to own the bowl. Gloucester was organised as a county as early as 1648, the year Charles the First's head was cut off. In Bancroft's *Constitutional History*, Gloucester was said to have been, as far back as 1700, the richest and most populous county in the State. The historic church of this period is Ware Church (built 1679), and is well described in *The Victory*.

In *Westovers' Ward*, by Algernon Ridgeway (pseudonym for Annie Cogswell Wood), we are once more introduced to Gloucester County under the old Indian name of the York River, Werewicomico. The characteristic scenery, with its fields of yellow sedgegrass, its lonely, bare, crowned pines, its stubble fields, and shallow brownish waters, above all the varying lights and hazy atmosphere of a flat and water-sur-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, RICHMOND. MARY JOHNSTON'S "LEWIS RAND"

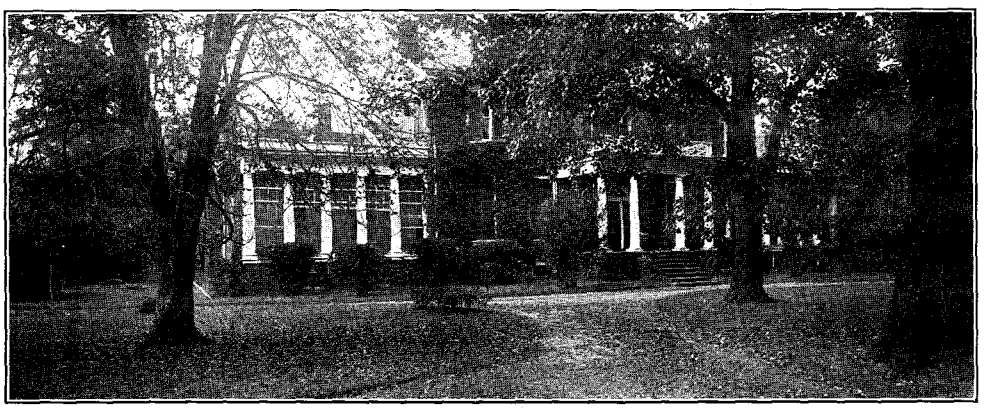
rounded country, is poetically handled by Miss Wood. Fleur-de-Hundred, which Miss Wood gratuitously presents to Phil Brodnax and which she transports to Gloucester for the purpose, is really on the south bank of the James, and has been for generations in the Willcox family. Fleur-de-Hundred is celebrated in one of Mrs. Burton-Harrison's stories, although she brings her hero, Tom Willcox, from across the river, at Bel-Air, where three generations of Tom Willcoxes still often meet.

MIDLAND AND NORTHERN COUNTIES

"Caroline," says an old Virginian, "is a nondescript county—it doesn't belong to Tidewater, or yet to Piedmont, the Valley or the North." It is in Caroline, however, that Ellen Glasgow places

THE JAMES RIVER AT RICHMOND. MARY JOHNSTON'S "LEWIS RAND"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



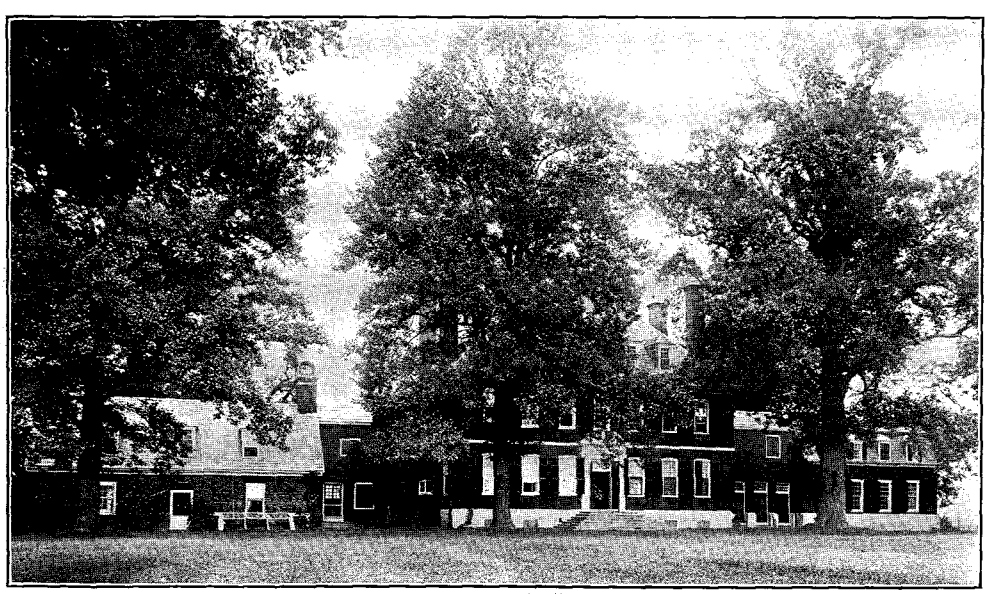
"CASTLE HILL," THE HOME OF AMÉLIE RIVES AND THE SCENE OF "VIRGINIA OF VIRGINIA," "TRIX," "OVER THE MOON" AND "THE GOLDEN ROSE"

her most famous novel, *The Deliverance.* Of this novel, Mr. Montrose J. Moses, in his *Literature of the South,* says: "Perhaps her (Miss Glasgow's) nearest approach to an epic sweep of the soil is in *The Deliverance,* which, in delineation of character, in description of the tobacco fields, in the traditions of Southern temperament, ranks among the few great American novels." Indeed the close of that novel, when Christopher, serving a sentence in prison for another man's crime, thinks of what remains to him when his freedom shall come, of the "earth with its untold miracles, the sky with its infinity of space, his own soul" strikes deep into the sacred reserves of the human heart. One day as Christopher, the hero of the book, sat in the open court of the prison, a tall, lean convict stood for a moment at his side.

"'I reckon you're hankering,' he remarked. 'I was sent down here from the mountains, an' I hanker terrible for the sight of the old humpback knob.'

"'And I'd like to see a level sweep—hardly a hill, just a clean stretch for the wind to blow over the tobacco.'"

The whole process of the growing and curing of the tobacco comes out in Miss Glasgow's novel, as did the hemp in James Lane Allen's *The Reign of Law*



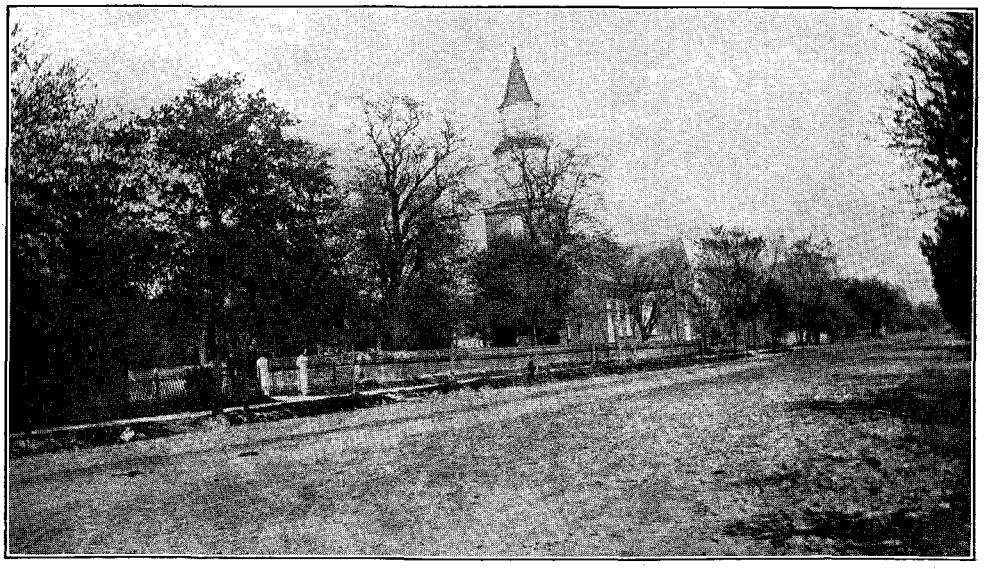
"WESTOVER," THE HOME OF EVELYN BYRD. MARY JOHNSTON'S "AUDREY"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE ROAD TO ROMNEY. ELLEN GLASGOW'S "THE BATTLE GROUND"

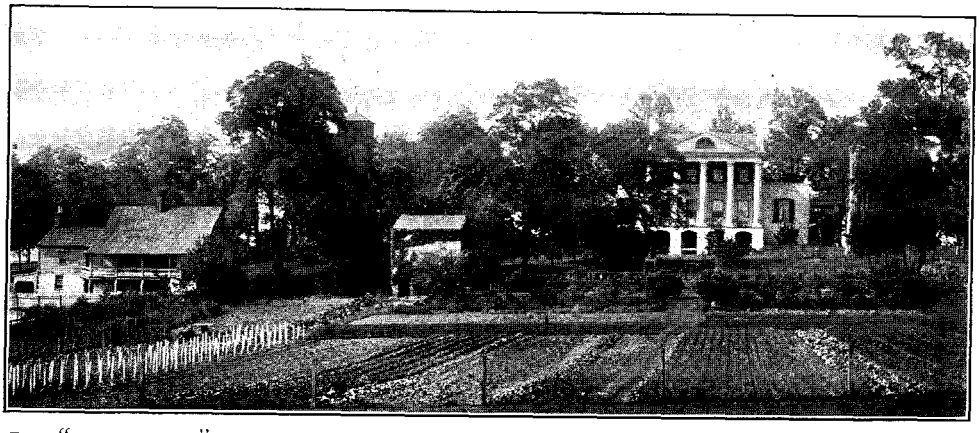
and the wheat in Norris's *The Octopus.*

Moving north from Caroline one comes to Fairfax County. One's natural instinct would be to place "Carter Hall," belonging to the famous and lovable *Colonel Carter of Cartersville,* in this section, since the railroad was to follow the bank of "Big Tench River—marked by his carvin' knife—to this salt cellar, where it crosses its waters by an iron bridge of two spans. Then, suh, it takes a sharp bend to the southard and stops at my estate, the road-bed skirtin' within a convenient distance of Caarter Hall. Please move yo' arm, Fitz, I haven't room to lay out the city of Fairfax." However, one must give up "Carter Hall" for Fairfax County, because twice a week Colonel Carter had canvas-back duck sent from home by his dear



WILLIAMSBURG. DUKE OF GLOUCESTER STREET AND BRUTON CHURCH. MARY JOHNSTON'S "AUDREY"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

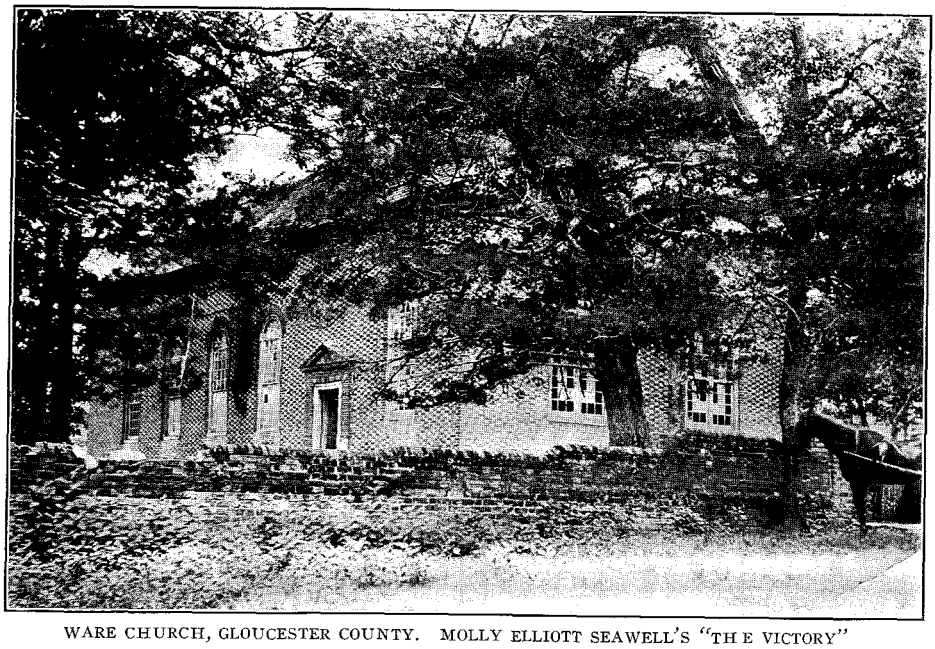


THE "CARTER HALL" IN LOUDON COUNTY, VIRGINIA, THE REAL HOME OF F. HOPKINSON SMITH'S "COLONEL CARTER OF CARTERSVILLE"

Aunt Nancy, birds that "fo' days ago were divin' fo' wild celery within fo'ty miles of Caarter Hall." This and the author's word for it, place "Carter Hall" in Northampton County on the eastern shore, that paradise of oysters, terrapin, clams, crabs and wild duck. The Colonel's great friend, and second in his duel, the Honourable I. B. Kerfoot, however, was presiding judge of the district court of Fairfax County, and Colonel Carter's ancestors were Fairfaxes.

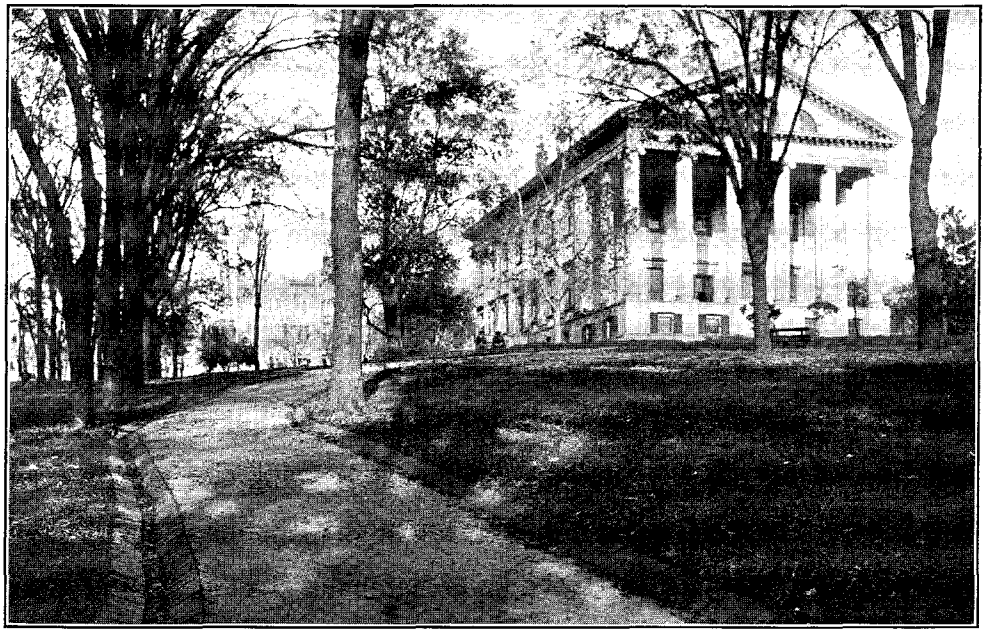
Molly Elliott Seawell boldly takes George Washington as her hero in *A Virginia Cavalier,* and the story plays through Westmoreland, Spottsylvania and Fairfax. Over and above the excellent pictures of Mount Vernon, we find all of colonial Williamsburg described in this novel.

Clark, Fauquier and Frederick counties in the north of Virginia appear in at least two notable novels. In Ellen Glasgow's *The Battle Ground* we find the scenery of the land, the wheat fields, and apple orchards, the stunted cedars and

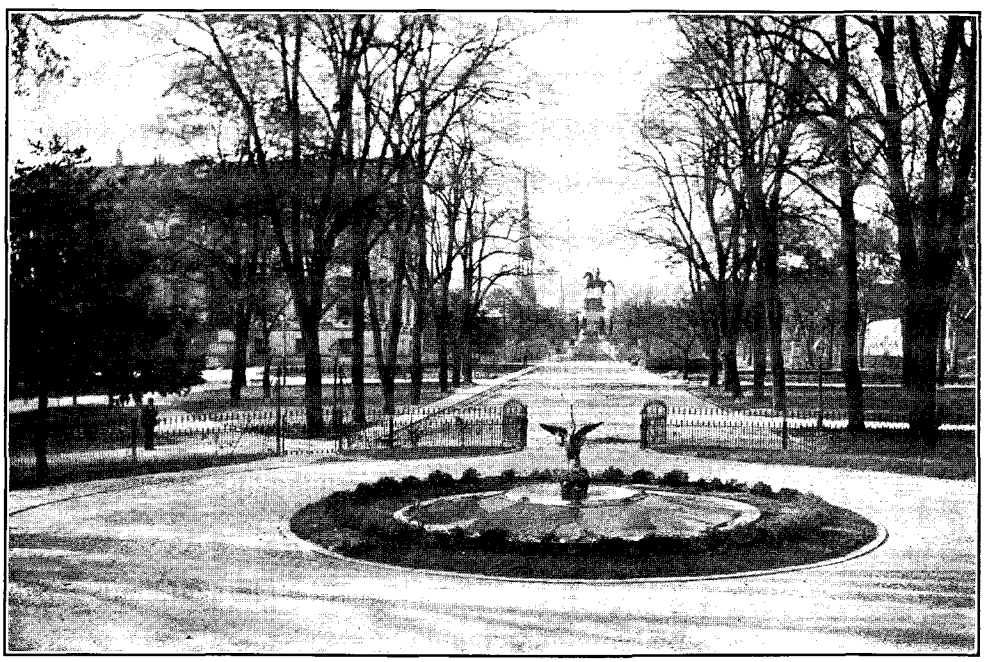


WARE CHURCH, GLOUCESTER COUNTY. MOLLY ELLIOTT SEAWELL'S "THE VICTORY"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"THE CAPITOL BUILDING AT RICHMOND STANDS ON A SLIGHT EMINENCE." ELLEN GLASGOW'S "THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE"



CAPITOL SQUARE, RICHMOND. ELLEN GLASGOW'S "THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tall pines, while across the quiet of rural scenery, the sweeping pageant of the war itself passes.

A very different aspect of these northern counties appears in Miss Wood's *Diana Fontaine,* which plays in Frederick and Fauquier. Opening in Pughtown, a village near Winchester, it is the tradition of lavish and elaborate housekeeping that first impresses Miss Wood. It will be remembered that this region of Virginia had been settled by Scotch-Irish and Germans. This derivation is shown in the names given Miss Wood's characters, Spangler, Loughborough, Rosser. The narrowing effects of Presbyterianism rampant in that part of the country and the somnolent effects of an overweening materialism, the one a Scotch and the other a German inheritance, are well shown up in *Diana Fontaine,* and make of the book a contribution to the natural history of the soil.

More or less, the same stock, passed on down to the Shenandoah Valley. To this day Germans form an important element of the population. A totally changed aspect of life is resultant; the valley teems with the appearance and the reality of thrift; big barns, well-kept cattle and cultivated fields.

Armistead Gordon's *Gift of the Morning Star* opens in Oquon Glade (possibly near the Oquon River?), where a manor house once belonging to William Barzley of gentle English lineage is bought by a Dutchman named Youart, and here Nathan, Naomi and Bennami Youart, his descendants, lived and farmed and kept silence and but for a foreign strain in the blood which made of Bennami, the youngest, a dreamer and a thinker, there would have been no romance. These Youarts were all Dunkards, and the fruits and the scars of that repressive religion are poetically handled in the story.

The expedition of Governor Spottiswood into the valley is touched upon in the first few chapters of Mary Johnston's *Audrey,* and is told also in the little story called "The Knights of the Golden Horseshoe."

The little town which Ellen Glasgow calls Tappahannock in *The Ancient Law* is not the well-known Tappahannock in Essex County, but is the little town South Boston in Halifax, where Ordway worked out his own salvation in Baxter's warehouse.

"There was little beauty in the scene," she writes of this locality, "except the beauty which belongs to all things under the open sky. Road and landscape and cabin were bare even of any chance effect of light and shadow. Yet there was life —the raw, primal life of nature—and after his forty years of wasted experience Ordway was filled with a passionate desire for life."

In the last few sentences in this novel, which some critics dare place even higher than *The Deliverance* because it touches a more universal experience, are contained the author's philosophy of life.

> In the hour of his need it had been neither religion nor philosophy, but the outstretched hand that had helped. Then his vision broadened and he saw that though the body of love is one, the members of it are infinite, and it was made plain to him at last that the love of Emily, the love of Alice, and the love of Banks were but different revelations of the same immortality.

These novels made a wide détour of the State, beginning with Jamestown and Tidewater, as Mary Johnston treats them in *To Have and To Hold* and *Prisoners of Hope,* moving up the eastern coast, across the north, down the valley, touching some of the southern counties and radiating out in all directions from Richmond. Few States of the Union offer so much of romance and historic association to the novelist, none other offers so interesting and so complex a social life.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SONGS OF THE SHUT-INS

In one form and another, expression has been given to the emotions of men of greater or less intelligence and refinement when they were unfortunate enough to find themselves incarcerated, but it is doubtful if such expression has ever been given to the feelings of the veteran jail habitant—the man, criminal, if you will, to whom imprisonment is nothing new. Perhaps for the reason that his feelings make no difference anyway; perhaps for the reason that it is a subject too unpleasant to consider and discuss, no one has ever stopped to inquire whether the jailbird has any ideas about the matter.

A poet in prison is no particular novelty; poetry produced behind the bars is even less, but as a rule work of that kind which has seen the light of day is expressive of the emotions of superior souls, couched in language of beauty, and taking account of prison suffering only as it applies to a delicately nurtured personality. The other kinds need a glossary. The rhymes presented herewith are done in the vernacular, because, obviously, it would be rather ridiculous to put the language of culture in the mouth of "John Yegg," who talks a dialect all his own. Even some of the expressions used in the accompanying verse are obsolete with the up-to-date "craftsmen," whose jargon is ever changing.

IN SOLITARY CONFINEMENT

Bread an' water! Bread an' water! Bread an' water! Huh!
That's me daily menoo in the big, black hole.
That's the scoff I'm gettin' as a portion o' me sweatin'—
Wit' Silence, an' the black o' night to wear away me soul!

It isn't the things I'm seein' an' it isn't the things I hear,
For I knows that I only thinks I sees the same as I thinks I hear;
But it's the feelin' o' bein' buried, an' the fear that I'll suffocate
From the t'ousands o' tons o' Silence that sit on me chest a weight.

The Silence that talks in whispers wit' a t'ousand babblin' tongues,
An' I can't talk back on account o' it a-settin' a-top o' me lungs;
It feels like a big black kitten, a-suckin' away me breath—
An' a guy like me needs plenty o' light for makin' a front wit' Death!

I usta laugh at the notion that bein' alone was bad—
That nerve could break on a bunch o' dark, but I'm wishin' I never had;
I allus said that I'd sleep it away, but they ain't no sleep in here
Wit' Silence tellin' you funny tales—a-whisperin' into yer ear.

No, it isn't the things I'm hearin' nor being shut from the sun
Not even knowin' the time o' day nor the things wot they say I done;
For they slide the grub in the wicket an' never a word is said—
It's lookin' for somethin' I kinnot see—an' feelin' alive, but dead!

It's the Silence that moves so quiet, the millions o' tons o' dark,
An' all o' it pressin' upon me chest like the lid o' a coffin—Hark!
Now I knows that the dead can't whisper, an' that ghosts don't stay in here—
But I'm hearin' somethin' I knows I don't a-talkin' into me ear!

Bread an' water! Bread an' water! Bread an' water! Huh!
That's me daily menoo in the big black hole;
A portion o' me sweatin', but the least o' what I'm gettin'—
It's the Silence, an' the darkness that'll wear away me soul!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LIFE TIMER

They've "settled" him for good, an' I somehow thought they would;
  But he does not seem to mind as much as me.
He goes away to-morrow to his turn o' hell and sorrow—
  God help us! An' God help all such as he.

He hasn't said a word, but he don't know what's occurred;
  (They're always stunned; the mind must stop an' grope;)
It sometimes takes their breath when the jury makes it death—
  But *life!* Ah, God, it leaves no chance for hope.

He's twenty-two in years, an' he took it without tears
  When he "got it all"; oh, Lord, how long that means!
For—no one knows just why, but the Lifers never die—
  They're somehow *painted in* the prison scenes.

They *live;* that's all they do, it's a job that's never through;
  They're always there an' always look the same.
They don't even seem to rot, an' they're finally just forgot,
  An' Lifer comes to be their only name.

The first five years they scheme on escape—but that's a dream;
  The second five a pardon is their hope.
An' after that is dead—well, they live—God bless the dead—
  An' they envy them that gets the chair or rope.

Ten, fifteen, twenty years, Death oases 'em with sneers,
  An' he keeps 'em for the visitors to see.
But no Lifer ever died, an' no Lifer ever tried,
  For *Life* is what the law means it to be.

Yes, they've settled him for good, an' I guess perhaps they should,
  He killed a guy when he was on a bat.
Now he's time for a repentance while he's servin' out that sentence—
  He's young, but he'll get over bein' that!

THE MARKED MAN

Lookit that guy wit' the stove-up face; he knows what's hell on earth;
He's livin' all right, but I'd hate to guess what the rest o' his life is worth.
That's Rat McKnaw, who squawked on McGrew an' the mob in the Canyon snare
When they'd tunnelled their way through solid rock to the breath o' the outside air.

They were all o' them off on a ten speck stretch, an' McKnaw was one o' the bunch;
But he saved himself—or he thought he did—when he peddled that tunnel hunch;
An' they grabbed McGrew an' the rest o' the mob on the night they'd laid for the spring—
An' all but McKnaw is up there yet to finish the rest o' the string.

An' ever since he's kept on the move an' he lights in no place long;
From coast to coast they have got him pegged for a guy that all ways wrong;
Whenever he lands in a coop like this they trim him the best they can—
For he isn't a "gun", an' he isn't a vag, an' he certainly isn't a man!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You watch him now as he slides around wit' the gang when they exercise—
There isn't a soul that'll speak to him, or give him the friendly eyes—
But every one passin' slips him a punch, or hits him a kick on the shin,
An' he dassent scream to the screws, you see, for the best he'd get is a grin.

I've seen him thumped 'till it's made me sick, an' I've give him a punch or two;
W'ich isn't the half o' what he'll get before his turn is through.
He hasn't a friend on top o' the earth an' I reckon not one below—
For a guy like that'd squawk on a frame to sneak in a load o' snow.

That's Rat McKnaw, an' he's known for a stiff wherever the old mob trails;
He dassent live in the open air, an' it's hell for him in the jails—
They've made him the fall guy forty ways, an' they stick to his trail like glue,
An' the only reason he ain't bumped off is because he belongs to McGrew!

BALLAD OF THE THIRD DEGREE

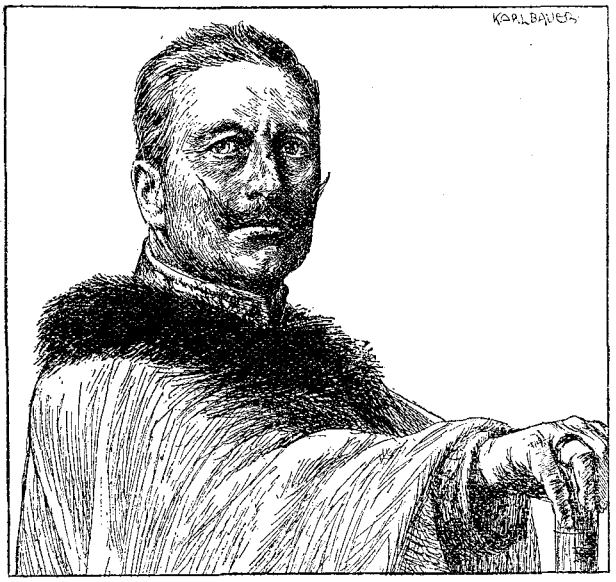
I'll tell the trut'; I was was not there, but that won't do no good;
Some one's croaked a harness bull an' some one's got to swing.
The chief he won't believe me an' I don't know why he should—
He's got to keep his record up, an' some one did that thing.
I usta stand the poundin' an' the elbows' fiercest houndin';
I usta take the toughest gaff them guys could ever sling—
But now I'm gettin' weary an' me goat's a trifle leary,
For some one killed an officer an' some one's got to swing!

Yes, some one's nailed a flatty, an' some one's got to die;
They're roundin' up the gang to-night, an' I was number one.
T'ree weeks out o' college, an' not feelin' very fly,
I'm back to answer for me life because I am a gun!
I usta take me thumpin', (an' the big guy keeps you jumpin';)
I've had 'em pull their ghosts on me, an' kept awake a week;
But I guess the strain is tellin' an' I've sort o' gone to yellin',
An' when they wallop me awhile it fetches out me streak!

I guess a guy's nerve finally goes; they get to him at last;
I know a bunch up in the stir that broke agin the gaff;
They didn't do just what was charged but worser in the past—
Still, in their time, they stood 'em off an' handed back a laugh.
I usta dodge the swingin' wit' a grin an' kept 'em wingin';
I've stood 'em off until the room looked like a slaughter pen.
I've took the roughest scarin', wit' six elbows, rippin', tearin'—
But now they've sort o' got me goat—I hates to go agin.

No, it wasn't me, but it might have been, an' who'm I to talk?
Who'm I wit'out no friends or pals to front for me?
Me only hope is that they snare the right guy for a squawk.
Before they takes me to the chief to stand the thoid degree.
Well, I usta take their sweatin'—w'ich you bet they ain't forgettin';
I've even tired 'em out meself—an' that is quite a thing.
But now I'm gettin' weary an' me goat's a trifle leary—
For some one croaked a harness bull an' some one's got to swing!

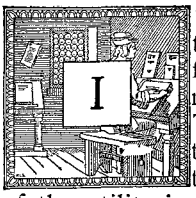
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE KAISER. BY KARL BAUER IN HIS BOOK ON CHARACTER HEADS

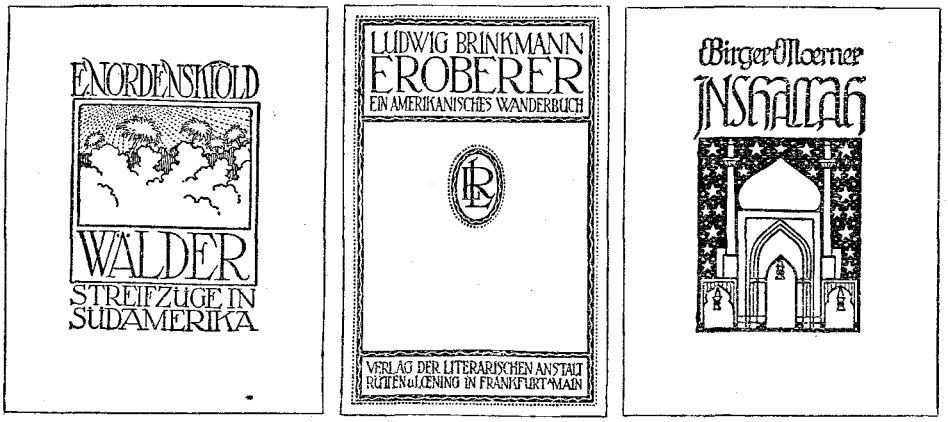
THE GERMAN BOOK ARTS

BY WILLIAM ALLEN



IT is in the Germany of to-day that the art of fine book-making has reached its highest point. There one finds an extraordinary taste for æsthetic distinction, a sense of the utilitarian fitness of things, and a regard both for quality in materials and for perfection in handling them. England, which particularly fostered the "Book Beautiful" with the efforts of men like William Morris, Charles Ricketts and Lucien Pissaro to set the pace, has not lagged behind. France offers nothing beyond fine bindings and exquisite illustrations, for French books have almost invariably suffered from inferior typography and paper.

Leipzig has long been the centre of



EXAMPLES OF STUTTGART BOOK COVERS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

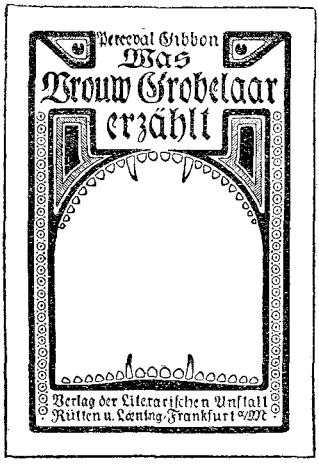
BOOK COVER FROM JENA

German book publishing, and yet the revolution in German book manufacture has been accomplished from other points. Darmstadt, for instance, where the great house of Alexander Koch has its home, has been more persistent in its efforts to improve the book arts of the *Vaterland* than almost any other city in Germany with perhaps the exception of Munich and Stuttgart. Nuremberg, the very soul of picturesqueness in itself, and so close as is this city to the heritage of Albrecht Dürer, has done almost nothing for the German book arts. Apparently, therefore, Germany has received her impetus from the young school of independents, sometimes calling themselves secessionists, because they have broken away from shackles of tradition. Then again one must take into account the teutonic book madness, a craving for books and more books that is unknown to any other nation. It has been raillingly said that Germany has printed a book about every subject under the sun, and then another book upon every other book about it. Schiller and Goethe had good cause to complain of book-piracy in their day, but one almost wonders if the German publisher of our own era has any time to pirate, so busy does he seem to be with the printing of the seemingly endless number of books of his own.

Nowhere else are publishers in so close a personal bond. A group of firms is apt to produce a co-operative catalogue, issued in the general interests, not a mere directory and sales list of publications such as our American Book-Prices Current trade list, but artistic catalogues carefully containing résumés of the various books, different sections being given to different publishers. Such a catalogue, and one notable for its typography, was that issued during the recent holiday season. This bore the title "Das Moderne Buch 1910," and was the joint production of Julius Bard, Berlin; C. H. Beck'sche, and Oskar Beck, Munich; Bruno Cassirer, Berlin; Paul Cassirer, Berlin; Eugen Diederich, Jena; Fritz

FROM THE BULLETIN OF GEORG MÜLLER OF MUNICH

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



FRANKFORT BOOK COVER DESIGNS

Eckardt, Leipzig; S. Fischer, Berlin; Egon Fleischel and Co., Berlin; Julius Hoffman, Stuttgart; Hans von Weber, Munich; Klinkhardt and Biermann, Leipzig; Dr. Werner Klinkhardt, Leipzig; Albert Langen, Munich; Rütten and Loening, Frankfurt-am-Main; Georg Müller, Munich; R. Piper and Co., Munich; Hermann and Friedrich Schaffstein, Cologne; Schuster and Loeffler, Berlin; Julius Zeitler, Leipzig. This is not a formidable list of mere names, but an honour-roll of some of Germany's foremost publishers who have sought to

COVER OF CATALOGUE OF S. FISCHER OF BERLIN. BY PREETORIUS

FROM THE HYPERION ALMANACH OF MUNICH. BY PREETORIUS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

perfect the fine art of making beautiful, useful, enduring books.

If the paper used in French books is, generally speaking, the worst in the world, that used by the German publishers of to-day is nearly the best. German book designers are tireless in their efforts to find the most effective and most fitting

Umschl.-Titelblatt zu: „Insel der Pinguine

Umschlag-Titelblatt zu:
„Auf dem weißen Felsen"

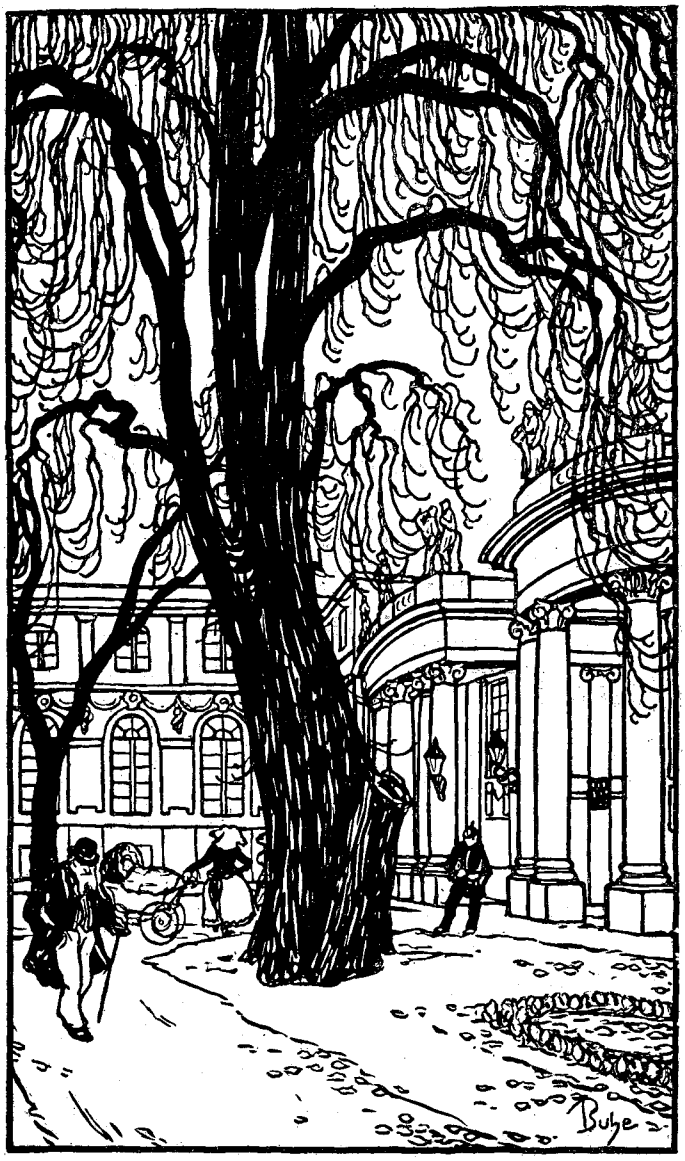
MODERN DECORATIVE PAPER BOOK COVERS

paper for certain books. If the work is an erudite treatise on Dürer, the German book-designer will select for its pages a paper rich in the cream-coloured tints of the old papers that have survived Dürer's time. Yet the German masters of the book arts never carry the matter beyond consistency—seldom is seen a book merely bizarre in the conception of its material aspect. The writer recalls once visiting the world-famed paper mills in Fabriano, a little out of the world corner of Halz, near Ancona, on the Adriatic side. He was surprised to find the bulk of the book-paper orders coming from German publishers who appreciated the exquisite hand-made papers that there were being made as they are made nowhere else in the world. Nor was there any commercial jealousy displayed in Germany when, some months later, in visiting the great book centres of the Empire, the writer had occasion to refer to this matter of Italian book papers. "If we are to lead the world," said one of the great Munich publishers, "in the making of beautiful books, we cannot afford to wait for anything. When our paper-makers wake up to the fact that we must use Italian papers for certain æsthetic demands because Germany does not produce them, then our own paper-makers will move more rapidly toward developing artistic paper-making in Germany and ultimately we shall be gainers." The prophecy has already come true, for German paper-makers are now working together with German printers and publishers to advance fine book-making even beyond the enviable place it holds in the world's art to-day.

Such famous publishers as Teubner of Leipzig, or Erich Reiss of Berlin (Maeterlinck's publisher in Germany), or Hoffanan of Stuttgart, are lacking in the same marked distinction that has awakened an interest in the publications of their confrères. Indeed, with German publishers there has never been so ultra-conservative a policy in production that any of the big publishers have failed to keep pace with the signs of the times as seen through the eyes of Frau Art.

Thus we find Emil Preetorius designing for Müller of Leipzig and for Von Weber of Munich, Paul Neu for Piper of Munich, Karl Bauer (with his remarkable line-portraits) designing decorations for Teubner of Leipzig and all of Germany's foremost masters of the arts of decorative design contributing to the making of the book beautiful in the broader sense of its whole conception and not alone as mere illustrators. Thorough-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



DESIGN FROM THE "BERLINER KALENDER" FOR 1911

ness in any undertaking has always been a Teutonic characteristic. It is this thorough grasp of the knowledge of the practical side of making books going hand in hand with the artistic side of the arts associated with typography that has revolutionised German publishers' productions. Perhaps the kinship of the arts will eventually find more thorough recognition in other lands; at any rate, the state of the book arts as they are now in Germany repays the attention students can devote to the study of what has there been accomplished.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JOAQUIN MILLER

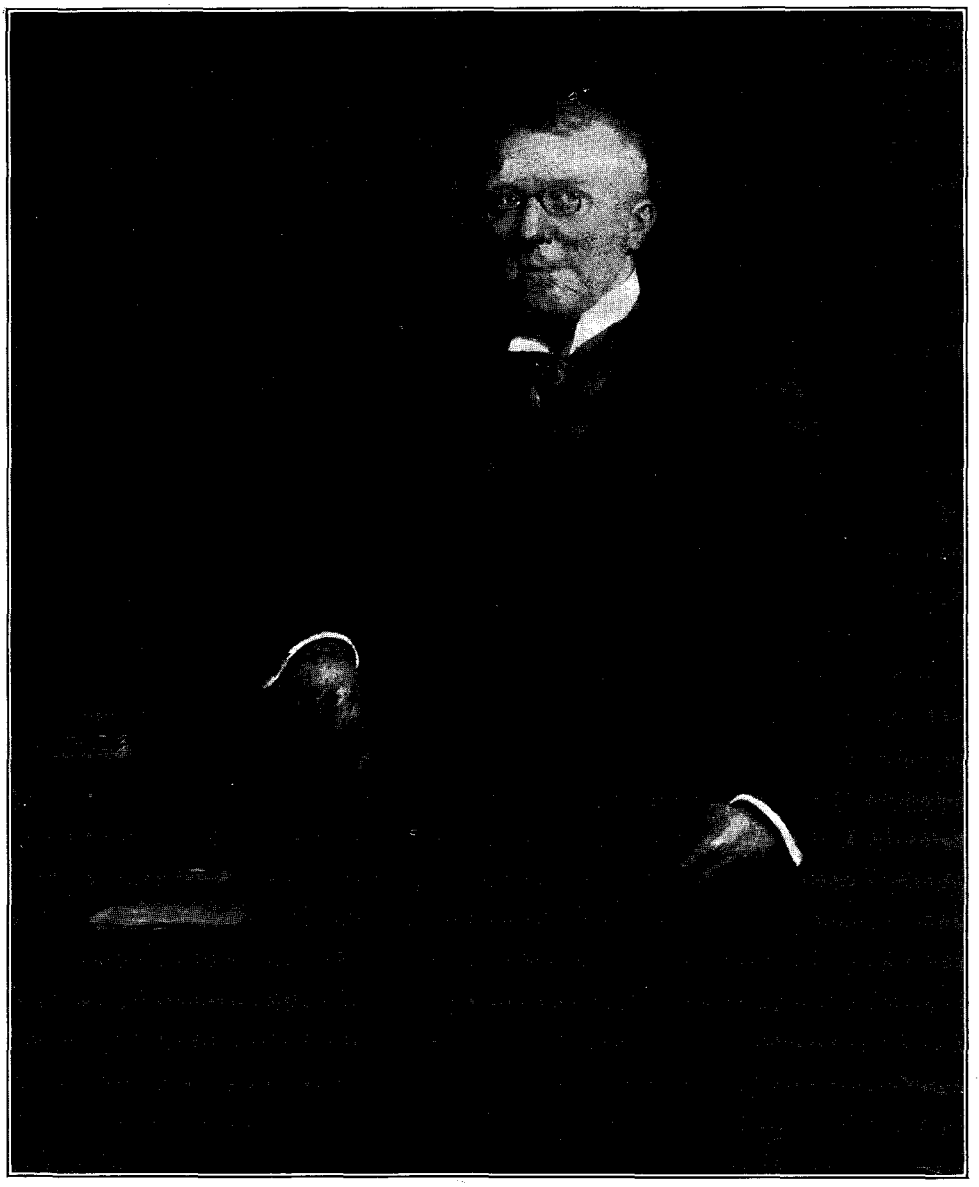
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOW RILEY CAME INTO HIS OWN

BY HEWITT HANSON HOWLAND

SOME men have risen up in the morning and found themselves famous. At least this rather extravagant statement has been made concerning certain gentlemen who, as far as the world's busy eye could see, have come into their own over night. But if we could get a good front view of the truth we'd likely discover that these fortunates weren't so surprised as their biographers would have us believe. They doubtless had a pretty fair idea when they went to bed the night before that fame was going to greet them with a cheer in the morning.

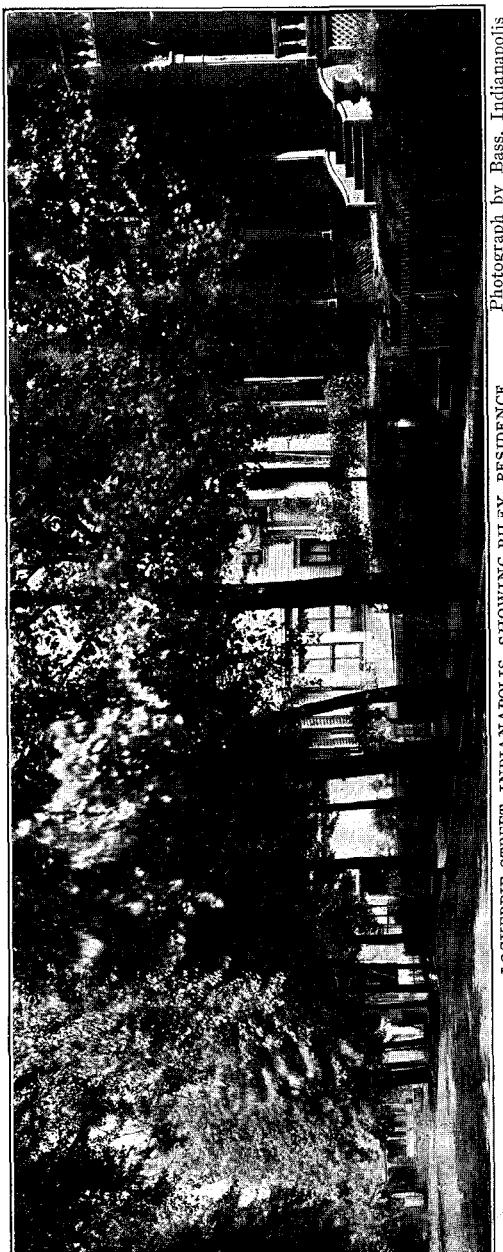
This thing of coming into one's own is



JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY From a portrait by Steele

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not a matter of between two days. The way is usually long, the going rough, and the runner is often scant of breath and always well "on to his job" by the time he gets in sight of the laurel wreath.



Photograph by Bass, Indianapolis

LOCKERBIE STREET, INDIANAPOLIS, SHOWING RILEY RESIDENCE

A few weeks ago James Whitcomb Riley was elected to membership in the American Academy of Arts and Letters. To be admitted to this royal group of fifty, is to be stamped with the hall-mark of immortality. Yet many years ago Riley came into his own, and with a song made certain his admittance to fellowship with the great. Just which song that is or just when he sang it it is not easy to say. With him fame made her approach by easy stages. His friends saw her coming, though Riley himself was always modestly near-sighted and genuinely so. He gave no thought to the morrow, but sang the songs that *would* be sung, saying: "I don't do it. I'm only the willow through which the whistle comes."

In your youth you have, no doubt, dropped a pebble in mid-stream—if I may switch the metaphor from the willow to the water—and have watched the circles widen and widen until finally they crumpled against the restraining banks. So it was with Riley's fame. He dropped his verses into the stream of publicity and the ripples of popular approval widened and widened, until at last they broke against the delighted shores of two hemispheres: his own young neighbourhood; the sleepy village of his birth; the bigger town nearby—that now rallies around its Soldiers' Monument—and so on to his State's borders and out into the strangers' land beyond.

This is the whole truth of Mr. Riley's coming into his own, but it doesn't make so good a feature story as would the half-truth of an over-night transformation from obscurity to the universal spotlight. And a good story is what THE BOOKMAN'S editor is hoping for, so let's try the half-truth and see what can be made of it.

Riley lisped in numbers. He wrote rhymes before he could write. He was born that way; destined to the poet's corner, always. He asked for a rhyming dictionary and his father gave him a volume of Blackstone.

It *is* a wise father that knows his own child.

Young Riley—"Bud" the boys called him—tried Blackstone but it wouldn't scan. He went to sleep over the task

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

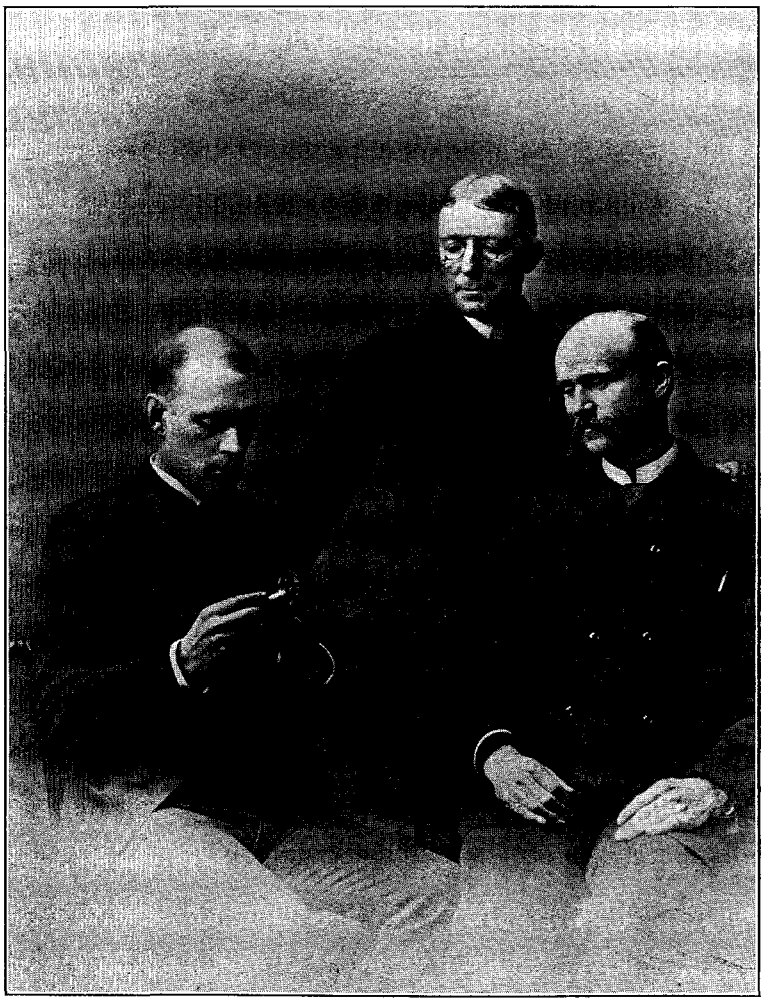
HOMESTEAD AT GREENFIELD, WHERE RILEY LIVED AS A BOY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and was wakened by the voice of a patent-medicine vender who came crying his cures in the shady streets of Greenfield. The lure of the open road was too much for Riley, and when the "Doctor" drove his wagon out into fresh fields and running brooks "Bud" Riley went with him.

A year's journey brought them to the neighbouring town of Anderson, and here the poet organised the famous sign-painting company—The Graphics—and with four or five itinerant partners went up and down the country lanes decorating the fences and barn-sides with alluring messages to the buying public. Out of this commercial escapade came an opening on the Greenfield weekly, and Riley went back home to begin his life's work. The death of the "weekly" soon interrupted it, however, and once more the poet-out-of-job found himself in Anderson.

There he became the local editor of the *Democrat,* and from there he sent out to more pretentious publications many contributions in rhyme. Of course, they came back. All real poets' early efforts always do come back. Riley forgot this, and moreover, he was sensitive. Indiana didn't seem to impress the outside world as a State of poetic rhapsody, and Riley —well the name wasn't inspiring. Quite naturally discouragement, like the raven,

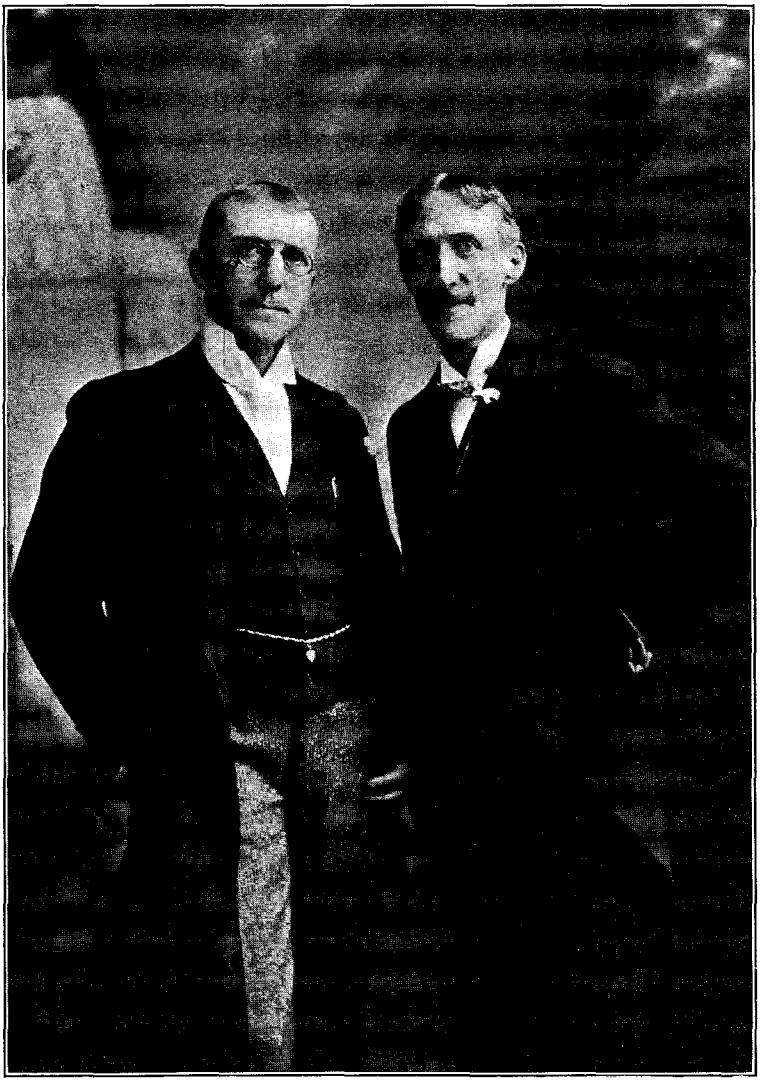


EUGENE FIELD JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY "BILL" NYE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

perched above his chamber door. It was then that he wrote "Leonaine" and afterward, at the suggestion of a few misguided friends, sent it out as a recently discovered Poe poem. The story of this hoax is too widely known to bear repetition. It brought its author many and varied criticisms, and in later years deep regret. The immediate consequences were the loss of his place on the *Democrat,* the offer of one on the Indianapolis *Journal,* and a cheering note of encouragement from Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

The *Journal* had for some time been printing contributions from Riley, and the poet was known in the local office before he accepted the offer of employment and moved his scant belongings and his rich gifts to the capital. He was entered, modestly, but regularly on the pay-roll, though his hours were his own and his contributions frequent or infrequent as the muse moved him. Then followed golden days! Fellowship with his kind; the exchange of social intercourse; the clash of wits; the spinning of yarns; the playing of practical jokes, all the joys



JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY AND HIS BROTHER, JOHN RILEY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of an irresponsible and brilliant youth passed in an inspiring but gentle Bohemia.

The local poets, and they were not few, looked on the young contender with differing emotions. Here is a street scene in illustration.

A Riley poem appears in the morning *Journal*. Riley, strolling slowly around the Circle, meets Ben House. In flowing phrases the elder poet extravagantly lauds the morning's flowering of the younger's muse. An hour later the author of "A Hymn of Faith" encounters Dan Paine.

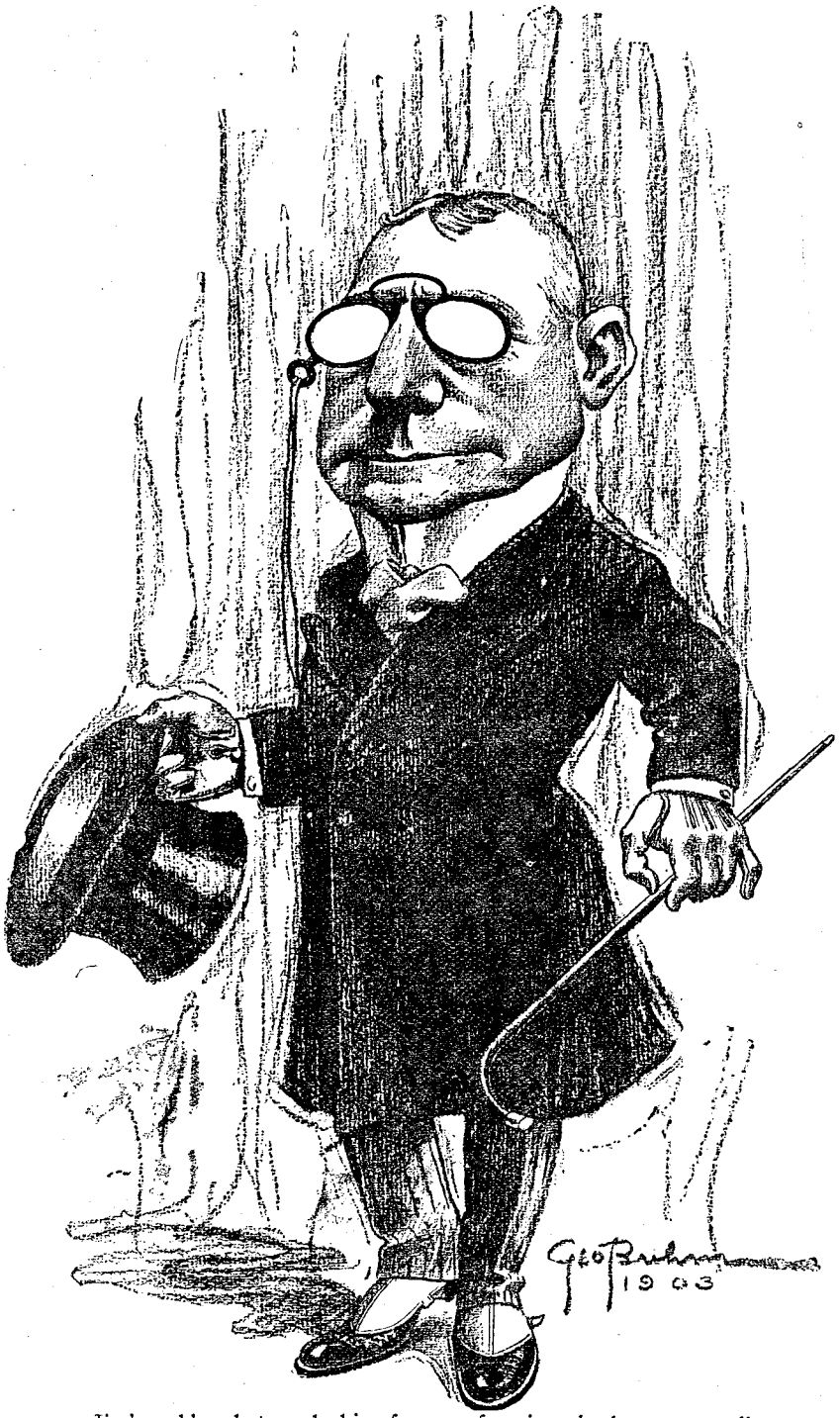
"What's the matter with House?" he inquires.

"Nothing, that I know of," replies Riley.

"Well, I just saw him and he asked

THE "OLD SWIMMIN' HOLE" IN BRANDYWINE CREEK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Jim's gab's what made him famous, for since he began to walk
He allus wuz a feller that was gifted with slick talk.
Jim's got a nack o' saying things in sich a clever way,
Without them hifalutin words the edjicated say.

—*Joe S. Miller.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Children of the Childless

The Children of the Childless! — Yours — and mine. —
Yea, though we sit here in the pitying gaze
Of fathers and mothers whose fond fingers twine
Their children's locks of living gold, and praise,
With warm, caressing palms, the head of brown,
Or crown
Of opulent auburn, with its amber floss
In all its splendor loosed and jostled down
Across
The mother-lap at prayer. — Yea, even when
These sweet petitioners are kissed, and then
Are kissed and kissed again —
The pursed mouths lifted with the worldlier prayer
That bed and oblivion spare
Them yet a little while
Beside their envied elders by the glow
Of the glad firelight; or wrestling, as they go,
Some promise for the morrow, to beguile
Their long exile
Within the wild waste lands of dream and sleep.
Nay, nay, not even these most stably real
Of Children are more loved than our ideal —
More tangible to the soul's touch and sight
Than these — our Children by Divine birthright.
These — these of ours, who soothe us, when we weep,
With tenderest ministries,
Or, flashing into smiling ecstasies,
Come dashing through our tears — aye, laughing leap
Into our empty arms, in Fate's despite,
And nestle to our hearts. O Heaven's delight! —
The Children of the Childless — Even these!

— James Whitcomb Riley.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

me if you were going crazy; said he never read such slush in his life as that stuff you had in the morning *Journal.*"

But Riley understood and was not cast down. His offerings under the name of "Benj. F. Johnson, of Boon," were being greeted by the unmistakable voice of praise. He could afford to wait. And he did, but not for long. The world had begun to make its pathwav to his door. The "Old Swimmin'-Hole and 'Leven More Poems" was privately published, but publicly consumed. Requests for contributions were now as frequent as rejections had been when he "localed" on the Anderson *Democrat*. An embryo publisher fathered a second edition of the Benj. F. Johnson classics. Fame raised her starry eyes and glanced in the Greenfield poet's direction. The "platform" called him and he answered with instant success. Then "An Old Sweetheart of Mine" followed "Out to Old Aunt Mary's," and Fame smiled. Riley had come into his own.

Now because this last paragraph is written in a staccato style it may give the impression of getting up in the morning and finding "famous" carved on the head-board of the bed. But don't be deeived. James Whitcomb Riley worked and waited for the renown that is his. *He* found the way long and the going rough. Discouragement and disappointment were on either side, and often there was only darkness ahead. But that power which is not of ourselves held him straight in the path and directed his steps.

Of the gift which is his, he knows no more now than he did when he first blew on Pan's melodious pipe. "I don't do it. I'm only the willow through which the whistle comes," he says to-day, as then. But of the great poetic literature; of the technique of his art—yes. For he reads always, and all that the poets have written. Scholarship, however, has not dulled the edge of his homely sympathies. "Doc Syphers" is still his dear familiar and the thoughts of any discouraged farmer are close to his heart.

He came into his own many years ago, but he didn't stop just because he had arrived. He was born a poet; he has made himself a man.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY
Drawing by Ryan Walker

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE GLASS OF FASHION

BY EDWARD FULLER

OTSPUR'S impatience with the courtier who came to him on the battlefield perfumed like a milliner and holding his pouncet-box 'twixt his finger and thumb is the usual attitude of the plain wayfaring man toward those of his sex who are over-nice in matters of dress. The dandy is pictured in his fancy as a brainless creature, who has nothing better to do than to bestow constant attention upon his person. Certain periods of history have an atmosphere of artificiality, even of unreality, by reason of the bewigged and beriboned gentlemen who play so conspicuous a part in the records. Nevertheless, contempt for those whom our ancestors were wont to speak of as the beaux may easily go too far. Just as some tenderly nurtured youth often proves in the hour of peril to have a finer courage than the rough country lout, so beneath the airs and graces of the dandy are discovered the sterner purposes of the soldier or statesman. Thus Sir Henry Layard describes a scene which took place as long ago as 1834, when a would-be poet bored a company after dinner "with a grand recitation"—a scene which he would not have troubled to set down, perhaps, but for what came to pass afterward. "There was something irresistibly comic," he writes, "in the young man dressed in the fantastic, coxcombical costume that he then affected—velvet coat of an original cut thrown wide open, and ruffles to its sleeves, shirt collars turned down in Byronic fashion, an elaborately embroidered waistcoat whence issued voluminous folds of frill, and shoes adorned with red rosettes—his black hair pomatumed and elaborately curled, and his person redolent with perfume—announcing himself as the Homer or Dante of the age." It was the same young man who, three years later, with the same long black ringlets and dandified costume, rose to address the House of Commons for the first time and was forced to take his seat amid shouts of derision. But this poseur had the quality of genius under his pose. "I will make you hear me yet!" he is reported to have said, as he sat down. He kept his word. Benjamin Disraeli, leader of a great party, Prime Minister, Earl of Beaconsfield, was at least no weakling.

An adequate biography of this extraordinary man—for even those who dispute his greatness must acknowledge the fitness of that adjective—has been long delayed. The enormous mass of Disraeli's papers was first at the disposition of Lord Rowton, better known as Montagu Corry, who was his private secretary. But Lord Rowton denied that Disraeli himself had commissioned him to undertake the task, and it was one from which he shrank. Afterward, according to Mr. Smalley, other biographers were sought, among them Lords Rosebery and Morley. It is not necessary to enquire why Mr. Monypenny was finally chosen. He was not of Disraeli's circle, and his previous writing has been in journalism. Nor is it possible to say, by reading this first volume* of what promises to be a work of considerable length, what the measure of his success in this new field will be. In a sense, the hardest part of the task is over. The record of Disraeli's early years lies largely apart, of course, from public events, and it involves many difficulties, not only of selection from the materials, but also of reconciling contradictory statements; for the author of *Vivian Grey* occasionally played the part of romancer with regard to his own life. His ancestry, for example, seems to have been less picturesque than his own account of it indicates. How far the early novels are autobiographical is another puzzling question. There is a temptation to take them too literally and to construct from their pages a figure that may be quite unlike the real man. Disraeli was probably less frank than Boc-

*The Life of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield. By William Flavelle Monypenny. Illustrated. Volume I. (1804-1837.) New York: The Macmillan Company.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

caccio in a similar case. Nevertheless, any young writer of fiction consciously or unconsciously portrays himself in part. As Mr. Monypenny says, we may surmise that Disraeli, like both his early heroes, "was daring and impetuous, sometimes perhaps mutinous and pugnacious; keenly sensitive and warmly affectionate; a leader when he chose to lead, but somewhat isolated and much given to reveries and castle-building."

He had a rather curious upbringing; his father, remembered now chiefly by his *Curiosities of Literature,* seems to have allowed him to follow his own bent. His schooling was more or less irregular, and he never went to Oxford, to his regret in later years. But he was ever a wide reader in unconventional ways, and he had those intellectual gifts which enabled him to make a brave showing in any company. At seventeen he was articled to a firm of solicitors in the City, and here he remained for three years, more occupied with his ambitions for the future, no doubt, than with the study of the law. Between 1824 and 1831 he made three foreign tours—the last through Spain to Cairo and Constantinople. Mr. Monypenny calls this "a capital event in his life," since it gave definite character to his Oriental tendencies. Although his father was not, like Vivian Grey's, "an honoured guest among the powerful and the great," he had a considerable number of more or less distinguished acquaintances, including John Murray, the publisher, who took a liking to the son and sent him on a curious mission to Lockhart and Scott when he undertook to found a new daily journal with Lockhart as editor, but afterward, for some reason that is not entirely clear, cherished a bitter resentment against him. In these days Disraeli's health was none too good, and he had many periods of despondency. At no time, however, did he lose confidence in himself. The idea that he was to play a great part in politics took possession of him, and after two unsuccessful attempts he became a member of the House for Maidstone.

Here the first volume leaves him; and, since his political career is left for future elucidation, the beginnings of it need not be dwelt upon here. For the present interest centres in the clever, vain, self-sufficient and rather pushing young man, the novelist who had acquired notoriety rather than reputation, the dandy and wit of the Blessington circle, not without some resemblances to D'Orsay himself. The more serious aspect of his nature was little visible, nor were his swelling anticipations of fame taken altogether seriously. The story that he told Lord Melbourne, the first time he met him, that his object in life was to be Prime Minister, is familiar; Mr. Monypenny adds an unfamiliar postscript to it, to the effect that when Melbourne, shortly before his death, heard of Disraeli's approaching elevation to the leadership of the Conservative party, he exclaimed, "By God! the fellow will do it yet." This "man of mystery" had many surprises in store for the world. As a writer he improved rapidly. *Contarini Fleming* was a marked advance over his previous novels; he himself called it "the perfection of English prose," though it is deficient, as his biographer says, in the finer graces. Meanwhile, he made the most of his social success. He mingled, not only in the semi-fashionable, semi-literary set, but in more august circles. Great names are frequent in the mutilated diary from which quotations are here given. It is difficult not to think that Disraeli paid a good deal of attention to the art of getting on in the world. He was by instinct a social artist, and his dandyism was popular. Nearly all the references to him in the memoirs of the time describe his dress; Lady Dufferin saw him in purple trousers and a scarlet waistcoat. "My table is literally covered with invitations," he informs his sister, "and some from people I do not know." There seem to have been almost as many opinions of him as there were persons who knew him. To one clever and romantic girl he was "wild, enthusiastic and very poetical"; he told her that Southey was the greatest man of the age—the last man he could be expected to admire. On other occasions he was brilliant, bitter, sarcastic, as when he said to Norton, who was boasting at his own dinner table of the better wines which he had in his cellar, "No doubt, no doubt—but, my dear fellow, this is quite good enough for such canaille as

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

you have got to-day." Yet he writes at this time that his life has not been a happy one. "Nature has given me an awful ambition and fiery passions. My life has been a struggle with moments of rapture —a storm with dashes of moonlight."

What was the real Disraeli like? Will the succeeding volumes pluck out the heart of his mystery? He was, it is clear, more than the glass of fashion he liked to be considered. He escaped the fate of other famous dandies like Nash, and Brummel and "Apollo" Raikes, though these, too, were often men of no mean intellectual powers. He appears with D'Orsay and others of his contemporaries in Miss Jerrold's account of *The Beaux and the Dandies**—a rather patchy volume on the whole, but full of amusing anecdotes, and throwing some light upon social conditions in the Georgian and Victorian eras. There were fops and dandies, doubtless, among the ancient Phœnicians; but it was left to England under the vulgar régime of the early Hanoverians to produce that strange social arbiter, the Beau. Sometimes, like Charles James Fox and Disraeli, he turned to more serious matters. Indeed, a successful Beau had to be something more than an animated tailor's model; Nash and Brummel were men of wit. The latter's caustic flings at George IV are too well known to repeat; some of them are not altogether authentic. In this instance, as in others, Miss Jerrold does not discriminate. Nash is on the whole a pleasanter figure than Brummel; if he was vain and impudent, he was also honest and generous. In these days a man could hardly rule a favourite watering place as he ruled Bath. At the balls the music stopped when Nash lifted his finger; and on one occasion he refused another dance to the Princess Amelia. "The laws of Bath, madam," he coolly informed her, "are like the laws of Lycurgus; they will admit of no alteration without entirely oversetting my authority." His picture hung in the Pump Room between the busts of Newton and Pope. He made much money at the gaming table and lived luxuriously. It would be difficult to say that his influence was not bad. And yet most of us have, like Thackeray, a certain ashamed affection for him, and would like to have seen the "splendid, beruffled, snuff-boxed, red-heeled, impertinent" old boy.

D'Orsay lived in a time when there were dandies enough; but even he, with all his cleverness, never had any real social authority. There were those who cultivated eccentricity, as we have seen, and Disraeli's sartorial progress has been

DESIGN FOR A STATUE TO BRUMMEL

noted. But D'Orsay, though he was well received when he first came to England at the coronation of George IV, and during his strange alliance with the Blessingtons was assuredly a glass of fashion, was liked and pitied rather than respected. He was "unwisely extravagant and not over-scrupulous," but at the same time he was "kind-hearted"—no unusual combination. The charge that, after having married Lord Blessington's daughter, he lived openly with her mother is an exaggeration. To be sure, he gave scandal

*The Beaux and the Dandies. By Clare Jerrold. Illustrated. New York: John Lane Company.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tongue by living with Lady Blessington after her husband's death, and she shared his exile in Paris; but of the relations between them one can only guess. However, the Victorian age was more decorous if not more moral than the Georgian, and the conservative members of society kept clear of entanglements with bohemianism, innocent or otherwise. There was something a little vulgar, a little "flash," in the ostentation of the D'Orsays and Disraelis of that time.

There is, on the other hand, an atmosphere of dignity and refinement in Lady Dorothy Nevill's new volume of reminiscences,* which begin with the days we call, somewhat condescendingly, Early Victorian, and continue to the end of the century. Lady Dorothy is not in the least intolerant; she has known many people in many different social circles; she has the frank simplicity, the ease of manner, which is characteristic of the best in English life. But she cannot quite approve the domination of the "smart set"—that new glass of fashion which has superseded the beaux and dandies of an earlier day. While she has no sympathy with "the indiscriminating exclusiveness and insolence" that marked the *ancien régime* in France, she feels that English aristocracy has gone too far "in the direction of welcoming and pandering to wealth, no matter how acquired." Her analysis of the "smart set" is somewhat caustic:

> The exact qualifications for admission into the "smart set" (to which birth or talent are certainly no passports) would appear to be rather obscure. . . . Wealth judiciously applied would seem to be the most necessary qualification to ensure the possessor's entry into a circle which is nothing if not extravagant. . . . As for the rank and file, consisting of beauties, or supposed beauties, cosmopolitans of fortune, and various grades of hangers-on, most of them have excellent reasons for setting a high value upon the position which, in many cases, it has taken them infinite pains to reach, and which it is possible may bring them very substantial advantages. To the independent and original, however, the joys of such an existence can make but a limited appeal. The "smart set," for its part, does not want them, for it sets little value upon mere intelligence without wealth. A clever financier they can understand, for some mundane benefits are pretty certain to follow in his wake. . . . London society (an expression which means nothing now) demands very different credentials of newcomers from those formerly asked. As a matter of fact, any one prepared to entertain lavishly can soon become one of its leaders, provided it is managed in the proper way.

Yet, though this daughter of the Earl of Orford and member of the famous Walpole family has a natural aversion to the *nouveaux riches*, there is no trace of condescension in her attitude toward people who deserve respect, whatever their circumstances. Indeed, she takes the pains to point out that the fortunes of some well-known peers were made in trade, and adds that science and learning have not enjoyed a sufficient amount of recognition in comparison with wealth. Lady Dorothy herself has numbered many men of real distinction among her friends. There are some interesting letters from Cobden and Darwin in this volume; she and her husband were neighbours of Cobden in Sussex and warm friends of his, at a time when he "was practically boycotted by the squirearchy" in the county. "Dicky" Doyle, the artist, was another friend; he sent her on one occasion some amusing sketches which are given in the book. It does not appear that Lady Dorothy Nevill meddled in politics after the fashion of some Englishwomen, but she was upon terms of intimacy with public men of every sort. She did much visiting in the old days, and it is easy to read between the lines that she was a welcome guest. The picture of society as it was then, with all its broad intellectual interests, certainly offers a contrast to the reign of the "smart set." With Disraeli she was evidently a great favourite; Lord Dufferin, John Bright, the second Earl of Lytton, Froude, Matthew Arnold,—these and other brilliant names sprinkle her pages. She describes Mr. Joseph H. Choate as one of the most charming among all the great lawyers she has

*Under Five Reigns. By Lady Dorothy Nevill. Illustrated. New York: John Lane Company.

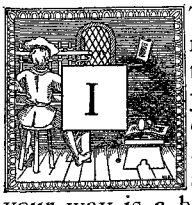
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

known, and adds, "I have always had a great liking for the clever men whom the great Republic has from time to time sent to us." There are many anecdotes in the book which it would be agreeable to quote. Most of them are wholly good natured. But her great admiration for Disraeli does not preclude her from telling the story how, when he was once addressing the House with his customary air of assurance and said, "Mr. Speaker, I have some modesty, I hope," a voice called out, "Your hope tells a very flattering tale, I'm afraid." She admits, too, that in his early days—the days when he was the glass of fashion—the impression among good judges of character was that there was "too much tinsel about Dizzy." His notes to her show a pleasant side of his character, however. Both had a common pursuit, that of gardening.

There are those who think that the world is changing for the better; and undoubtedly there were plenty of social follies before the days of the "smart set." Yet that Early Victorian age of which Lady Dorothy Nevill writes had a certain charm now dissipated. It was far more decorous than the Georgian era that preceded it, and there was a certain simplicity about it which is rare in these days of ostentation. The impression one gathers of the writer of these reminiscences is at all events wholly delightful. Unpretentious though they are, they throw no little light upon some phases of the time of which they treat.

THE CAREFUL BUILDER AND SOME RECENT BOOKS

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER



IT is, of course, true that nothing in life is easier than to find fault. If you take the trouble you can prove to your own satisfaction at least that any book which comes your way is a bad book. That is why a critic, in the long run, is doing more good to the world at large and to authors in particular if he spends his time largely in pointing out the good points of a book rather than the bad ones. Nevertheless, a moment does come, every now and again, when a reviewer casts a somewhat hopeless look around him at the novels of yesterday and to-day and to-morrow, and admits that some of them are pretty bad and that a large part of them are not as good as they ought to be. He is apt to ask himself what the real trouble is. It is not merely on account of a diversity of purpose; not because one novel tries to reform the world and another merely to help kill an idle hour. It is because the unpretentious, fluffy novel is just as likely to be badly done as the novel with a purpose. Of course, in each specific case, it would be possible to run down and ferret out the individual faults. But taking a comprehensive, bird's-eye view of current fiction, much as one might take a bird's-eye view of some section of a city where new houses are springing up over night, like mushrooms, one gets an impression of a single prevailing fault, a lack of careful building.

Now, in a novel, just as in a dwelling, there is no one spot at which the necessity for care begins or ceases; good building requires care all the way through. But if you are building a row of cheap houses for speculative purposes, with the sole idea of quick sale and quick profits, you are likely to shirk the work almost anywhere. It is one of the commonest experiences to find a novel that on the whole is not badly done, but that has been built from a faulty ground plan. You feel at once that the builder knew there was some-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thing wrong, but that instead of consulting some more experienced draughtsman or of toiling a bit longer himself, he merely said, "I know that the eastern wing doesn't belong there, and the front veranda is out of proportion, and the side balcony looks like an excrescence; but I guess it will work out all right!" But the trouble is that it seldom or never does work out all right; and that is the reason why so many books, showing fairly careful craftsmanship, produce as a whole an unsymmetrical, lop-sided effect, all due to a faulty ground plan.

Or again, the ground plan may be a simple, familiar, well-worn design, reproduced over and over with the monotony of a whole row of model tenements. There is no harm in building from an old design; in fact, there are a good many advantages in doing so. Your result, in that case, depends upon the material that you put into your work, the superiority of finish which makes your particular building conspicuous among those of your neighbours. It is a question largely of well-seasoned timber, if your building is to stand the test of time—and by well-seasoned timber in a building that is constructed out of human speech and human character, we mean simply that the author must have taken time to let his knowledge of his people, of what they think and of what they say have time to mature. In fully half the novels that we read we get the impression that the conversation, instead of being the hardest, finest grained part of the work, capable of taking a high lustre, is nothing but soft, green wood, badly warped and twisted out of place.

To speak for a moment without metaphor, dialogue is only too often the stumbling block of the young novelist. Of course, dialogue at best is always a compromise. You can never reproduce with parrot-like fidelity any ordinary conversation out of real life. The tedious repetitions, the interruptions, the colloquialisms and elisions, the confusion of two or more people speaking at once in the heat of an argument—all these things would be intolerable on a printed page. Dialogue, either on the stage or in books, must, therefore, be to some extent conventionalised. But between the style of this conventionalised dialogue and the author's own narrative style there is or should be a gulf. And nothing stamps so surely the young or careless craftsman in fiction as when he makes his characters interchange ideas with the same measured cadence, the same polysyllabic vocabulary, the same unwearied length of breath that he elsewhere reserves for a pet description of a sunset or a three-page analysis of the mechanics of his heroine's emotions.

And still again, the careless builder of fiction may blunder not in his ground plan, nor in his building materials, but in the goal toward which he is working. And this perhaps is the commonest fault of all. There is many a novel that sets one in mind of certain modern gingerbread summer homes that look as though they had started out to be a mosque, changed their minds midway to a dry-goods' box, and ended up as a pagoda or a bungalow. It does not make any difference what kind of a building you are trying to make; there is solid worth and dignity in a good ice house or chicken coop or pig-pen. The main thing is to know quite clearly what you are building, even if it is a pig-pen, and to build it openly and unmistakably. But the trouble with a great many novels is that the authors have been too lazy to define their purpose even to themselves—and this is more apt to hold true in the fluffy, ephemeral type of fiction than in the more pretentious efforts. So long as the story holds together fairly well, they do not ask themselves whether they are expressing any idea of even moderate importance; and it is amusing to notice that in a good many cases they do not awaken to the absence of any definite idea until the necessity arises of finding a title for the book. Now a title, if it is to be well chosen, should not only stimulate curiosity, but should also tell the truth about the book. And it should not only tell the truth, but it should strive to tell the biggest truth that it can, either specifically or by implication. Now if a book has no idea behind it, the author may go on indefinitely groping for a title that will be good poster art on one hand and truthful on the other—but he will not find it. What good will it do him

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to call his book "All for Love," if we see plainly that the hero married for money, or "The Noblest of Them All," if his people all happen to be a set of cads, or "Redeemed by Fire," if the hero and heroine are still living, in the final chapter, the same cheap, sordid, vapid lives, as in the opening pages?

Big novels are rare; so rare that it is unreasonable to take them as a standard of measure—in the same way that it would be unreasonable to measure the worth of a modest cottage by the standards of the Parthenon or St. Peter's or Giotto's Tower. But it is not unreasonable to ask that our simple, unassuming edifices of words shall be well built, and honestly built, too; that they shall show patience and deliberation and loving care; and above all, that they shall not look as though they were pretending to be something above their station. Some very modest little books, honestly built, have endured for centuries. It is your flamboyant edifice of lathe and stucco, covered with the gilding of cheap sentiment, that fails to weather a single season.

"The Broad Highway"

A good sample of a novel built upon a simple and familiar plan is *The Broad Highway,* by Jeffery Farnol. There is nothing new in the idea of a young man of birth and position who suddenly finds himself disinherited of a large fortune unless he shall, within a specified time, marry a young woman whom he has never seen; and who, sooner than comply with the conditions of the will, leaves home and leads a penniless, adventurous, vagabond life, only to find in the end that he has unwittingly met the very fate that he set out to avoid. To state the substance of the book thus is to state neither more nor less than the simple truth; and yet the statement fails to give any idea of the strength and charm and wholesome gladness of the book itself. A good deal of the humour and the tragedy of the story is due to the fact of a strong personal resemblance between the hero, student, philosopher, and recluse, and his fashionable and profligate cousin, a rival of Beau Brummel and favourite of the Prince Regent, notorious for his boxing, his duels and his debts. Our philosophic vagabond, starting off with no knowledge of the world outside the covers of his books, and with only a few shillings in his pocket, is constantly receiving from casual strangers, on his progress along the highways and byways of England, the unexpected homage of all classes and conditions of men who mistake him for his cousin. But the artificiality of this trick is too obvious to annoy the reader. It takes nothing from the real charm of the book—a charm that lies in the bright gladness of open air and warm sunshine, broad stretches of fertile land, trim lanes, neat cottages, all speaking of thrift and of contentment. There is a wealth of character drawing in the book, of simple, honest, whole-souled folk, for the most part, sketched in with a sure touch and an indulgent sympathy—and there is besides much real poetry in the idyll of our vagabond hero's meeting with Charmian, the mysterious unknown, and their sojourn together in an abandoned and haunted dwelling in the heart of ancient woods. But perhaps the simplest way of summing the book up is to say that it belongs to the class that depends almost wholly on the manner in which the thing is done, rather than on the substance of it—and it happens that *The Broad Highway* is an instance of an unpretentious thing done supremely well.

"The Lever"

Occasionally a reviewer finds himself becoming unjustly exasperated over a fairly good book for no other reason than because he sees, or thinks he sees, how narrowly the author missed the chance of doing something much better and bigger. A case in point is *The Lever,* by William Dana Orcutt. Now the theme of this book, whether the author realised it or not, is the futility of any one man's attempt to reform the world before the world is ready to be reformed. More specifically, it is a satire upon the business conditions of to-day in general and the greed of corporations in particular. The book asks us to imagine that the hero, a certain Robert Gorham, has succeeded in forming one vast trust that is gradually absorbing all other trusts and corporations in America and already

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

reaching across the seas to obtain international control. The principle upon which Gorham has founded his trust is that of honestly halving the profits of every enterprise between the stockholders and the general public. If the trust takes over a city trolley system and effects a twelve per cent. saving in expenses, six per cent. goes to the stockholders and the other six per cent. to the public in the shape of a reduction in fares. Gorham himself is honestly altruistic; his great mistake lies in believing that his associates and subordinates, the men he has trained and put into power, are actuated by a similar disinterestedness. He refuses to listen to warnings; he refuses to recognise the terrible danger which threatens the country in the future, if this powerful monster of his own creation passes into the control of the wrong kind of men. And above all he is blind to the fact that the man who is closest to him, the man whom he trusts as he would trust himself, is secretly labouring not merely to undermine all his work, but to wound him where he will feel it most: namely, through his love for his wife. When it is stated this way, any one can see that the story is nothing more or less than a modern version of King Arthur and his Round Table, with Launcelot's faithlessness looming ominously in the background. It is quite likely, however, that the similarity of plots never occurred to Mr. Orcutt or else he might have succeeded in holding up his own story on a higher and more sustained level. The business side of the story is well handled; the weakness of the book lies in the rather abnormal cleverness of Allen Sanford, a boy just out of college, who happens to be in love with Gorham's daughter. Alice is at her request taken into Gorham's office in order to get a business training, and with marvellous insight, unerringly reads the dishonest and selfish motives of all of Gorham's associates, who for years have successfully hoodwinked that veteran Napoleon of finance. And equally far fetched and paltry is the explanation of the dark scandal that melodramatically overhangs Gorham's wife, Eleanor, throughout the book. There is a period in her life of which she can give no account, a few weeks spent in an isolated cabin in Colorado with some mysterious stranger. Gorham's enemies make much capital out of this story and there are moments when the reader succeeds in getting himself worked up to a state of mild excitement about it. Now Eleanor is not an important or sympathetic character; nevertheless, the reader does feel rather resentful at last when he is asked to believe that the man with whom Eleanor spent those mysterious weeks was Gorham himself, that she had a dangerous illness, and that afterward, when she met him again and married him, she did not recognise him as the man who had nursed her back to life, and that through all their years of marriage he had never enlightened her. There are limits to a reader's credulity.

"Robert Kimberly"

Another current novel, in which modern business interests, conducted on a huge scale, form the background, is *Robert Kimberly,* by Frank H. Spearman. It has, however, the advantage of being a far more careful piece of fiction building. The author took the trouble to decide just what he was trying to do, and he did not make the mistake of trying to do too much. The people in the story are practically all of them concerned more or less directly in vast sugar interests in the Hawaiian Islands—and all the time, behind the action of the story, we get the impression of an intricate meshwork of business and finance, speculation and fraud; fleeting glimpses of the exotic picturesqueness of those far away plantations and the ceaseless surge and activity of the refineries. The setting of the story, however, is remote from all this. It is laid in the luxurious summer colony known as Second Lake, whose precise position in the New England States is not too definitely expressed. It is made up wholly of ultra-fashionable people whose rich dividends from sugar have made possible an artificial condition of life bordering upon the fantastic. And one of the best things in a book possessing a number of good qualities is the impression one gets of a certain unwholesomeness, an undercurrent of reckless

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

indulgence, a suggestion of lax morals and physical and moral excesses. But all of this is background and is never allowed to obtrude unduly. The specific story that Mr. Spearman has to tell is an often-told story of a man who loves another man's wife and forces her to own that she loves him. Most of the conditions are those familiar to this type of story. The husband is coarse, neglectful and untrue; he ends by being openly brutal. The wife is patient, forgiving and secretly miserable; the other man is depicted quite frankly as a masterful, magnetic personality, accustomed to brush obstacles aside; and when he happens to covet his neighbour's wife he does not readily give up the quest. There is a tradition in the Kimberly family that every generation must produce one wise man and one villain, and that when the brains and the wickedness shall happen to occur in the same man the race will come to an end. This combination is supposed to have taken place in Robert Kimberly, but none the less he impresses one as an extremely honest and likable sort of person, whether villain or otherwise. The distinctive feature of the book, however, lies in the manner in which Kimberly makes love to Alice MacBirney in the face of all her protestations—doggedly, persistently, almost cruelly, never resting, never owning himself defeated, and at last, forcing her, almost unconsciously, to admit her love for him. Many another novelist has shown us how a strong man may take a woman by storm; Mr. Spearman shows us how it may be done little by little, by insensible degrees, as the strength of a fortress is broken down through months of patient siege. The tragedy with which the book closes seems needlessly cruel, yet structurally it is justified. But what will be longest remembered by those who care for fine touches in fiction is not the ending but one little episode at the midway point where the woman, after persistently telling Kimberly day after day and month after month: "You must not call me Alice, I forbid you to call me Alice!" suddenly forgets all these prohibitions and blindly accepts the name, saying only, "Oh, but the trouble is I am not the Alice you think I am!" It is little touches like this that make *Robert Kimberly* a book that deserves to be read rather carefully.

"The Magnet"

The Magnet, by Henry C. Rowland, has at least this to commend it: it professes to be nothing more than it really is, a blithe, clean, whimsical extravaganza, with plenty of feminine beauty, manly persistence and the strong tonic breath of the open sea. Of course, the idea that a young man in a small open boat can successfully play tag with a large private yacht, month after month, up and down the entire stretch of the Atlantic seaboard, always discovering in advance the yacht's next destination and usually beating her into port, requires a considerable stretch of even the most elastic imagination, but unless we grant this possibility at the start, Mr. Rowland cannot tell his story, since that is the sum and substance of it. Now the owner of the yacht has three charming daughters, just crossing the borderline of womanhood; their names, Paula, Cecile, and Hermione conjure up pleasant visions of feminine loveliness of assorted types. Harold Applebo, the young man in the boat—one cannot help wishing that the author had chosen a less Gilbert and Sullivan surname—writes poems, rather painful poems, if you happen to have an ear for rhythm—but at all events they are well intentioned—to one of the three maidens on the yacht; a new instalment of them arrives by mail every time the yacht puts into port. Unfortunately, the poet, although he knows the names of the three maidens, has confused their identity, much as Little Buttercup mixed the babies up in *Pinafore* —and the light *opéra-bouffe* consequences give a merry zest to a pleasant little tale.

"The Vicar of the Marshes"

The Vicar of the Marshes, by Clinton Scollard, is an historic novel of mediæval Italy, seen vaguely through the lenses of rose-coloured romance. It deals with despotic cruelty of one Ezzelino da Romano, his vindictive hatred of the city of Padua, and more specifically of how he bided his time until he got his grip upon that city and proceeded, under a semblance of law, to bring charges against the leading noble

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

families and blot them out one by one with a thoroughness that required no second attempt. Now a certain Tiso de Camposanpiero happens to be the one surviving son of one of the families that Ezzolino has taken the trouble to blot out. Tiso would have been blotted out along with the rest if good luck had not delayed him over night on his homeward journey toward Padua. As it happens, he arrives only in time to see the final looting of his father's battered and dismantled house, and to form wild plans for vengeance. There is no question that his subsequent adventures are sufficiently thrilling; but they lack the stamp of probability; while as for the manner of speech in which the dialogue is couched, it exhibits a curious stiltedness, a long-winded pomposity that is neither modern English nor mediæval Italian nor any other dialect ever encountered outside the pages of the pseudo-historical novel.

"Four in Family"

It is refreshing, now and then, to take up such a frank piece of well-intentioned nonsense as *Four in Family,* by Florida Pope Sumerwell. It purports to be a family chronicle describing "how we look from where the dog sits;" but, of course, the dog who tells the story is a highly anthropomorphised dog—otherwise the book would be all dog and no story. There are just enough touches of what, by a stretch of the imagination, can be conceived as the canine point of view to give the book its distinctive humour; more of it would become tedious. To illustrate what we mean, it is distinctly in character for the dog, when he first comes as a puppy to his future home, to take it for granted that the little girl, the first child he has ever seen, is also a sort of puppy and to refer to her throughout the book as The Pup. Similarly, in describing his first experience with a cat he says: "My tail stuck out and the hair on my neck stood up like a clothes-brush. In fact, when I first saw a clothes-brush I supposed it had just seen a cat." Or again, his description of making a fire in the stove:

> When the Black Woman was in a hurry, she would catch that stove by the tail and shake it till its teeth rattled. Then she would tear off the top of its head and throw a bucket of coals right in on its red bones. After that she would jerk its mouth open and give its tail another twist, and I tell you it helped with the meals till it was red in the face.

But underneath the farce comedy of this pseudo-canine point of view, we get a pleasant glimpse of some very human people and we are made to share their joys and their anxieties, to laugh indulgently at their weaknesses and thrill with a curious and unusual tenderness over the happy outcome of some of the deeper problems of life, in a way that many a far more pretentious book utterly fails to stir us. Altogether, *Four in Family* is one of those books that are bound to make their way with or without favourable reviews—because any one who has read it is sure to buttonhole the next person he meets and quote and paraphrase the book until his hearer in sheer self-defence procures a copy for himself.

"The Great Diamond Pipe"

The Great Diamond Pipe, by John Buchan, is frankly a story of adventure, and a good adventure story which lives up to the popular demand and yet remains throughout a piece of good workmanship; which is thrilling without being sensational and dramatic without degenerating into melodrama, is one of the rarest types in fiction. Mr. Buchan possesses the strength that comes from restraint. He knows the tremendous effectiveness of a quiet style and the value of sudden and unexpected contrast. Nothing could be better calculated to catch the interest at the start than his opening chapter of *The Great Diamond Pipe:* the dreary monotony of a Scotch Sabbath; the intolerable restraint felt by three young Scotch lads at the irksome length of the dragging communion service; and the ingenuity of their plot to escape from the evening session and go on a secret trip of imaginary adventure to certain caves known, as they thought, only to themselves, down on a desolate strip of coast. And then when they grope their way through bushes and ravines and come out upon the strand, what is their amazement and panic to find their secret rendezvous in possession of a gigantic negro, who has stripped himself and in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

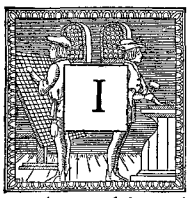
the light of a driftwood fire that casts fantastic and ill-omened shadows is going through a series of weird and heathen incantations. And this is merely a foretaste of the spirit of the book. A diamond pipe, it should be known, is, in South African parlance, an elongated vein of diamonds, a mine, in other words, of unusual extent and richness. The young Scotch lad whom we saw in the opening chapter peering panic-stricken over the rocks at the black giant dancing mystically in the red glow, we meet again years later as a storekeeper in a lonely spot among the rolling veldts of the Transvaal; and it is here that a rumour comes to him of the fabulous wealth that is waiting for the man with the physical and moral courage to overcome the intervening dangers—and the fact that the young storekeeper has no idea beforehand either of the size or the multitude of those dangers, has much to do with giving the story its impelling sense of excitement and suspense. The story is distinctly a man's story about men. Yet it is a safe venture to say that any woman who gets well started in it will be very nearly as eager as a man to read it to the end.

THE BEST TRANSLATIONS

BY CALVIN WINTER

Part I—Famous Translations of Famous Classics

In this first paper on "The Best Translations," the point is emphasised that in the case of classic authors, the translations which have found lasting favour are those that bear the stamp of originality, often those that approach the freedom of paraphrase. In the second paper, which will appear in the April number of The Bookman, *and will deal especially with translations of the modern novelists, including Tolstoy and Zola, Maupassant, Daudet and d'Annunzio, it will be shown that the modern cosmopolitan spirit demands a different standard of fidelity, a greater closeness to the original.*



N one of the popular novels of the present season, the author, wishing to impress upon us the heroine's want of culture and of literary standards, remarks that she will read anything from works of real worth to ten-cent translations of French novels. The absurdity of this sentence is interesting only in so far as it illustrates the prevailing modern attitude in this country toward translated works. It never occurred to the author of the novel in question, any more than it will occur to nine-tenths of its readers, that a ten-cent translation of a French novel is far more likely to be a masterpiece than the great majority of current American novels that in all likelihood will never be translated into any sort of editions, ten-cent or otherwise. Now, this question of the popular attitude toward translations is not one of theory, but of fact. Any one who will take the trouble to glance through a few publishers' catalogues or the files of certain newspapers and magazines can easily satisfy himself that there is no other civilised country to-day where translations of important authors are in so slight repute as in the United States. It is a matter of common knowledge that Germany promptly reaps an annual harvest of all that is best in European literature; and German translations, although smacking somewhat of the student's lamp, are at least faithful. In France, the latest novels of the German, Sudermann; the Italian, d'Annunzio; the Spaniard, Valdès, run as serials in the *Revue*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

de Paris or as *feuilletons* in the *Temps* or the *Figaro,* on an equal footing with Bourget or Marcel Prévost; while in Italy, the *Nuova Antologia* is quite as likely to give preference to a short story from the Russian of Chekov or a novel by Mrs. Edith Wharton over native productions by Pirandello or Grazia Deledda. England, although broader minded than the United States, as the long list of translations that never find an American publisher amply testify, is quite bad enough. Now this state of things has not been a permanent one; an aversion to imported literature is not one of the inborn traits of Anglo-Saxon nature—as witness the tremendous fertility and widespread influence of what we know as the Tudor Translations, which extended over nearly a century. It becomes a rather interesting question to ask ourselves what kind of translations, if any, have obtained an abiding place in our literature and to what extent our change of ideals in regard to the purpose and manner of translating has affected its literary value.

DR. JOHNSON EXPOUNDS

It was Dr. Johnson who said: "You may translate books of science exactly. You may also translate history, in so far as it is not embellished with oratory, which is poetical. Poetry, indeed, cannot be translated." And long before Dr. Johnson, the same thought was expressed by Dante and by Cervantes, the former writing, "Know, every one, that nothing harmonised by a musical bond can be transmuted from its own speech to another without breaking all sweetness and harmony;" while a character in *Don Quixote,* speaking in general of the translators of poetry, is made to say: "With all the care they take and ability they show they will never reach the height of the original conception." The real truth, however, has been best expressed by Lowell in the following passage:

> The paraphrase is a plaster-cast of the Grecian urn; the reproduction, if by a man of genius, such as the late Fitzgerald, is like Keats's ode, which makes the figures move and the leaves tremble again, if not with the old life, with a sorcery which deceives the fancy. Of all English poets, Keats was the one to have translated Homer.

Now, whether Keats, of all English poets, was the one to have translated Homer is beside the question. But Lowell has touched the very heart of the mystery in deciding in favour of free reproduction as against literal paraphrase. Common sense, as well as the verdict of literary history, supports the contention that any translation that is to survive must be the work of somebody possessed of a certain individual bigness, somebody who himself has something to say, something original with which to replace that delicate and volatile essence that is inevitably lost in the process of transference. Of all the arts and crafts, translation is most akin to acting. The translator, like the actor, must temporarily sink his personality in that of another; he must speak not his own thoughts, but the lines that are set down for him. But every translator, like every actor, has a right to his own conception of his part; he can, so to speak, supply his own gestures, his own stage business. And if he is an actor devoid of originality, if he has no ideas to supply, no gestures of his own, no power to make his personality tell upon the stage, then at best his must be a sorry performance. And this is the real fault of so much of the translations that we get to-day.

THE FALLACIES OF MATTHEW ARNOLD

The modern attitude toward translation as a whole, and especially toward the translation of Greek and Latin classics, is nowhere better illustrated than in Matthew Arnold's well-known essay, *On Translating Homer.* In fact, this eminent critic has done so much to foster the wrong kind of translation that it seems worth while to quote in its entirety the paragraph which sums up the substance of his doctrine. He is speaking of the would-be translator of Homer:

> No one can tell him how Homer affected the Greeks, but there are those who can tell him how Homer affects *them.* These are scholars, who possess, at the same time with knowledge of Greek, adequate poetical taste and feeling. No translation will seem to them of much worth compared with the original; but they

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

alone can say whether the translation produces more or less the same effect upon them as the original. They are only competent tribunals in this matter; the Greeks are dead; the unlearned Englishman has not the data for judging; and no man can safely confide in his own single judgment of his own work. Let not the translator, then, trust to his notions of what the ancient Greeks would have thought of him; he will lose himself in the vague. Let him not trust to what the ordinary English reader thinks of him; he will be taking the blind for his guide. Let him not trust to his own judgment of his own work; he may be misled by individual caprices. Let him ask how his work affects those who both know Greek and can appreciate poetry; whether to read it gives the Provost of Eton, or Professor Thompson at Cambridge, or Professor Jowett here in Oxford, at all the same feeling which to read the original gives them.

Now the Provost of Eton and Professor Thompson and Professor Jowett were, beyond all question, cultured and worthy gentlemen, profoundly versed in etymology and syntax. But it is difficult to imagine any method for getting away more completely from the original spirit of the *Iliad* than so to translate it as to have it give to the average modern reader the same impression that it makes upon the typical middle-aged professor of dead languages. A translation which aims at a nearness both in word and in mood which will satisfy the linguist and the archæologist inevitably has about it something of the fault which Mr. Ernest Dowden pointed out in the case of Browning's *Agamemnon:*

A translation "literal at every cost save that of absolute violence to our language" may be highly desirable; it is commonly called a "crib"; and a "crib" contrived by one who is not only a scholar, but a man of genius, will now and again yield a word or a phrase of felicitous expression. But that "a translation at any cost" should be put into verse is a wrong both to the original and to the poetry of the language to which the original is transferred. . . . A glorified "crib" is necessarily a bad crib.

Now, the Matthew Arnold standards of translation are precisely those which tend to develop a school of glorified cribs. Where so forceful a personality as Browning in a measure fails, what hope is there for translators of smaller calibre? It does not make any difference what may be the purpose of the literal, erudite, uninspired version of a classic: it may be meant to sum up a life's study of some classic author, or it may have no higher purpose than to help a college freshman work off his entrance condition in the *Anabasis* or the *Orations against Catiline;* in either case, a few brief years, some new researches of German scholarship, will hopelessly antiquate it. The translations that live, the translations that we like to think of as a part of English literature, are of a different sort, they are from the pens of writers who have made their names glorious for something besides the echoing of other men's thoughts and who have insisted, even in their translations, upon remaining original. Of course, most of us could name, off-hand, just a few classic versions given to us by some of the greatest of our poets: Chaucer's borrowings from Boccaccio, Milton's translation of Horace's Fifth Ode and Pope's *Homer* are some of the instances that come to mind at once. But if we set ourselves the task to make a rather careful collection of what our great writers have done in this department, the list swells in a quite surprising way. And throughout it, the really notable fact is that the translations have a vitality and a vogue in direct ratio to the translator's spirit of independence.

THE TUDOR TRANSLATIONS

A survey of famous translations naturally begins with the English versions of Homer; and these carry us back to Chapman's *Homer* and the age of the Tudor translations. It was the age which gave to England Florio's *Montaigne,* North's *Plutarch,* Philemon Holland's *Livy, Suetonius,* and *Ammianus Marcellinus;* Sallust's *Catiline* and *Jugurtha,* by Thomas Haywood, the dramatist; Golding's *Cæsar* and Richard Greenway's *Tacitus*—to mention only a few of the versions that multiplied and flourished. The dominant note in them is well expressed by Mr. Charles Whibley in an illuminating chapter in the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cambridge History of English Literature:

The translations of Elizabeth's age are . . . unsoiled by pedantry. They do not smell of the lamp; they suggest nowhere the laborious use of the pedestrian dictionary; they call up a vision of space and courage and open air. That they are inappropriate seems no fault in them. If they replace the restraint of the classics with the colour and sentiment of romance, it is because the translators have done their work thoroughly. They have turned the authors of Greece and Rome not merely into a new language but into the feeling of another age and clime. In other words, they carry with them the lively air of brave originals. . . .

Of the three famous versions of Homer in English that by George Chapman, the Elizabethan dramatist, is easily the freest and most daring; and as we should expect to find, it is the most enduring. It has happened to no other translator, so far as I am aware, to be hailed in verse by the leading poets of his country throughout three centuries. The list of those who so honoured Chapman begins with Ben Jonson and ends with Keats and Swinburne. The merits of this particular translation have been so justly and so forcibly expressed by modern critics of such weight as Coleridge and Lowell that it seems unnecessary to do more than listen to what they have to say. Lowell, in his *Library of Old Authors,* writes: "The *Homer* of Chapman, whatever its defects, alone of all English versions has this crowning merit of being, where it is most successful, thoroughly alive. He has made for us the best poem that has yet been Englished out of Homer, and in so far gives us a truer idea of him." And similarly, in a letter to Wordsworth, Coleridge says:

Chapman I have sent in order that you might read the *Odyssey;* the *Iliad* is fine, but less equal in the translation, as well as less interesting in itself. What is stupidly said of Shakespeare is really true and appropriate of Chapman: "Mighty faults counterpoised by mighty beauties." . . . It is as truly an original poem as "The Fairy Queen"; it will give you small idea of Homer, though a far truer one than Pope's epigrams or Cowper's cumbersome, most anti-Homeric Miltonism. For Chapman writes and feels as a poet—as Homer might have written had he lived in England in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

POPE'S ASTONISHING EARNINGS

Chapman's one serious rival in popularity measured both by time and space is Alexander Pope. Of his well-known version, couched in the satiric Queen Anne couplet, one other fact is worth remembering besides its relative value as a translation—and that is that it earned the author the highest price on record for the translation of a poem. The name of Pope's publisher was Bernard Lintot, who deserves to be remembered for the astonishingly liberal agreement which he made. He stipulated to pay Pope two hundred pounds a volume for the *Iliad*—there were six volumes in all—and to furnish free of charge all copies sold by subscription and for presents to the author's friends. Pope received altogether from the *Iliad* 5320 pounds, more than four times what Dryden made out of his version of the entire works of Vergil.

These earnings do not seem quite so disproportionate when one realises the amount of time and of nervous strain expended on the task. According to his biographer, "He told Spence that his method in translating was to take advantage of the first heat; and then to correct each book, first by the original text, then by other translations; and lastly to give it a reading for versification only. He would do thirty or forty verses before getting up, and proceeding leisurely with his task through the rest of the morning, he says that he gradually came to translate with pleasure." Elsewhere, Pope has said more explicitly:

The *Iliad* took me up six years; and during that time, and particularly the first part of it, I was often under great pain and apprehension. Though I conquered the thoughts of it in the day, they would frighten me in the night—I sometimes still, even, dream of being engaged in that translation, and yet about half way through it, and being embarrassed and under dread of never completing it.

Regarding the value of Pope's version, critics throughout many generations have quite honestly disagreed. Gibbon, for in-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stance, holds that it is "a portrait endowed with every merit except that of likeness to the original;" and Matthew Arnold says: "I consider that when Bentley said of Pope's translation, that it 'was a pretty poem, but not to be called Homer,' the work, in spite of all its power and attractiveness, was judged." To offset these we have the verdict of Gray, that no other version would ever equal Pope's; and it is interesting to remember that Boswell records: "I mentioned the vulgar saying that Pope's *Homer* was not a good representation of the original. JOHNSON: Sir, it is the greatest work of the kind that has ever been produced." But perhaps Byron's early reminiscence comes the nearest to awakening a responsive chord in the memories of a vast number of us:

> Who can read Cowper, and who will ever lay down Pope, except for the original? As a child I first read Pope's *Homer* with a rapture which no subsequent work could ever afford; and children are not the meanest judges of their own language.

As for Cowper's version, which set a new record mark for literal accuracy, Mr. Donald G. Mitchell has summed up the inherent weakness of it in a way that leaves nothing further to add: "A boy would be helped more to a thieving of the proper English by Cowper's *Homer* than by Pope's. But there was not gallop enough in his nature for a live rendering; and he was too far inshore for the rhythmic beat of the multitudinous waves and too far from the 'hollow' ships."

In turning from Homer to the other classic writers, it would be interesting to dwell at some length upon the various Elizabethan translators already mentioned, on the *Thucydides* of Thomas Nicolls, the *Livy* of Anthony Cope, and (with even more reason) upon the *Suetonius* of Philemon Holland, of which Mr. Whibley remarks: "In such terms as these might Rabelais have composed the lives of the Roman Emperors."

SHAKESPEARE'S SOURCE BOOK

But most of these early and pioneer versions do not come within the scope of these articles, since they are the work of men who were translators and nothing else. There is, however, one notable exception, the *Plutarch* of Sir Thomas North, often spoken of as Shakespeare's encyclopædia of classical history. Of North himself but little is known save that he accompanied his brother once on a time, on a special embassy to France; that in the days of the Armada he took command as captain of three hundred men of Ely; and that he was once recommended by the Earl of Leicester as "a very honest gentleman and hath many good things in him, which are obscured only by poverty." As regards his *Plutarch,* we may turn once more to our authority upon the Tudor translations:

> The most famous, and perhaps the best, of Elizabethan translators is Sir Thomas North's *Lives of the Noble Grecians and Romans* (1579). That Shakespeare used it in patient obedience, borrowing words as well as plots, is its unique distinction. But if Shakespeare had never laid upon it that hand of Midas, which transmuted whatever it touched into pure gold, the version had yet been memorable. It is not Plutarch. In many respects it is Plutarch's antithesis. North composed a new masterpiece upon Plutarch's theme. As I have said, he saw Plutarch through Amyot's eye. . . . He was neither a schoolman nor euphemist. As he freed his language from the fetters which immature scholars had cast upon it, so he did not lay upon its bones the awkward chains of a purposed ingenuity. He held a central place in the history of our speech. He played upon English prose as upon an organ whose every step he controlled with an easy confidence.

"DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES"

Of the Elizabethan dramatists, Chapman stands by no means alone as a translator from the classics. Beaumont, for instance, translated the *Salmasis and Hermaphroditus* of Ovid, while Marlowe, in addition to the first book of Lucan, produced a translation of Ovid's *Elegies,* which the bishops ordered to be burned because of its licentiousness; and Ben Jonson has to his credit not only the *Ars Poetica* of Horace but, what from the popular standpoint is much more interesting, his inimitable versions of two of the odes of Horace, "Beatus ille," and "Donec gratus eram," and two of the best known lyrics of Catullus, "Vivamus, mea Lesbia," and "Quæris, quot mihi

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

basiationes." Furthermore, and this is a curious bit of recondite literary history, Ben Jonson's well-known lyric, "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes," is not merely a translation from the Greek of Philostratus, as any anthology might tell us; but it is one of the most curious bits of literary mosaic ever conceived of. You will find, if you take the trouble to look him up, that the Philostratus in question was one of three sophists of that name, that he lived in the time of the Emperor Alexander Severus, teaching first in Athens and later in Rome, and that he left a collection of seventy-three love letters in prose. "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes" is translated from the prose of these letters; but you will seek in vain for any continuous passage in them from which it might have come. As a matter of fact, each separate line of the poem is an almost word for word translation of a separate clause; and these separate clauses are scattered through no less than four of the letters in question. Sometimes, only a few words intervene; at other times, whole paragraphs; and even the letters themselves from which they are taken do not form a sequence. In the notes of at least one edition of Ben Jonson's works, you will find the statement that the letters from which the poem is translated are those numbered 24, 25, 30 and 31; but these are not the numbers in the most readily accessible text, that in the Teubner collection. Any one who has the curiosity and patience to run the matter down may find a pleasant afternoon's amusement by hunting out the lines one by one by help of the Index Verborum.

Previous to the present century, so Conington records, in the preface to his translation of Vergil, the extant versions of the *Æneid* outnumbered those of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* in the proportion of nearly three to one; while now, although versions of the Homeric poems continue unabated, scarcely any one thinks it worth while to translate the Roman epic. "It may be fairly doubted," he adds, "whether Dryden did not close the question a hundred and seventy years ago, for any one not, like himself, a poet of commanding original power." And, as a matter of fact, the matter of famous translations of the *Æneid* is one that may be briefly dismissed. The bulk of them are negligible quantities. Who, for instance, would ever remember the version of John Ogiley but for a chance mention by Swift in the *Battle of the Books?* Dryden's version leaves much to be desired; nevertheless, in a survey of famous translations of famous works there is no use trying to evade the fact that it is the one version that demands a mention. Scott, in his *Life of Dryden,* summed the matter up once for all: "He who sits down to Dryden's translation of Vergil with the original text spread before him will be at no loss to point out many passages that are faulty, many indifferently understood, many improperly translated, some in which dignity is lost, others in which bombast is substituted in its stead. But the unabated vigour and spirit of the version more than overbalance these and all its other deficiencies." And in this connection it is worth while to recall the tribute paid by Pope, who, speaking of Dryden's version of an episode of Homer, said: "Had he translated the whole work, I would no more have attempted Homer after him than Vergil; his version of whom is the most noble and spirited translation I know in any language."

TRANSLATIONS OF HORACE

Horace is a poet who has tempted so many English poets that even an approximate list of the translations of the separate odes, satires and epistles would fill many pages. Milton's solemn and very inadequate rendering of the fifth ode, "Quis multa gracilis," has been emulated by later versifiers, among them writers of such wide diversity as Leigh Hunt, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu and Eugene Field. "Persicos Odi" is another surprisingly popular ode among translators. Cowper, for instance, has left no less than two versions, while Austin Dobson has used it for one of his whimsical experiments, reducing it to the form of a triolet—in much the same spirit in which he reduces "Vitas Hinnuleo" to a rondel and "O Fons Bandusiæ" to a rondeau—while Thackeray has paraphrased it delightfully:

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

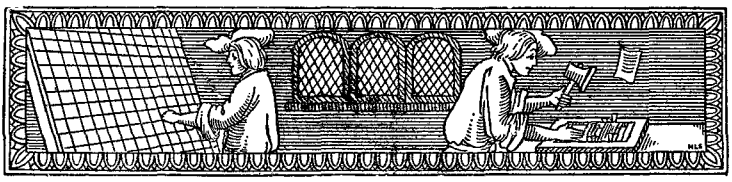
Dear Lucy, you know what my wish is,
I hate all your Frenchified fuss, etc.

It is interesting to know, parenthetically, that Du Maurier attempted, as a third transformation, to turn Thackeray's verse into one of his French limericks, on the model of his "Cassez-vous, cassez-vous, cassez-vous, O mer, sur vos froids gris cailloux," but was prevented by the difficulty of finding a rhyme.

Among the poets who are represented by translations of one or more odes of Horace, are in addition to those already mentioned, Chatterton, Congreve, Dean Swift, Lord Byron, James Beattie, Montgomery; while others not usually classed among the poets, such as Warren Hastings, Joseph Addison, Dr. Samuel Johnson and many others are represented with creditable attempts. Of complete editions of the odes the only volumes that seem to demand mention as being by persons of widespread fame are those by Bulwer, Lord Lytton, and by the late Mr. Gladstone.

A brief mention of just a few translations from the classic tragedies will close this summary. These are the translations by Robert Browning of the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus, the *Heracles* of Euripides, contained in *Aristophanes' Apology,* and the *Alcestis,* embedded in the dramatic romance called *Balaustion's Adventure.* Of these interesting attempts Mr. Chesterton has probably given the most favourable opinion when he says of the *Alcestis,* "Browning was never more thoroughly Browning than in this splendid and unselfish plagiarism." Ernest Dowden, on the other hand, whose adverse opinion was quoted earlier in this article, is responsible for the statement that "Mrs. Orr, who tells us that Browning refused to regard even the best of Greek writers as models of literary style, had no doubt that the translation of the *Agamemnon* was partly made for the pleasure of exposing the false claims made on their behalf."

A very different verdict has hailed the Greek versions of Fitzgerald, whose high position as a translator will be considered at greater length when we come to speak of the *Rubaiyat.* For the moment, it is enough to mention that, having finished the *Agamemnon,* he turned his attention to the *Choephoroi,* which he never completed, and afterward to the two *Œdipuses* of Sophocles, which after remaining in the rough for fifteen years were printed by him at the urgent request of Professor Charles Eliot Norton. To the end of his life, he could never make up his mind which of these favourite Greek tragedies he preferred. "Oh, those two *Œdipuses!*" he would exclaim. "But then, oh, that *Agamemnon!*"



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SIX BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

General De Piépape's "A Princess of Strategy"*

The rich field of French biography seems inexhaustible, and each new one is as colourful as the last. Very entertaining is the book which bears the somewhat misleading title of *A Princess of Strategy*. It is an accomplished narrative made thoroughly readable in an easy translation—one which gives no sense of an intermediary between you and the author. As often before, one asks on closing the volume, "Why is it so delightful to know these people?" Is it that they were not afraid to speak their own minds, lead their own lives, and play with all their hearts for their coveted stakes? Or is it merely because the material of their biographies is in itself enticing to pallid Anglo-Saxons and gives a fillip to tamer and more circumspect blood? Be what it may—here is a brilliant simpleton, a calculating mad-cap, a heartless benefactress, a doll of sawdust and yet of initiative, who lives vividly again for us in these pages and wrests her tribute of reluctant admiration for her misplaced pluck and of reluctant sympathy for her human failings.

The granddaughter of the great Condé, says the author, had his flashes of genius together with his violence, haughtiness, and undisciplined imagination. He was highly exasperated when all his grandchildren turned out so diminutive. "At this rate," cried he, "they will soon come to nothing at all!" Mademoiselle de Charolais, being a midget, was also precocious and took up literary and scientific studies at fifteen; but in spite of her omnivorous reading she was too frivolous to be thoughtful. The Duc du Maine, to whom her father married her, was the son of Louis XIV and Madame de Montespan. He was brought up by that strict moralist, Madame de Maintenon; who, having picked out for him one of the Condé dwarfs, set about conquering the aversion of both the young man and the king to the marriage. Louis was finally won over because of his mad secret project of bringing about a fusion between his illegitimate children, whom he heaped with privileges, and his royal race; and the Duke was persuaded to accept the hand of the young lady because she was an inch less short than her sister. The little hop-o'-my-thumb who thus became the Duchess du Maine, says the author, looked upon the marriage as a happy escape from a tyrannical father and a down-trodden mother; but she subsequently recognised bitterly the difference between a legitimate princess and an illegitimate prince. The alliance was not popular at court and the young bride had plenty of opportunity to sharpen her wits upon disagreeable people, and indeed she proved so fiery a little body that they soon became fearful of crossing her.

Fortunately for them, however, she soon wearied of the exacting dissipations of Versailles and Marly. It much better suited her to retire to a sort of Watteau arcady, where she could amuse herself with lavish pastoral entertainments and play Lady Bountiful to the countryside. Having tasted of this enchanting life, she inveigled her husband into purchasing for her the huge palace of Sceaux as a more imposing stage for her revels. But at a time when society regarded purity as a mere convention, her own conduct was never in this respect unbecoming; and with all her splendours she did not lose the love of study or her desire to play Mæcenas to her generation as her grandfather had done before her. She had the secret of attracting to her court the *beaux-esprits*. She made Malézieu work out the details of her theatrical performances and Genest write masques and madrigals for her, and carried Fontenelle and Voltaire in her train. To the latter the road to Sceaux was more familiar than any other throughout thirty years.

Rather early in her reign there, the Duchess found she had as a sort of lady's maid a short-sighted girl who could not sew a sleeve decently into a chemise but

*A Princess of Strategy. Translated from the French of General de Piépape by J. Lewis May. London and New York: John Lane.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was able nevertheless to extricate her by quick diplomacy from a difficult position. It soon dawned upon the mistress what an excellent secretary this wide-awake and intelligent young person would make. And so Rose de Launay, afterward Madame de Staël, became a Mademoiselle de Lespinasse to the Duchess and her coterie.

Upon their pastoral revels the shadow of the State began to fall—for Louis in his dying hours had (thanks to the influence of Madame de Maintenon) brought the crown within reach of the Duc du Maine, the elder of his natural sons, by entrusting to him rather than to the Duc d'Orleans the education of the little dauphin. But once the king was dead, Orleans asserted his rights and the legitimated Duc du Maine found himself deprived not only of his guardianship but his direction of the establishment of Louis XV. Thereupon Madame du Maine bundled the muses out of Sceaux and gave her soul and body up to politics. Against the Regent she began to spin a conspiracy woven alike out of her ambitions and her romances. She moved to Paris and her new abode became a cave of intrigues, which she prosecuted with more energy than common sense. She set to work to gather in the malcontents, to correspond with Madrid, to slander the Regent and his adherents, and to coquette with the National Assembly. The Duke knew of her plans but he lacked the decision either to further or oppose them. The Spanish Prime Minister, furious at the Regent's opposition to the Spanish treaty, made himself believe that all France was willing to rise up against him and that a conflagration might be kindled with the aid of the Duchess, "that she-devil with her paint and powder, her patches and her hoops." But the end of it was that the Duke found himself stripped by the Regency of all the rights and privileges of a prince of the blood, and had to give up his apartments at the Tuileries. The Duchess smashed all the furniture to atoms and turned her old tactics to a new course. She would set up the King of Spain as regent, and make her husband his agent; and Rose de Launay became one of the most skilful assistants in her new conspiracy. Although her instruments were ludicrously lacking in *savoir-faire* and although the Duchess paid as much attention to the style of her correspondence as to its matter, still the plot began to gather shape. She won over a section of the nobility, the whole of Brittany, and the Parliament of Paris. The Duke summoned up enough courage to give his wife a lecture, but the Duchess continued her audacious machinations almost in broad daylight; and as she strewed her indiscretions everywhere, the palace refused to take her rebellion seriously. It was only fitting that such a comic-opera conspiracy should be at last defeated by two long-armed coincidences which smack of the theatre of Bulwer-Lytton. A secretary of the Spanish Ambassador babbled to a woman of the town, who, alert for the main chance, went to the Minister of Police; and the conspirators threw about their confidences with the abandon of that idiotic stage band in *Richelieu*. As a consequence, the Bastille opened its gates to seven score prisoners. But the Duchess as she saw her house toppling in ruins, merely paled beneath her rouge and went on playing cards with her guests. The first of her household on which punishment fell was Rose de Launay, who went to the Bastille. Then her husband was taken at Sceaux, and he wrote to his sister, "They ought not to put me in prison but in a straight-jacket for allowing myself to be led thus by my wife." A few days afterward she was removed to Dijon, where with her nephew as jailer, her demeanour was that of a dethroned queen. After a year of incarceration her mother prevailed upon her to address a complete confession to the Regent. In this she scornfully asserted that her husband's timidity had made him blameless. The Duchess was liberated, and four nobles of Brittany were executed at the hour when, returned to Sceaux, she was once more assembling her court about her. Cured forever of politics, she reassumed her rôle of wit and patroness and ushered in again her nights of splendour.

From the Bastille Mademoiselle de Launay—after resisting all attempts to betray the actors in the conspiracy, and playing there the charming love-idyll of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which she was both heroine and innocent victim—returned to Sceaux. The Duchess frostily gave her shelter, and that is all she got for her devotion. But in later years her mistress, visited with some qualms of remorse, married her off to the Baron de Staäl. It was an excellent arrangement, for by it she kept the indispensable Baronne at her side in Sceaux. Madame continued a princess to her finger-tips and illumined everything with her wit. Her court became far more celebrated than before and attracted even crowned heads. The days of her age were merely the days of her youth over again and she was still overwhelmed with poetical tributes. Voltaire, once more an outcast, accepted again her ever-ready hospitality and, though occasionally audacious, played the rôle of sycophant until Frederick the Great offered him a more imposing refuge.

Yet people at seventy, however liberal, rarely contract new friendships and the ranks of her loyal retainers were sadly failing. Madame de Staäl (who was not at all grateful to the Duchess, and had little reason to be) wrote to a friend that her hostess displayed complete indifference at the death of people who, when alive, would have made her shed tears had they come a quarter of an hour late to cards. And that lady was quietly preparing to open a salon in Paris with the remnants of Sceaux when the death of the Duchess should send them scampering, but it was for her death came instead. The Duchess went on resisting the invasion of the years and still endeavouring to divert herself with newcomers. At the age of seventy-seven she struck her colours. She had long since passed from the great world, and even the little world of Sceaux had now quite dwindled, and thus it would have sent her into one of her old tantrums to find that her departure made little comment.

Her court had been too esoteric to leave much of a mark on eighteenth-century literature, but it was brilliant and refined and infinitely superior in manners and customs to the Palais Royal and Versailles. It is as chatelaine of Sceaux and ringleader of the Cellamare conspiracy and the companion of Madame de Staäl —says the author—that she demands the attention of both literary and historical students. But she was, and is, quite capable of demanding and getting the attention of anybody.

Algernon Tassin.

II

The Edinburgh Book of Scottish Verse*

In a certain delectable fairy tale, there was a little man made of white paper, with a huge blank book in which he looked up triumphantly every subject under the sun. "Oh, here you aren't," he would say, turning the printless pages; adding with a scholarly smile, "It's the completest system on record. I look for the things that ought to be in it." Now, that is just our natural attitude toward anthologies: we look for the things that ought to be in them. If we are less satisfied than the Hole-Keeper with a blank page at the point of desire, we are for the moment no less satisfied though all other pages than the particular one for which we happen to be seeking should be blank; and therein lies the peculiar difficulty of the anthologist. People do not as a rule read an anthology; they may do so, if the book is precious through and through; but in general, each of us demands only to find there certain favourite pieces which elsewhere would be less easily accessible; and finding these, he cares not a straw what the rest may be, if only the volume is not too bulky for convenience. He is glad enough to chance upon some new acquaintance now and then, in the process of renewing the old; otherwise, it is nothing to him whether or no the book maintains a high artistic standard, or scholarly represents the trend of a literature or the achievement of an author. The anthology wherein every man finds what he wants is therefore perfect unless it be unreasonably voluminous. The editor's first concern is to put in what will be wanted or welcomed. What to leave out is a question of mere mechanical crowding, only secondarily a question of merit; and with making a

*The Edinburgh Book of Scottish Verse. Selected and edited by W. Macneile Dixon. London: Meiklejohn and Holden.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

balanced or representative selection he need not be concerned at all; for an anthology is not a text-book, and the reader of normal and catholic culture is commonly a better anthologist than the scholar.

Certain poets (like Wordsworth), of whose work the mass is unpopular and a few pieces familiarly loved, shine brightest in selections; and many single poems of unknown or unfamiliar authorship depend upon such volumes for very life. In this view, Scottish literature may not unfairly be called a literature of anthologies, at least in respect to its Poetry. Except Burns, there are few Scottish poets whose whole work is or need be generally known; but there is a great bulk of lyric and ballad, either anonymous or the occasional bright flash of little lights, more beautiful and more national than anything of its kind in our tongue. Scott and Stevenson stand with Dickens and Mr. Kipling; even Burns, outside of his own country, is felt rather as a strange figure in English literature than as the chief representative of another literature; but the whole Scottish people, nameless and unnumbered, have been singing since the days of Chaucer and King James such songs as neither England nor even Ireland can match in anything like equal quantity. It is above all a literature of tradition; and the anthology is really the modern heir and repository of literary tradition, reduced to the permanence of printed form.

The task of making *The Edinburgh Book of Scottish Verse* was thus in some sort more difficult and more valuable than the making of its English and Irish counterparts. There was an embarrassing wealth of material from which to choose, and of material especially demanding preservation in such volumes. And this task has been in the main successfully fulfilled. What faults the book has are entirely due to a mistaken endeavour toward a scholarly representation of Scottish literature as compared with British, and toward a characteristic representation of certain poets. There is something too much of William Dunbar: not that his poetic power is called in question, but because few will look for his poems and fewer welcome them unawares. Among the ballads, a few such as "Edom o' Gordon," "Clerk Sanders," and "Helen of Kirconnel," which are in every ballad-book, need hardly have been included, Scottish though they be. There was hardly any reason for reprinting "Tam O'Shanter" in the room of several songs by Burns no less popularly desired. The selections from "Marmion" are ill-chosen because they are unfamiliar. There is too large a proportion of very recent lyrics, and too little of the better work of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. But the only legitimate objection to the inclusion of any or all of these is that they crowd out material for which more people will seek or in which people will find pleasanter surprise. Thus it was well to print an earlier and less familiar version of "Annie Laurie," but it was a mistake to print that version instead of the one which everybody knows; both should have been included, or scholarship should have yielded to tradition. Thus also the translations from the Gaelic might well have been spared, since they would never have been missed, and at best fail to convey the flavour of the originals. But the only reason for sparing them would have been to make room for more old songs from Herd and Ramsay, more of the contemporary Jacobite lyrics, and more of such singers as Hogg and Fergusson and Cunningham and Lady Nairn. And after every fair objection has been made, the book remains probably the most comprehensive single anthology of Scottish poetry. Many will find in it all that they look for, passing over with indulgence what may satisfy the quest of some one else; and a few will find in it from time to time some beauty hitherto unknown, but henceforward to be familiarly remembered. *Brian Hooker.*

III

Edwin Foley's "The Book of Decorative Furniture. Its Form, Colour and History"*

This massive and sumptuous work is, or will be when it is completed, a veri-

*The Book of Decorative Furniture. Its Form, Colour, and History. By Edwin Foley. Illustrated. In Two Volumes. Vol. I. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

table encyclopedia of domestic furniture in all ages. Its specific aim, as stated by the author, is to depict the essential characteristics of: 1. British Domestic Woodwork, from the period of the introduction of the printing-press into England and the building up of the English home-life, to the commencement of the nineteenth century. It embraces, therefore, the woodwork eras of Oak, Walnut, and Mahogany, the late Gothic, Tudor, Stuart, Queen Anne, William and Mary, and Georgian periods, giving due prominence to the productions of the great eighteenth century designers, Chippendale, Adam, Hepplewhite, Sheraton, and their contemporaries. Many of the examples are chosen from collections of colonial furniture in America.

2. French Woodwork, of the same period, with special preference to the masterpieces of the famous *ebenistes* and *ciseleurs,* who produced the sumptuous modes of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

3. Italian, Flemish, German, Spanish, and Oriental Interior Woodwork.

In carrying out this programme, the method pursued is chronological, that is, the author instead of taking up each country in turn, passes back and forth cross the boundaries in the attempt to follow the larger currents of fashion and taste as they arose and spread over the whole civilised world. Always, however, the starting point is England. Thus the Renaissance is first considered in its Tudor adaptation. Then, under the general head of "Continental Contemporaries of the Late Gothic and Tudor Periods," come chapters covering the Renaissance in Italy, France, Spain and Portugal, the Netherlands and Germany, to from 1589 to 1603. Thereupon intervenes a chapter upon "The Stuart Period, 1603-1688," followed by a resumption of the broken threads of the Continental Renaissance movements to the end of the general period. In this section occurs "The First Chapter on Colonial Furniture in America, 1607-1783."

Of course on purely scientific grounds this grouping of the history of furniture about England is inexact and unsatisfactory, since English furniture has always been more or less derivative, from the days when the Roman colonists imported their domestic fashions from the capital of the world, and the returning Varangians and Crusaders brought styles of chairs and other pieces of furniture from Constantinople and the Orient, to to those when the great artists of the eighteenth century found their models in the productions of the French and Flemish cabinet-makers. Chippendale, Hepplewhite, and Sheraton were in one sense merely imitators of the French rococo designs which they adapted, though the originality which they brought to this work of assimilation of alien styles raises them to a position of complete independence. But the purely scientific method is not always the best or the wisest, and as Mr. Foley is writing for an English and American audience, there is complete justification in thus beginning with what is familiar and accessible to the majority of his readers, and then passing upwards to its more remote sources. Certainly such a method takes from his treatment of his subject any dryness that it might possess for the general public and that is far from possessing for Mr. Foley himself. "There are," he says, "two ways of knowing a piece of furniture. One, utilitarian, prosaic, superficial, and withal dreary, as a mere detail, tool, or item of existence—a table at which to eat, a chair to sit upon, 'only this and nothing more.' The other way is to know it as a whole, not only its purpose, but its evolution, history, romance; the origin of this piece of ornament, the reason of that previously unconsidered shape, its beauties as well as its defects. The latter is the vitalising interesting method, and my aim and hope will be to infuse its spirit into our book of furniture modes; by its aid we see that the furniture of bygone days often significantly mirrors the political, social, and ethical ideas of its time."

It is in consonance with this theory of the larger human and social theory of furniture, that he has drawn up charts of British woodwork styles, with French and other correlations and with the most varied correlative data as to literature, art, and politics in each period. Every one knows, for example, the value of Hogarth's pictures as a gloss on domestic

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

life and furnishings in Georgian times, and from this can determine the value of such a synthethic method carried to its extreme limits in the study of historic furniture as a whole. In fact Mr. Foley writes from that full mind and with that delightful enthusiasm which can give interest to any study, no matter how abstract, and can open wide vistas of moral and intellectual significance. And since the associations of furniture are so intimate and far-reaching, it is no wonder that he has written a work of extreme fascination for all for whom life itself, in its myriad manifestations and transformations, is of supreme interest. Thus the study of the table transports us at once into the midst of mediæval social life when the table was a mere trestle, or board, placed upon upright supports so that it could be easily taken down and removed to the side of the room after the feast to make place for the dancers. The table, indeed, was always "the board" in early times, the word "table," itself, in all its varied use and application, never by any chance having reference to the article to which it is now applied. Similarly the term and the office of the architect were alike unknown anterior to a relatively late time, the planning of a building usually having been left almost entirely to the artist craftsmen who possessed the traditions of their trade and who kept informed as to current movements of taste. The influence of this practice is seen in cabinet-making in England even as late as the eighteenth century, when the finest furniture was designed and executed by men who today would not rank above mere artisan executants. Thus Chippendale himself was but a commercial manufacturer, and his famous book was merely a catalogue of the styles he was prepared to execute and supply to gentlemen. He was far from being an artist in the modern sense of the word, or from approaching the problem of domestic furniture in the spirit, let us say, of William Morris. With the Adam brothers a change takes place, and we find this famous firm undertaking the complete decorating and furnishing of palatial homes, and acting as intermediaries between their employers and the cabinet-makers, like Sheraton, with whom gentlemen of taste had previously been accustomed to deal direct, having their own share in the designing of styles to suit their individual fancy.

Further to humanise his subject, Mr. Foley does not hesitate to introduce the traditions that attach to famous individual pieces of furniture, particularly those that he depicts in coloured plates after his own designs and that he has selected out of the wealth of *mobilier* in the museums and private homes of England and the Continent. These coloured plates are, perhaps, the weakest feature of the work, in spite of the loving care he claims to have bestowed upon them. To hit upon the right method of representation, between an impressionistic sketch and a drawing so detailed as to lose all artistic value is, indeed, as he says, difficult. That his solution is not altogether satisfactory, does not, however, arise exclusively from these intrinsic limitations. Part of the failure to attain an entirely pleasing result may be attributed to the coarseness of the colour process employed, which often forces the total effect most unpleasantly, but part also must be laid at the door of the artist himself, who is far from possessing the skill to give a subtle interpretation of surfaces and textures for which it would need the magical brush of a Vermeer. At best these plates are but crude equivalents of the reality, and it would seem wiser if the author-artist had contented himself with photographs. Mr. Foley's own work in black and white, about a thousand specimens of which adorn the text, is better, but even it is of a rather coarse and amateurish execution, which makes one think with regret of the finely executed engraved plates, showing so delicately every detail of design, in the cabinet-maker's catalogues of the eighteenth century in England.

Horatio Hart.

IV

Marguerite Audoux's "Marie Claire"*

A few years ago the Goncourt Acad-

*Marie-Claire. Roman. Par Marguerite Audoux. Préface d'Octave Mirbeau. Paris: Bibliothèque-Charpentier.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

emy refused to allow women to compete for its rich prize. The result was that a prize of equal value was established by the Paris publication, *La Vie Heureuse*, for women writers, its award being entrusted to a new feminist academy. And now, so things have changed in a little space, the world has lately had the spectacle of the two bodies striving to do honour to the work of an unknown woman, an obscure little seamstress, Marguerite Audoux, whose novel, *Marie-Claire*, is the reigning sensation of the hour. Publicity has played its part well in the present case, and there are few who have not read of the way in which the writer began her literary career, turning to the pen when she was forced to lay down the needle through fear of threatened blindness, and of the sensation produced upon her when she learned of her amazing success: "I wept," she is reported to have said, "I felt at first only a great torment, a great terror, a formidable solicitude; I had the impression that I had become famous too quickly, like a great criminal." Was there in this instinctive revolt a just premonition? Is her reputation of that mushroom variety that will wane as rapidly as it sprang up and spread, filling the world over-night? She is preparing to go on with the task she has begun, and other books doubtless will follow this first. Will they be of the same quality? That remains to be seen. One thing is certain. They will be conceived and executed under conditions far different from those which attended the birth of the first work of her imagination. This was the product of a long incubation carried on in the profound silence of her own soul. Modern methods of literary exploitation, however much they may sense the value of a work thus produced, are scarcely likely to encourage the repetition of the process. They seek rather to force by the artificial pressure of vanity and of business necessity. Will she be permitted to spend ten years on the next book, as M. Mirbeau in his rapt and reverential preface, tells us she spent upon this one, in giving delicate shape to each sentence, in ridding the texture of the fabric of every common and colloquial form of diction? It seems hardly to be hoped. Yet it is in this exquisitely elaborated simplicity of manner that lies all, or nearly all, that makes of *Marie-Claire* a rare and lovely little work of art. (Parenthetically, one may be permitted a prelusive shudder at the havoc that is likely to be wrought upon the tender and elusive charm, so intimately verbal, by a hasty translation of a book that would take quite as long to render into perfect English, word by word, as to create the original.) There was a time, it is true, when it was as easy and natural for the French genius to produce masterpieces of the order of *Marie-Claire* as to breathe the air. But that was in the eighteenth century, when Diderot wrote his *Religieuse* and his essay on woman—Mlle. Audoux's sensibility and refined naturalism make one think at once of that writer—and the occasional triumphs of the nineteenth and twentieth century in artistic prose, have been achieved with a laborious and agonising effort that proves the disappearance of a method, once the common heritage of all writers, analogous to that, the loss of which Fromentin bemoans, in comparing the tentative and uncertain proceedings of modern painters with the direct and unhesitant facture of the Dutch artists. That, however, the author of *Marie-Claire* has made the recovery, at whatever pains and with whatever unconsciousness, of a style at once pure and plastic, conserving a chaste reverence for form and yet permitting the most delicate and evasive stirrings of sensibility to give warmth of expression to every word and phrase, there can be little doubt. M. Mirbeau, who is not a critic, but who, like Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton, possesses an intuitive perception of certain vital qualities which, while it may lead him to exaggerate the exclusive significance of these, is rarely deceived within its own sphere, does not go too far when he remarks in the work its simplicity, its truth, its elegance, its depth, and its novelty. "All here is in its place, things, landscapes, people. They are indicated, designed, by a single stroke, the stroke necessary to render them living and unforgettable. The reader never wishes another in its place, so just, picturesque, coloured, in its proper plane,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is that which the author has employed."

Tremulous, sensitive grace and beauty constitute the impression that one brings away from *Marie-Claire,* yet the material from which the simple and unexciting little story is wrought is sufficiently sordid and unpromising. It is merely the autobiographic account of an orphan who, after her years in the convent asylum, is sent to a farm where she becomes a shepherdess, then enters domestic service with another rural family from which she escapes, after intolerable humiliation, to return to the convent kitchen, and finally, facing a dreary life of loveless dependence, impulsively takes the train for Paris. There, on the last page, we leave her just at the point where another story would naturally begin. In all these episodes the author shrinks from none of those harsh and repellent details either of ugly passions or of physical coarseness and brutality, that have attracted writers of the naturalistic school and that have so profoundly coloured the view of life which they present. But Mlle. Audoux has completely subdued and subjugated these things to the service of art, not by any brilliant virtuosity of description, as in the case of Huysmans, who vies with Rembrandt in his jewelled account of a side of raw beef, but by a simple grace of contour in the phrase which seems to correspond with a similar grace of spiritual vision in the eye that sees these things in a perfect relation to inner experience. Marie-Claire is not one of those fantastic and fanciful children who see life falsely as a fairy-tale. She has, it is true, her moments of imaginative escape from her daily unpoetic surroundings. But the charm of her representation arises from the clear, level gaze with which she sees this daily life in all its bare, unrelieved crudity, while adding to it something unconsciously drawn from the secret depths of her own ardour and intensity, passionate yet crystal-clear. A realisation of the continuity and movement of the inner life through the sights and experiences of the outer—such, indeed, would seem the proper characterisation of this book where a revery fed with feeling is alone sustained and complete, and where the scene is rendered by sensations, and the surrounding mesh of complex human life is revealed, as in the case of Sister Marie-Aimée, by tragic suggestion.

The mode of the book is the mode of memory, and one would divine in it the autobiographic element even without the knowledge that the author herself tended sheep on a farm in Sologne, and discovered in a garret a torn and discoloured copy of *Télémaque,* which she read at odd intervals in her tasks. Life, therefore, has aided the poor Parisian seamstress to write this book. Imagination has doubtless played its shaping part in the record of her experiences. But such a book can be written only once. Is her imagination sufficiently powerful to assert itself independently in the next—to create everything, including life itself? This is a question even more fundamental than that concerning the rapid utilisation of a style acquired through slow and laborious evolution from crude notations of fact to finished phrases in a single piece of work. Neither question need, however, disturb one much at the present moment. It is enough to enjoy the delicious series of evocations which long brooding and loving care have brought to rounded and subtle realisation. It is enough to wander over the misty meadows with the little shepherdess who counts her charges with an anxious eye, and who one day, from their terror-stricken huddled mass, sees the yellow wolf slink swiftly away to the woods with a sheep in his mouth, while she stands by unable to move or to turn her gaze of spellbound fascination from the dark and mysterious forest. It is a fresh and fragrant revival of the pastoral spirit, this charming book, with its homely, bucolic record of farm-life tempered by a refined and sensitive responsiveness to natural grace, beauty, and significance. There is not the least trace of anything artificial or affected in all this, however much it may reflect her avowed literary preferences. There is no trace of a deliberate attempt to offset the effect of so many books that have revealed the brutal and sordid side of French rusticity. If her simple farmfolk, Sylvain, Pauline, Eugène, Bibiche,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and the rest, are kindly souls who love Marie-Claire instead of treating her harshly, it is not because she has sought consciously to idealise their originals of a set purpose, but because she has also her share of that insight and sympathy which animated a Virgil or a Theocritus, and because, like them, in her way, she is an artist, loves beauty, and knows how and where to find it or to create it, for the sake of lovely pictures and harmonies.

W. A. Bradley.

V

H. G. Wells's "The New Machiavelli"*

"Love and fine thinking"—that is the phrase which Mr. Wells's modern statesman strikes out as expressing his final synthesis. In the super-subtle mood induced by reading Mr. Wells the words may be stretched to cover his own work. No more cunning, analytical brain exists in England. Fine thinking is without question one of his major passions. And he is persistently yet restlessly erotic. It is a curious combination of qualities that is more or less evidenced in nearly all of his books. In *The New Machiavelli* the two motives are the warp and the woof of the texture.

The cleverness of the idea cries out for admiration. A young English statesman, spokesman for the dominant political ideas of the near future, is disgraced and exiled on the threshold of his real career because, being married, he had learned to love. Still in young manhood, smarting under the sting of defeat, even while he knows all that he has gained in the fulfilment of his desire, he sits down to write the story of his evolution from a crudely thinking politician to a statesman. The subtle Italian courtier is his model. But two vast differences in the stateman's problem have come about in four centuries. The first: "The old sort of Prince, the old little principality has vanished from the world." And the second is not less momentous: "We are discovering women. It is as if they had come across a vast interval since his time, into the very chamber of the statesman."

So, while Mr. Wells builds up in the brain of Richard Remington his new vision of statecraft, he unfolds also the life of a modern man to whom human passion is, after all, the one great thing. There have been political novels enough, but few in which the balance has been so well maintained. The fusion is not perfect, but it is hard to say whether in the end the personal or the public motive is strongest.

Whether Mr. Wells's newest political ideas will stand the acid test may be questioned without disparagement of their power to stimulate thought. Restlessness, change are in the essence of his being. Not long ago he wrote a book which, while it broke away from the orthodox socialist position in many respects, was nevertheless accepted by socialists as a fair exposition of their creed. Since then much water has passed under London Bridge and many ideas have seethed in that cunning cockney brain. In Richard Remington's evolution this most autobiographic of novelists has sketched his own soul's progress. Beginning with vast, vague humanitarian ideals, he enlists naturally under the Liberal banner, with the party of Progress. Socialism seems to offer a handle, which he grasps, only to learn that it will not move humanity to the higher level on which he would place it. By successive analyses, penetrating more and more deeply to the core of things, he comes to a belief in Aristocracy, the potency of the few exceptional souls—a Nietzschean Aristocracy, sweetened and perhaps sentimentalised by an altruistic devotion to the welfare of the many. To co-ordinate the efforts of the fittest into one great, unified constructive effort for the betterment of the race—this is the final dream of our political reformer. And the tool on which, as a practical statesman, he lays hold as fittest to accomplish the first stroke is his Bill for the Endowment of Motherhood—which involves the independence of woman, the control of all great educational forces in the common interest, and the breeding of fit children for the future State. And then, at the moment when this programme for the purification of society is to be put to the

*The New Machiavelli. By H. G. Wells. New York: Duffield and Company.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

triumphant test, its champion goes down in the mire of domestic scandal!

For, side by side with the growth of the statesman, goes the growth of the man. In nothing else is Mr. Wells so characteristically himself as in his attitude toward the question of sex. In it there is nothing either of prudery or of lasciviousness, but there is a morbid passion to strip the thing of its mystery, to get down to facts. The better part of the man is not artistic, but scientific, in spite of his great artistic gift. His curiosity just misses vulgarity by its entire honesty. With a candour which will cause some flinching, he tells the story of a man's experience in meeting the great problem —the experience of an exceptional, but none the less normally constituted man. And it is because the lover and the statesman are one and the same that the book has significance. Remington begins his career disillusionised, robbed of his early idealisation of sex, believing that it has nothing to do with the stern work of the world; and at last he finds sex inextricably woven into the fabric of the State, finds it the substance of his own life and the heart of all his plan and work.

Not as a contribution to political theory, then, is *The New Machiavelli* to be taken. It is the story of a man working in political stuff—a man never free from the most human limitations, often puerile and almost contemptible, still growing, discarding old ideas and seeking new ones. Out of it all comes a curious sense that what ought to be a great book is merely transitory. Ten years from now, one reflects, it will be forgotten as surely as Mr. Wells will have outgrown its ideas. But for the moment it is one of the most suggestive, one of the most stimulating of histories.

Ward Clark.

VI

Rheta Childe Dorr's "What Eight Million Women Want"*

This volume by Mrs. Dorr is a suggestive contribution to the printed knowledge about what women are doing at the present moment to improve the home and to extend its influence and significance. For the first time in history women are making to some extent a concerted and conscious effort to influence all public structures and conditions which immediately or eventually affect the home. And what does not affect the home? Factory conditions, playgrounds, dance-halls, labor legislation, habits and morals of boys and girls, morals and ideals of men, even the widest political policies, reacting as they are supposed to do on human welfare, have a final effect on the home. Woman's sphere being the home, her sphere is the whole of society, for society is the large home in which children are reared, and that all the institutions and conditions within society should be favourable to the best growth of boys and girls is seen by many modern women to be the condition *sine qua non* of good homes in the old sense of the word. For, in the long run, the little is dependent on the big, the part on the whole.

Mrs. Dorr traces interestingly the growth of the woman's club, which was, at the start, merely a slight social or cultural function, in the banal sense of these words. She shows the successive steps taken by organisations of women to exert public influence, and gives many illuminating examples—all the way from the first attempts to secure playgrounds in ugly towns to effective influence on child and labour legislation, and finally to agitation for the vote, in which these women see an effective agency for protecting and benefiting the home.

One of the principal obstacles in the remaining opposition of many men and many women to the wider activities, including political activity, of women, is æsthetic. There has been a tradition, weaker now but still strong, to the effect that the suffragette, the "new" woman, etc., is an unattractive creature, that her activities render her "masculine" and angular and generally unsightly, both physically and spiritually. Knowledge of these women would quickly dispel this delusion. On the average, the "new" woman is more interesting than the "old," even from an exclusively masculine point of view; more alive, more interested,

*What Eight Million Women Want. By Rheta Childe Dorr. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

therefore more exciting materially and æsthetically. Ibsen felt this, for all of Ibsen's vital characters are women, and all are "new" women. And all his men are uninteresting, all conservative pillars of the "old" society, the old conventions and false poetry.

Mrs. Dorr's implied attitude toward men—and I imagine this attitude is shared by thousands of women—is natural, but unphilosophic. These women are woman-conscious. There is an analogy between them and the politically and economically class-conscious men of the labour movement—socialists and others. The socialists and the class-conscious trade-unionists commit themselves to an attitude which from an absolute point of view is both false and inhuman. Class struggle is unideal and it does not explain all history.

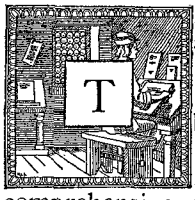
And yet this woman-conscious and this class-conscious attitude has great usefulness. To be effective, injustice seems to be sometimes necessary, in order vehemently to call attention to an evil condition. Men are not responsible for women's wrongs or for the evils of society, but perhaps it is well for the present that many women should believe so, in order to lend to their good social activities the strength given by moral indignation and a burning sense of injustice. It is well also, probably, that there should be class-conscious activities, for reasons of effectiveness. Warfare needs weapons, and the social passions of limited groups have always tended to form an ethic and a philosophy inexact and unjust, but for the moment necessary.

Just so, men with a long vision will smile at and sympathise with woman-conscious women.

Hutchins Hapgood.

THE REAL WAGNER MEMOIRS*

BY ALBERT BANSELOW



THE biographers of Richard Wagner, prominent among them C. F. Glasenapp and H. S. Chamberlain, mention the fact that the great Bayreuth master left behind a comprehensive personal memoir, which would at the proper time be given to the world. Yet the sceptical public has doubted the existence of any such important autobiographical work; or if they acknowledged the existence of memoirs of Richard Wagner's life, believed them to have been written not by the master himself but by Frau Cosima Wagner. This scepticism, enforced by the mysterious obscurity which has shrouded the *Autobiography,* can now be dispelled, for twenty-eight years after the great man's death the Wagner family have resolved to give the *Recollections* to the world. They will be published in May of this year by Bruckmann of Munich.

*Frankfurter "Zeitung," January 12, 1911.

With regard to the history of this important work, the following are the details: The actual compilation took place between the years 1868 and 1873. At that time it was impossible to make duplicates by means of a typewriter, and to guard against a possible destruction of the manuscript Wagner had it printed in an edition of twelve copies. Of these, four reached the hands of trusted friends; the remainder were kept in Wahnfried. Precautions were also taken to obviate any indiscretion in the event of the death of any of the people who possessed copies. Thus the secret was so securely guarded that up to the present day even serious people have doubted the existence of any *Reminiscences* by Richard Wagner.

The printed manuscript makes about eleven hundred pages. Wagner, in his own preface, wrote:

The contents of these volumes have been written down directly from my dictation dur-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing the course of several years by my friend and wife, who desired that I should relate to her the story of my life. It was the wish of both of us that these details of my life should be accessible to our family as well as to our faithful and trusted friends, and in order to provide against a possible destruction of the one manuscript copy, we decided therefore to have a small number of copies printed at our own expense. As the worth of this autobiography consists in its unadorned veracity, which alone, under the circumstances, could lend any justification to my narrative, the facts had of necessity to be strictly supported by names and dates. Hence there could be no question of publication, in case any of our descendants were minded to undertake this, until some time after my death, and in regard to this I intend to leave testamentary instructions for my heirs. On the other hand, if we should even now vouchsafe a glance at these memoirs to a few trusted friends, it must be with the understanding of entire sympathy with our object; and they must not allow any of the statements contained therein to reach any others than those who have entered into this compact.

A vast amount has been written on the subject of Wagner. His life has been investigated even to the minutest details and still volumes continue to heap themselves upon volumes. And all this mass of literature must recede into the background now that the great man himself is speaking.

Wagner began the compilation of his reminiscences at the age of fifty-five, and for this purpose he made use of the notes which he had kept continuously, and which were later destroyed. As to his uncompromising integrity there can be no question; his extraordinary memory has been famed, and these memoirs of the great artist, memoirs guarded from publicity for so long and not without reason, promise to be, in more than one respect, extraordinary.

The *Memoirs* cover the years 1813-1864. The actual writing took place between the years 1868-1873, and in compiling them, as Wagner tells us himself, he was able to make use of the exactly dated memoranda which he had kept without interruption from the year 1835. Frederick Nietzsche read the proofs for him. The printer was enjoined by Wagner to the strictest secrecy, and only French compositors unacquainted with the German language were employed. By these means any indiscretion was guarded against, and even after his death, the secret was well kept by the family. His intimates were aware of its existence. Writing to his sister, Frau Klara Wolfram, from Lucerne on the 15th January, 1867, Wagner mentions that he is dictating his biography to his young friend, the King of Bavaria, who is keeping the different portions until the whole is completed. The young King Ludwig, however, can have written little of it himself,

WAGNER IN PISA

The Tower does not bow low enough to satisfy the "Master."

for the first portion of the manuscript is almost entirely in the handwriting of Frau Cosima Wagner, to whom Wagner dictated it. For the present work, one of the printed copies in Wagner's possession, with manuscript corrections, was used.

The great artist tells about his life and his work simply and clearly, with a remarkable sense of reality, and with admirable power of literary expression. Philosophical speculations, polemics and extravagances are altogether lacking. Straightforward and open, seizing and holding the attention, with charming, sometimes mischievous humour, penetrating observations, or touches of anecdote, on every page it is rich in thought

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and stimulating and inevitably absorbing. Houston Stewart Chamberlain, in his book on Richard Wagner, proved that few artists have had so eventful a life. From town to town, from country to country, he pursued his ambition. To-day Kapellmeister at a German provincial theatre, to-morrow in Paris almost dying from starvation; one day a Court official of the King of Saxony, the next, a fugitive in a foreign land, pursued by a writ; now deprived of all hope and only a step removed from death out of sheer despair, and soon the distinguished friend and protégé of a powerful monarch; living only for his art, in the most utter loneliness in the Alps, a world-exile, a little later he was the builder of the Bayreuth Theatre, receiving emperors and kings as his guests, and assembling round him distinguished people from all parts of the world. Such an autobiography, which is like a thrilling drama, rises to a work of art with which very few works in our whole mass of biographical literature can compare.

As long as the strife of opinions was raging about one of the greatest musical geniuses of all time, these recollections, at once a confession and a testament, had perforce to be withheld from the public. It was further necessary out of regard to many who had crossed swords with Wagner or otherwise played a rôle in his life. Now the ranks have thinned, and the time has come when it is a duty not to withhold longer the *Memoirs of Richard Wagner*.

THE BOOK MART

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of January and the 1st of February.

NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN

Fiction

1. The Phantom of the Opera. Leroux. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. Berenice. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
3. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Purchase Price. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Golden Web. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
6. The Root of Evil. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.

Non-Fiction

1. The American Commonwealth. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $4.00.
2. Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
3. Lord Chatham. Rosebery. (Harper.) $3.00.
4. The Clipper Ship Era. Clark. (Putnam.) $2.00.

Juveniles

1. Boys' Book of Model Aëroplanes. Collins. (Century Co.) $1.20.
2. Winning His "Y." Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Fugitive Freshman. Paine. (Scribner.) $1.50.

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN

Fiction

1. The New Machiavelli. Wells. (Duffield.) $1.50.
2. The Lever. Orcutt. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Buried Alive. Bennett. (Brentano.) $1.00.
4. The Valour of Ignorance. Lea. (Harper.) $1.80.
5. The Magnet. Rowland. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
6. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.

Non-Fiction

1. How to Live on 24 Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.
2. Chantecler. Rostand. (Duffield.) $1.25.
3. The Intimate Life of Alexander Hamilton. Hamilton. (Scribner.) $3.50.
4. The Influence of Wealth in Imperial Rome. Davis. (Macmillan.) $2.00.

Juveniles

1. The Wonder Book and Tanglewood Tales. Hawthorne. (Duffield.) $2.50.
2. Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ATLANTA, GA.

Fiction

1. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Purchase Price. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Lead of Honour. Richardson. (Page.) $1.50.
4. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
6. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

BALTIMORE, MD.

Fiction

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
3. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. Miss Minerva and Wm. Green Hill. Calhoun. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.00.
5. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
6. Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

1. Where's Master. "Cæsar" the King's Dog. (Doran.) 50 cents.
2. The Durable Satisfactions of Life. Eliot. (Crowell.) $1.00.
3. Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
4. How to Study Pictures. Caffin. (Century Co.) $2.00.

Juveniles

1. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. The Emerald City of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
3. The Boy Aviators' Series. Lawton. (Hurst.) 50 cents.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

Fiction

1. The Purchase Price. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Social Bucaneer. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Rules of the Game. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.40.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

BOSTON, MASS.

Fiction

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. The Golden Web. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
3. The Rules of the Game. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.40.
4. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
6. Clayhanger. Bennett. (Dutton.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. An American Citizen. Life of William Henry Baldwin. Brooks. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.
2. Indian Wars of New England. Sylvester. (Clarke.) $15.00.
3. China Under the Empress Dowager. Bland and Backhouse. (Lippincott.) $4.00.
4. Overland to India. Hedin. (Macmillan.) $7.50.

Juveniles

1. Billy-Topsail & Company. Duncan. (Revell.) $1.50.
2. Harding's Luck. Nesbit. (Stokes.) $1.50.
3. Captain of the School Team. Earl. (Penn.) $1.25.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Fiction

1. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. Berenice. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
3. The Siege of the Seven Suitors. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.
4. The Rules of the Game. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.40.
5. The Purchase Price. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Golden Web. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
2. The Corsican: Diary of Napoleon. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
3. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) $4.00.
4. Twenty Years at Hull-House. Addams. (Macmillan.) $2.50.

Juveniles

1. With Sully in Sioux Land. Hanson. (McClurg.) $1.50.
2. That Freshman. Catrevas. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Martyn Hyde, the Duke's Messenger. Masefield. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Fiction

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

4. The Foreigner. Connor. (Hodder & Stoughton.) $1.50.
5. The Purchase Price. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Husband's Story. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Court of Lucifer. Gallizier. (Page.) $1.50.
2. The Purchase Price. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Root of Evil. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
4. The Siege of the Seven Suitors. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.
5. Burning Daylight. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Motor Maid. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. Education in Sexual Physiology and Hygiene. Zenner. (Clarke.) $1.00.
2. Twenty Years at Hull-House. Addams. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
3. Mystic Masonry. Buck. (Clarke.) $1.50.
4. The Yellowstone National Park. Chittenden. (Clarke.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. The Emerald City of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
3. Rainy-Day Scrap Book. Shuman. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

FICTION

1. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Purchase Price. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. A Girl of the Limberlost. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
6. The Golden Web. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DENVER, COLO.

FICTION

1. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Rules of the Game. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.40.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. Clever Betsy. Burnham. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
5. The Purchase Price. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Elizabeth Koett. Bartsch. (Fitzgerald.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. The Golden Web. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
2. Routledge Rides Alone. Comfort. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
3. The Rules of the Game. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.40.
4. Berenice. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
5. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. Flamsted Quarries. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. Routledge Rides Alone. Comfort. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Golden Web. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
5. The Purchase Price. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
2. A Vagabond Journey Around the World. Franck. (Century Co.) $3.50.
3. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) $4.00.
4. Seven Great Statesmen. White. (Century Co.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. The Glenlock Girls Abroad. Remick. (Penn.) $1.25.
3. Range and Trail. Sabin. (Crowell.) $1.50.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

FICTION

1. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

2. The Purchase Price. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Helen with the High Hand. Bennett. (Doran.) $1.20.
4. The Siege of the Seven Suitors. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.
5. Burning Daylight. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Twenty Years at Hull-House. Addams. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
2. The Corsican: Diary of Napoleon. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
3. Life in the Roman World of Nero and St. Paul. Tucker. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
4. Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

FICTION

1. The Price of the Prairie. McCarter. (McClurg.) $1.35.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. The Doctor's Christmas Eve. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Purchase Price. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Siege of the Seven Suitors. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.
6. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Pragmatism. James. (Longmans, Green.) $1.25.
2. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) $4.00.
3. The Corsican: Diary of Napoleon. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
4. The Silent Isle. Benson. (Putnam.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Winning His "Y." Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Hollow Tree Snowed-In Book. Paine. (Harper.) $1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

FICTION

1. Not of Her Race. Foster. (Badger.) $1.50.
2. Clayhanger. Bennett. (Dutton.) $1.50.
3. Buried Alive. Bennett. (Brentano.) $1.00.
4. The Purchase Price. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Greatest Wish in the World. Thurston. (Kennerley.) $1.50.
6. The Doctor's Christmas Eve. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
2. The Plays of John Galsworthy. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. Viva Mexico! Flandrau. (Appleton.) $1.25.
4. The Japanese Letters of Lafcadio Hearn. Bisland. (Houghton Mifflin.) $3.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

FICTION

1. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. Berenice. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
4. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
5. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. The Purchase Price. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
4. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
5. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. Flamsted Quarries. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Among Friends. Crothers. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
2. Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
3. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) $4.00.
4. Round the Year with the Stars. Serviss. (Harper.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Patty Books. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
2. The Slant Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. Motor Boys' Series. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Rules of the Game. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.40.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. On Christmas Day in the Evening. Richmond. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.
5. The Frontiersman. Cody. (Doran.) $1.20.
6. No Room at the Inn. Knight. (Pilgrim Press.) 50 cents.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NON-FICTION

1. Grover Cleveland: A Record of Friendship. Gilder. (Century Co.) $1.80.
2. What's Wrong with the World? Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) $4.00.
4. Twenty Years at Hull-House. Addams. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
5. Among Friends. Crothers. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Winning His "Y." Barbour. (Century Co.) $1.50.
2. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. The Slant Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. A Girl of the Limberlost. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
3. Jean Christophe. Rolland. (Holt.) $1.50.
4. The Siege of the Seven Suitors. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.
5. Nathan Burke. Watts. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. An Affair of Dishonor. DeMorgan. (Holt.) $1.75.

NON-FICTION

1. Talks to Teachers on Psychology. James. (Holt.) $1.50.
2. A Vagabond Journey Around the World. Franck. (Century Co.) $3.50.
3. Adventures in Friendship. Graydon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
4. Pages from the Book of Paris. Washburn. (Houghton Mifflin.) $3.00.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
2. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Kingsford, Quarter. Barbour. (Century Co.) $1.50.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. The Doctor's Christmas Eve. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. Flamsted Quarries. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
6. Captain of the Amaryllis. Cooley. (Clarke.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Mary Magdalene. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
2. Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
3. What's Wrong with the World? Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. Why Worry? Walton. (Lippincott.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Betty Wales on the Campus. Warde. (Penn.) $1.25.
3. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.

NORFOLK, VA.

FICTION

1. The Strength of the Weak. Thacker. (Broadway Pub. Co.) $1.50.
2. The Magnet. Rowland. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
3. The Root of Evil. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
4. Flamsted Quarries. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
5. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Human Way. Willcox. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. Ballad of Reading Gaol. Wilde. (Duffield.) 60 cents.
3. The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám. Fitzgerald. (Carroll.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

1. An Annapolis First Classman. Beach. (Penn.) $1.25.
2. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Motor Boys' Series. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.

OMAHA, NEB.

FICTION

1. The Victory of Allan Rutledge. Corkey. (Fly.) $1.50.
2. The Rules of the Game. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.40.
3. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
4. The Siege of the Seven Suitors. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.
5. Flamsted Quarries. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
6. Madame X. McConaughy. (Fly.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Adventures in Friendship. Grayson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
2. Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
3. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) $4.00.
4. Select Notes. Peloubet. (Wilde.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. The Emerald City of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
3. How It Flies. Ferris. (Nelson.) $1.25.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. Madame X. McConaughy. (Fly.) $1.50.
6. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Our House and the People in It. Pennell. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
2. The Corsican: Diary of Napoleon. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
3. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) $4.00.
4. Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. The Tale of the Flopsy Bunnies. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
3. Clif Sterling: Captain of the Nine. Patten. (McKay.) $1.25.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. The Greatest Wish in the World. Thurston. (Kennerley.) $1.50.
4. One Braver Thing. Dehan. (Duffield.) $1.40.
5. The Caravaners. By Author of *Elizabeth and Her German Garden*. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
6. The Magnet. Rowland. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. A Diplomatist's Wife in Many Lands. Fraser. (Dodd, Mead.) $6.00.
2. The Holy Land. Hichens. (Century Co.) $6.00.
3. The Corsican: Diary of Napoleon. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
4. The Intimate Life of Alexander Hamilton. Hamilton. (Scribner.) $3.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Wonder Book and Tanglewood Tales. Hawthorne. (Duffield.) $2.50.
2. A Child's Book of Old Verses. Smith. (Duffield.) $2.50.
3. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

FICTION

1. The Purchase Price. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. The Love of the Wild. McKishnie. (FitzGerald.) $1.20.
4. The Phantom of the Opera. Leroux. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
5. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Riddle of the Universe. Haeckel. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) $4.00.
3. The Care and Feeding of Children. Holt. (Appleton.) 75 cents.

JUVENILES

1. The Crashaw Brothers. Pier. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.
2. Tim and Roy in Camp. Pendleton. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.50.
3. Those Smith Boys. Garis. (Fenno.) $1.25.

PITTSBURG, PA.

FICTION

1. The Golden Web. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
2. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Trail of the Ninety-Eight. Service. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
4. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. The Purchase Price. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Burning Daylight. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

PORTLAND, ME.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. Flamsted Quarries. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
3. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
6. The Lever. Orcutt. (Harper.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

PORTLAND, ORE.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. The Rules of the Game. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.40.
3. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. The Siege of the Seven Suitors. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.
5. The Motor Maid. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
6. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NON-FICTION

1. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) $4.00.
2. The Holy Land. Hichens. (Century Co.) $6.00.
3. Mr. Pickwick. Dickens. (Hodder & Stoughton.) $5.00.
4. Myths and Legends of the Pacific Northwest. Judson. (McClurg.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Country Boy. Davenport. (Dillingham.) $1.25.
2. Betty Wales on the Campus. Ward. (Penn.) $1.25.
3. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

FICTION

1. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. Berenice. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
5. The Bolted Door. Gibbs. (Appleton.) $1.25.
6. Clayhanger. Bennett. (Dutton.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Building of the Church. Jefferson. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
2. What's Wrong with the World? Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. The Lure of the Antique. Dyer. (Century Co.) $2.40.
4. Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.

JUVENILES

No report.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
6. Rest Harrow. Hewlett. (Scribner.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
2. Social Service and the Art of Healing. Cabot. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.00.
3. Mary Magdalene. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
4. Why Worry? Walton. (Lippincott.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Emerald City of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
2. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.00.
3. Dorothy Dainty's Winter. Brooks. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.00.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. Master of the Vineyard. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
4. One Braver Thing. Dehan. (Duffield.) $1.40.
5. The City of Beautiful Nonsense. Thurston. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. A Senator of the Fifties. Lynch. (Robertson.) $1.50.
2. Luther Burbank. Jordan. (Robertson.) $1.75.
3. Celebrated Criminal Cases of America. Duke. (Barry.) $3.00.
4. Romantic California. Peixotto. (Scribner.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. The Patty Books. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

SEATTLE, WASH.

FICTION

1. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Trail of Ninety-Eight. Service. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. The Golden Web. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
5. The Husband's Story. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. Burning Daylight. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Spell of the Yukon. Service. (Stern.) $1.00.
2. Golf for Beginners and Others. Whitlatch. (Outing.) $2.00.
3. Twenty Years at Hull-House. Addams. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
4. Helene von Racowitza (autobiography). (Macmillan.) $3.50.

JUVENILES

1. Winning His "Y." Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Rover Boys at College. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60 cents.
3. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.

SPOKANE, WASH.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. Burning Daylight. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. No Man's Land. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

5. The Siege of the Seven Suitors. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.
6. Master of the Vineyard. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Twice-Born Men. Begbie. (Revell.) $1.25.
2. Making Life Worth While. Fischer. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
3. Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
4. The Holy Land. Hichens. (Century Co.) $6.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Slant Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. The Emerald City of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.

TORONTO, ONT.

FICTION

1. The Trail of Ninety-Eight. Service. (Briggs.) $1.25.
2. Second Chance. McClung. (Briggs.) $1.25.
3. The Dop Doctor (One Braver Thing). Dehan. (Frowde.) $1.25.
4. The Rosary. Barclay. (Musson.) $1.25.
5. The Frontiersman. Cody. (Briggs.) $1.25.
6. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

1. Sowing Seeds in Danny. McClung. (Briggs.) 50 cents.
2. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

FICTION

1. Flamsted Quarries. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
2. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
4. The Rules of the Game. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.40.
5. The Golden Web. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
6. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Teddysee. Irwin. (Huebsch.) 75 cents.
2. A Soldier's Recollections. McKim. (Longmans, Green.) $2.00.
3. Adventures in Contentment. Grayson (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
4. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. The Rainy-Day Scrap Book. Shuman. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
3. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.

WORCESTER, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. Flamsted Quarries. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
4. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. Madame X. McConaughy. (Fly.) $1.50.
6. Berenice. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Lure of the Antique. Dyer. (Century Co.) $2.40.
2. Life of Mary Lyon. Gilchrist. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.
3. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) $4.00.
4. The North Pole. Peary. (Stokes.) $4.80.

JUVENILES

1. The Tale of the Flopsy Bunnies. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
2. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.25.
3. The Slant Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing			1st	on	any	list	receives	10
"	"	"	2d	"	"	"	"	8
"	"	"	3d	"	"	"	"	7
"	"	"	4th	"	"	"	"	6
"	"	"	5th	"	"	"	"	5
"	"	"	6th	"	"	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are

	POINTS
1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.	230
2. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00	194
3. The Purchase Price. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50	93
4. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35	66
5. The Rules of the Game. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.40	62
6. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00	56

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED